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# CORNISH WORTHIES:

*SKETCHES OF SOME EMINENT CORNISH MEN  
AND FAMILIES.*

BY

WALTER H. TREGELLAS.

*IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.*

‘Cornubia fulsit  
Tot fecunda viris.’  
JOSEPH OF EXETER (XIIIth century).

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I Dedicate

THESE SKETCHES OF SOME OF

MY NATIVE COUNTY'S WORTHIES

TO THE WORTHIEST OF WOMEN,—

MY WIFE.





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## PRELUDES.

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OR enquire, I pray thee, of the former age, and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers : (for we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow :) shall not they teach thee, and tell thee, and utter words out of their heart ?—*Job viii. 8-10.*

‘Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through His great power from the beginning. Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies : leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people : wise and eloquent in their instructions : such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing : rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations : all these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times. There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. And some there be, which have no memorial ; who are perished, as

though they had never been; and are become as though they had never been born; and then children after them. But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten."—*Matthew* xlv. 1-10.

"*The manus, ob patriam pugnanſe vulnere paſſe:  
Quique ſacerdotes caſti, dum vita manebat:  
Quique pū vates et Phœbo ſigna locuti  
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes  
Quique ſui memores, alios ſecere morando  
Omnibus his nexa cingunt ſempiterna vita.*"

*Æneid*, vi.

"Patrons who perished for their country's right,  
Or nobly triumphed in the field of fight;  
There holy priests and sacred poets stood,  
Who sung with all the raptures of a god!  
Worthies, who live by useful arts refined,  
With these who leave a deathless name behind;  
Friends of the world, and fathers of mankind!"

PITT'S *Translation*.

"If I have ſayd a miſſe, I am content that any man amende it, or if I have ſayd to lytle, any man that wyl to adde what hym pleaſeth to it. My mind is, in penitenge and penurye every man, to hurte or diſpleaſe no man."

*Introduction to ROBERT ASCHAM'S 'Theophilus.'*

"'Tis opportune to look back upon old times, and contemplate our forefathers. Great examples grow thin, and to be forgotten from the passed world."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE to THOMAS LE GROU,

*in the Epistolæ Prolatoria to the 'Hydrotaphia.'*

'It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay ; or to see a fair timber-tree sound and perfect ;—how much more to behold an ancient noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time ?

BACON.

'THE LORD BACON'S JUDGMENT OF A WORK OF THIS NATURE'

• • • • •

'I do much admire that these times have so little esteemed the virtues of the times, as that the writing of *Lives* should be no more frequent. For although there be not many sovereign princes, or absolute commanders, and that states are most collected into monarchies ; yet are there many worthy personages that deserve better than dispersed report, or barren elogies ; for herein the invention of one of the late poets is proper, and doth well enrich the ancient fiction. For he saith, that at the end of the thread or web of every man's life, there was a little medal containing the person's name ; and that *Time* waiteth upon the *Sheers*, and as soon as the thread was cut, caught the medals, and carried them to the river *Lethe* ; and about the bank there were many birds flying up and down, and would get the medals, and carry them in their beak a little while, and then let them fall into the river. Onely there were a few *Swans*, which if they got a name, would carry it to a temple where it was consecrate.'

*In LLOYD'S State Worthies, vol. i.*

'It is a melancholy reflection to look back on so many great families as have formerly adorned the county of Cornwall, and are now no more : the Grenvilles, the Arundells, Carminows, Champernons, Bodrugans, Mohuns, Killegrews, Bevilles, Tre-

vanions, which had great sway and possessions in these parts. The most lasting families have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength. They have their spring and summer sunshine glare, their wane, decline, and death : they flourish and shine perhaps for ages ;—at last they sicken ; their light grows pale, and, at a crisis when the off-sets are withered and the old stock is blasted, the whole tribe disappears, and leave the world as they have done Cornwall. There are limits ordained to everything under the sun : *man will not abide in honour.*

DR. BORLASE (*as quoted by LYSONS in 'Magna Britannia.'*  
vol. iii.—*Cornwall*, p. clxxiv.).

'Every man in the degree in which he has wit and culture finds his curiosity inflamed concerning the modes of living and thinking of other men.'

EMERSON'S '*Essay on Intellect.*'

"The biographical part of literature," said Dr. Johnson, "is what I love the best"; and his remark is echoed daily in the hearts, if not in the words, of hundreds of readers : \* \* \* and though for the last half-century pure fiction has been in the ascendant, the popularity of biography, if not relatively, yet absolutely, seems to be continually increasing.'

*Quarterly Review*, No. 313, *January*, 1884.







## INTRODUCTION.

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HE question has often been asked, 'Why is there for Cornwall no companion-book to Prince's "Worthies of Devon"?' Fuller, it is true, in his 'Worthies,' allots a section to Cornwall; but the notices, though pregnant with shrewd humour, are slight and incomplete; and Fuller, of course, is now out of date: indeed, most of the Cornishmen whose names will be found in the following pages lived since his time. The Rev. R. Polwhele, of Polwhele, one of the historians of his native county, has certainly left us some amusing notices in his 'Biographical Sketches;' but out of the sixty names that he enumerates, 'all-eating Time hath left us but a little morsel (for manners) of their memories;' and some half-dozen only seem to be sufficiently distinguished to require any further perpetuation of their fame than has been already conferred upon

them by Polwhele's now scarce little work. Besides which, Polwhele, of course, had not access to the great Libraries and Collections which are now available in London, nor to the Transactions of many metropolitan and local Archæological Societies; he was, moreover, apt to be dazzled by the nearness of the effulgence of some of his characters:—and he, too, is now sixty or seventy years behind the time. Lastly, neither Fuller nor Polwhele had the advantage of the labours of those indefatigable pioneers in Cornish literature—the authors of the ‘*Bibliotheca Cornubiensis*.’\* Another recent work, invaluable to the would-be biographer of Cornwall's Worthies is the admirable history of Exeter College, Oxford, contained in the Register of the Rectors, Fellows, etc., by my old schoolfellow, the Rev. C. W. Boase, Fellow and Tutor of that College (Oxford, 1879). If it should be said that copious and complete biographies of one or two of my characters have already been written, I would venture to observe in reply, that these are *monograph* accounts only; in some cases consisting of two or three volumes, and now either out of print, or, from their bulk and cost, not generally accessible.

\* Let me say here, once for all, that had that monument of accurate research, and labour of love, the work of Mr. W. P. Courtney and Mr. G. C. Boase, not appeared, the following essays could never have been attempted by me, in the midst of many other and harassing occupations; the ‘*Bibliotheca*,’ however, not only rendered such a task comparatively easy, but positively invited the pen, even of one who is no ready scribe. In fact I feel, as Oliver Wendell Holmes well puts it, ‘that I have ascended the stream whilst others have tugged at the oar.’

May I allege another and a chief reason for writing this work? It is, that I thought those persons were right who considered the celebrities of my native county had not received the notice which they deserved. And yet, 'class for class,' says a writer in the *Times*, 28th March, 1882, 'they will beat all England.' Indeed (and I confess it with no little shame) some of those whose lives I have endeavoured to describe in the following pages, I did not myself, at one time, know to have been Cornishmen! And this although, as a Cornishman, I ought not to be altogether without the *genius loci* of our southernmost and westernmost county: yet—

'Semper honos, nomenque horum, laudesque manebunt.'

As regards the principle on which the lives have been selected of those who, amongst others, have been worthiest 'in arms, in arts, in song,' I may say that I have endeavoured to find such names as would be, in the first place, of sufficient importance to warrant their claims to notice being brought before the public; secondly, to make the selection as varied in character as possible; and, thirdly, to choose such as were likely to prove interesting to the general reader: for even biography itself—said by Librarians to be one of the most popular branches of the *belles lettres*—must prove uninteresting if dull subjects are dully treated. I earnestly trust that I have not fallen into this fatal error.

It might have been interesting to have said some-

thing of many mighty names of the past; even though numbers of them are scarcely more than legendary. Amongst others, of St. Ursula in the fourth century, 'daughter of the Cornish King Dionutus,' and Directress of the celebrated expedition of the 'eleven thousand virgins' to Cologne; of King Arthur himself; of Walter de Constantiis, Chancellor of England, and Chief Justice, in the twelfth century; of Thomas, and St. George, and Richard, and Godfrey, of Cornwall; of Odo de Tregarrick in Roche; of Simon de Thurway; of John de Trevisa,\* the fourteenth-century scholar and divine, who was supposed to have translated part of the Bible into English; ('a daring work,' as Fuller says, 'for a private person in that age without particular command from Pope or Public Council'); and of that Syr Roger Wallyaborow, of Buryan, who, in the time of Henry VIII., 'miraculously brought home from the Holy Land a piece of the true Cross.' There are, besides, many others of later date, whose names I should have liked, but for the reasons already given, to include; such as the Bonythons;† the Carews; Sir John Eliot, the Patriot; Dean Miller; the Molesworths; the Edgcumbes of Mount Edgcumbe; Noy, Charles

\* His works are among the earliest printed books in the British Museum: one of them (his translation of 'Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum') is believed to be the first book printed on paper of English manufacture.

† I am informed by Mr. J. Langdon Bonython, of Adelaide, South Australia, that Longfellow, the American poet, was descended from a member of this family—Captain Richard Bonython.

I.'s Attorney-General ; Dean Prideaux ; the Rashleighs ; the Robarteses ; the Trelawnys ; the Tremaynes ; and the Trevanions ;—beside those whose loss to Cornwall Dr. Borlase lamented ; and many others.

But there were few reliable materials for the first-named group : authentic accounts of the deeds of the legendary ancients have faded away into the 'dark backward and abysm of time ;' and mere legends it was hardly worth while to perpetuate. Nor did it seem desirable to include a bare list of names, or repetitions of lives of a generally similar character ; in which case the actors' names would often have been the chief variations in what was intended to be a readable, fireside book. In short, I have aimed at making my list representative rather than exhaustive.

With the object of not wearying the general reader, I have refrained from clouding my pages with minute references to authorities,—except when some special reason seemed to occur for doing so. I trust this will not be considered a defect, when I state that, for some of the lives which follow, the lists of authorities consulted would have occupied nearly one fourth of the space allotted to the lives themselves. As an instance, the number of entries given in the '*Bibliotheca Cornubiensis*' for the Killigrews is 450 ; and one of these entries alone comprises nearly fifty items.



A most pleasing task remains to be discharged ; namely, to record my heartfelt obligations to my friends, the Rev. F. C. Hingeston-Randolph, M.A., and Mr. H. Michell Whitley, C.E., for their very valuable assistance in seeing the following pages through the press.

I will only add, in the words of that delightful biographer, Izaak Walton, in his 'Life of George Herbert' :

'I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform my reader of the truth of what follows ; and, though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity.'

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*RALPH ALLEN,*  
THE MAN OF BUSINESS AND PHILANTHROPIST.





## RALPH ALLEN,

THE MAN OF BUSINESS AND PHILANTHROPIST.

‘Let humble\* Allen, with an awkward shame,  
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.’

POPE : *Epilogue to the Satires of Horace.*



T. BLAZEY HIGHWAY has a clear title to being the birthplace of Ralph Allen ; but his parentage is doubtful, owing to his name not appearing in the baptismal register, and to the obscurity caused by the two following entries in the Register of Marriages :

1686.

William All——, and Grace ——, was mar—— 24th August (entry imperfect).

1687.

John Allen, of parish of St. Blazey, and Mary Elliott,† of the parish of St. Austell, were married the 10th of February.

Ralph was born about 1694. His father kept a small inn called ‘The Duke William’—sometimes

\* This word originally stood as ‘low-born ;’ but Pope (himself a linendraper’s son, it will be remembered) altered it, as it is said, at Allen’s request. Pope had previously asked Allen’s leave to insert some such passage (28th April, 1738).

† Allen’s sister married a Mr. Philip Elliott.

‘The Old Duke’—(the site of which is now occupied by three or four dwelling-houses), and he seems to have been a man of good common-sense and sturdy disposition, judging from one or two slight anecdotes of him which have come down to us; doubtless he gave his boy Ralph good advice, if not much literary instruction. But the youngster primarily owed most of his remarkable success in life to the fact of his happening to be staying with his grandmother, who kept the St. Columb Post-office, when the Government Inspector came his rounds. This officer seems to have at once recognised the shrewdness and neat-handedness of the lad; and an appointment in the Post-office at Bath, to which place young Ralph was brought under the care of Sir John Trevelyan, was, before long, offered to him. Here he soon distinguished himself by detecting a plot to introduce into Bath illegally, in connexion with the Jacobite rising of 1715, a quantity of arms. This discovery he forthwith communicated to General Wade, who thereupon became his friend and patron, and whose natural daughter—so Pierce Egan tells us—a Miss Earl, became Allen’s first wife. His first wife, but not his first love: her he magnanimously portioned, and yielded up to another man, with whom he thought she might be happier; and hence, probably, the reason why the basso-relievo of Scipio’s resignation of his captive was selected as one of the principal decorations of the Hall at Prior Park. Farington thus refers to Allen’s discovery of the Jacobite plot: ‘When the rebellion burst out, a numerous



junto in Bath took most active measures to aid the insurrection in the West of England; and Mr. Carte, the minister of the Abbey Church, *when Allen detected the plot*, was glad to escape from the constables by leaping from a window in full canonicals.'

On his becoming Deputy Postmaster at Bath, the anomalies and inconveniences attendant upon the postal system, as it was then worked, engaged Allen's serious attention. It will scarcely be believed that in those days a letter from Cheltenham or Bath to Worcester or Birmingham was actually sent first to London! To remedy this state of things Allen by degrees perfected that scheme of cross-posts throughout England and Wales with which his name will always be associated, and for which he was himself the contractor for many years; viz. from 1720 to 1764.\* Accounts differ as to the profits which accrued to him under this contract, which was from time to time renewed; but there is no reason to doubt the story that ultimately he cleared by it no less a sum than half a million sterling.

In 1644, by a Resolution of the House of Commons, Edmund Prideaux, a Member of the House, was

\* For particulars, see 'Parliamentary Papers,' 1807, 1812, and 1813. The following extract from the *London Gazette* of 16th April, 1720, fixes the date of the commencement of the scheme: 'General Post Office, London, April 12, 1720. The announcement recites that the Post Office authorities, having granted to Ralph Allen, of Bath, gentleman, a farm of all the by-way or cross-road letters throughout England and Wales, and being determined to improve postal communication, give notice that "the postage of no by-way or cross-road letters is anywhere to be demanded at the places they are sent from (upon any pretence whatever) unless they are directed on board of a ship,"' etc., etc.

constituted Master of the Post Messengers and Carriers, and in 1649 he established a weekly conveyance to every part of the kingdom, in lieu of the former practice under which letters were sent by special messengers whose duty it was to supply relays of horses at a certain mileage. In 1658 Cromwell made Prideaux one of his Baronets; and he acquired great wealth. It is said that his emoluments in connexion with the Post Office were not less than £15,000 a year. (Maclean's Trigg Minor, vol. ii. pp. 210-11.) Thus, whilst to one West-countryman, who, if not indeed a Cornishman by birth (for the Prideauxes were lords of Prideaux, close to Allen's birth-place), was at least of Cornish extraction—Postmaster-General Edmund Prideaux, Attorney-General—we owe in a great measure the regular efficient establishment of the Post Office and its first becoming a source of revenue—to another Cornishman, the subject of these remarks, we are indebted for the important improvements referred to above.

In the Home Office Papers, 1761 (2nd and 5th December, Post Office Pl. 5, 385—'By-way and Cross-road Posts'), will be found 'a narrative of Mr. Allen's transactions with the Government for the better management of the by-way and cross-road posts from the year 1720 to the year 1762, whereby it will be seen how much he has been the instrument of increasing the revenue and encouraging the commerce of this kingdom during the whole of that long interval. Dated 2nd December, 1761.' The narrative shows that in 1710 the country post-

masters collected quantities of 'by or way letters,' and clandestinely conveyed them. Correspondence was perpetually interrupted. 'The by and way letters were thrown promiscuously together into one large bag, which was to be opened at every stage by the deputy, or any inferior servant of the house, to pick out of the whole heap what might belong to his own delivery, and the rest put back again into this large bag with such by-letters as he should have to send to distant places from his own stage.' Traders resorted to clandestine conveyance for speed. Surveyors were, however, appointed to make reports on the Post Office at the beginning of the reign of George I., but their reports did not touch these by-letters. Mr. Allen, having contrived checks which detected considerable frauds, next formed the plan for the conveyance of these letters in 1710. His offer to advance the revenue of the Post Office from £4,000 to £6,000 a year was accepted; but false and malicious representations were made against his proposal. On an inquiry as to the revenue from these letters, it was found that for seven years it had sunk £900 a year. He then made another proposal to farm the postage for seven years at the sum which they then yielded, taking any such surplus as he could make them produce, and an 'explanatory contract' was then agreed to. On an examination into the account of the country letters, it had increased £7,835 2s. 7d., which Mr. Allen would have been entitled to if the 'explanatory contract' had only been executed. The country letters increased to £17,464 4s. 11d. per annum at the end

of fourteen years. He now appointed surveyors, and stated his plans for suppressing irregularities. Lord Lovell and Mr. Carteret having expressed their approval of these plans, etc., he agreed to another contract for seven years, and proposed an extension and quickening of the correspondence in 1741 by an 'every-day post' to several places; this contract was renewed in 1748, 1755, and 1760. It details the communications by cross-roads, etc.; and it was found that the revenue, by computation, had increased one and a half millions.

Some fine quarries on Combe Down, from which most of the best houses in Bath were built, having become his property, Allen invented an ingenious contrivance for conveying the huge blocks of stone from the quarries on the hill down to the canal which runs by the city. In his capacity of quarry-owner he amassed still more wealth, became a large employer of labour, and a man of such influence in Bath, that although he was mayor once only (in 1742), he practically guided the affairs of that city as it pleased him best, a circumstance which gave rise to a caricature, long popular at Bath, entitled 'The One-headed Corporation.' It need hardly be added whose head that was. A bust of him in the Drawing-room or Council Chamber of the Guildhall commemorates the year of his mayoralty, and there is also a portrait of him in the Mayor's Room.

Probably his energies as a man of business were exerted in many other directions, which it would now be difficult to trace. But, be this as it may,

he now determined on leaving his old residence in the city, situated between York Street and Liliput Alley, and which, I believe, still stands, though obscured by surrounding buildings. The site he chose for his long-planned new residence is one of the finest in the kingdom. It is three or four miles out of Bath, on the south-east side, and stands near the Combe Down quarries, 400 feet above the sea, commanding fine views over many a mile around. Here at Prior Park, originally the seat of an old monastic establishment, which, Leland says, 'belonged to the prior of Bathe,'\* Ralph Allen determined on building a large and stately mansion, which should enable him to exercise a princely hospitality towards almost every stranger of rank, learning, or distinction who visited 'The Bath.' Hither came, for instance, Thomson and Swift and Gay, Arbuthnot and Pope, Sterne and Smollett, Garrick and Quin; Graves, the author of the 'Spiritual Quixote;' and Charles Yorke, afterwards Solicitor-General—all probably known to Allen through meeting him in the literary circles of London, which Allen frequented when he went to town. Nor was he unvisited by royalty: the Princess Amelia stayed there in 1752, and the Duke of York, 'on his own motion,' as Allen is careful to say, on 26th December, 1761. Here, too, might often be found reckless, delightful, generous Henry Fielding,

\*Curiously enough, after the lapse of many years, it has again reverted, after a chequered history, to similar uses. It was used as a Roman Catholic seminary in 1820, but did not at first succeed; and much of the internal part was destroyed by fire in 1836.

who avowedly not only drew one phase of his munificent friend's portrait as the somewhat too feeble Squire Allworthy in 'Tom Jones,' and described the mansion at Prior Park in the same novel, but also dedicated to him that other story which Dr. Johnson read with such avidity—'Amelia.' No doubt, too, it is to Allen that Fielding refers in the well-known passage in 'Joseph Andrews,' comparing him to the 'Man of Ross:' 'One Al—Al—— I forget his name.' And Allen's generosity towards Fielding did not end with cheery welcomes to Prior Park and timely loans—should we not rather say gifts?—to the jolly novelist when he was in need of them, for Lawrence tells us that he sent Fielding a present of 200 guineas, in admiration of his genius, before they were personally acquainted; and on Fielding's death Allen took charge of his family, provided for their education, and left £100 a year between them.

Pope,\* whose acquaintance with Allen dated from 1736, brought Warburton. Sitting one day at dinner, at Prior Park, the poet had a letter handed to him, which he read apparently with some disappointment on finding that he should probably miss an opportunity of meeting his friend. Allen, however, on hearing the cause of Pope's trouble, with characteristic native politeness begged him to ask Warburton to the house

\* Their friendship seems to have arisen from Allen's great admiration of Pope's letters (notwithstanding their artificiality) and of his poems, of which Allen is said to have offered to print a volume at his own expense. Mr. Leslie Stephen says, 'Pope first attracted Allen's notice by his adroit but dishonest manipulation of the controversy touching the Curil correspondence.'



—a pleasant task which Pope, who used to say that his host's friendship was 'one of the chief satisfactions of his life,' performed in the following letter, which I insert as giving us a peep at the sort of life led in those days by Allen and his friends, and also as affording us a glimpse of the house itself:

'My third motive of now troubling you is my own proper interest and pleasure. I am here in more leisure than I can possibly enjoy, even in my own house, *vacare literis*. It is at this place that your exhortations may be most effectual to make me resume the studies I had almost laid aside by perpetual avocations and dissipations. If it were practicable for you to pass a month or six weeks from home, it is here I could wish to be with you; and if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amusement of commenting upon a poet, who has no other merit than that of aiming, by his moral strokes, to merit some regard from such men as advance truth and virtue in a more effectual way; in either case this place and this house would be an inviolable asylum to you from all you would desire to avoid in so public a scene as Bath. The worthy man who is the master of it invites you in the strongest terms, and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than with what the world calls civility and regard. He is sincerer and plainer than almost any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be serviceable to your complaints (as I

believe from what you have told me of them), no opportunity can ever be better. It is just the best season. We are told the Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Sherlock) is expected here daily, who, I know, is your friend—at least, though a bishop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You see, I omit nothing to add weight in the balance, in which, however, I will not think *myself* light, since I have known your partiality. You will want no servant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. Here is a library, and a gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me. Mr. Allen tells me you might, on horseback, be here in three days. It is less than 100 miles from Newark, the road through Leicester, Stowe-in-the-Wolds, Gloucestershire, and Cirencester, by Lord Bathurst's. I could engage to carry you to London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your convenience.'

The long gallery referred to above was a very favourite part of the house with Pope, and here he used to walk up and down in 'a morning dishabille consisting of a dark grey waistcoat, a green dressing-gown, and a blue cap,' as he is represented in the well-known portrait by Hoare.

A pleasant glance at the friendly terms on which the trio used to live at Prior Park is afforded to us in Kilvert's 'Selections from Warburton,' which has for its frontispiece a lithograph from a picture, formerly

at Prior Park, of Pope, Allen, and Warburton ('Wit, Worth, and Wisdom'), in a room together. Allen is seated in the centre of the group; on his left is Warburton, bringing into the room a ponderous folio; and, seated at a table at the opposite side of the picture, the little poet is seen writing; in the background, through a window, is disclosed a view of Bath. It is difficult to understand how Pope, after all this friendly intimacy, could quarrel with Allen, and call Warburton 'a sneaking parson.'

Hurd also, successively Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and of Worcester, was a frequent visitor to Prior Park, and after his friendly host's decease commemorated his worth by an inscription (now effaced) on a look-out tower in the park:

*'Memoriæ optimi viri, RADULPHI ALLEN, positum,  
Qui virtutem veram simplicemque colis, venerare hoc saxum.'*

I do not know whether General Wade was ever entertained here by Allen; but that the latter did not forget his early patron he showed by erecting the General's statue in front of the house. Pitt, who sat for Bath, certainly came here, and each held the other in the highest regard. Allen left him £1,000 by his will, as 'the best of friends as well as the most upright and ablest of Ministers that has adorned our country.' Nor did 'the heaven-born Minister' fail to appreciate the Cornishman's virtues, or to extend to others, for his sake, friendly offices; for to Pitt, Warburton (who had married Allen's favourite niece, Gertrude Tucker, a lady to whom he left Prior Park for life) was indebted for his bishopric. At one

time, indeed, there was a slight coolness between Pitt and Allen, owing to the introduction of the word 'adequate' into an address from the men of Bath in a memorial to the King, referring to the Peace of 1763. Pitt thought the Peace extremely 'inadequate,' and so much resented the use of the word that he refused to join his colleague, Sir John Seabright, in presenting the memorial; and whilst he vowed he would never again stand for Bath, Allen from that time avowed his intention of withdrawing from all public affairs. In the correspondence which ensued, Ralph Allen magnanimously took upon himself the entire responsibility for the insertion of the obnoxious word; and he adds in a letter to Pitt, which will be found in the *Royal Magazine* for 1763, that the communication of Pitt's unalterable decision in the matter to the Corporation of Bath was 'the most painful commission he ever received.' That this event, however, did not affect the high regard in which the two held each other is evinced, on the one hand, by the manner in which (as we have seen) Allen expressed himself regarding Pitt, in his will; and on the other by a letter which Pitt wrote during the unfortunate controversy, in which he says:

'I cannot conclude my letter without expressing my sensible concern at Mr. Allen's uneasiness. No incident can make the least change in the honour and love I bear him, or in the justice my heart does to his humane and benevolent virtues.'

And Pitt wrote in a similar strain to Mrs. Allen\*

\* This lady, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Holden, was Mr. Allen's second wife.

on her husband's death, saying, 'I fear not all the example of his virtues will have power to raise up to the world his like again.'

That Pitt had good reason thus to write of his deceased friend is abundantly clear from the following letter, preserved amongst the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum :

' St. James's Square, Dec. 16, 1760.

' DEAR SIR,

' The very affecting token of esteem and affection which you put into my hands last night at parting, has left impressions on my heart which I can neither express nor conceal. If the approbation of the good and wise be our wish, how must I feel the sanction of applause and friendship accompany'd with such an endearing act of kindness from the best of men? True Gratitude is ever the justest of Sentiments, and Pride too, which I indulge on this occasion, may, I trust, not be disclaim'd by Virtue. May the gracious Heaven long continue to *lend* you to mankind, and particularly to the happiness of him who is unceasingly, with the warmest gratitude, respect, and affection,

' My dear Sir,

' Your most faithfull Friend and  
most obliged humble Servant,

' W. PITT.'

Very different from this noble passage in the lives of these two illustrious men was that which, for a while at least, disturbed the friendly feelings of Allen

towards Pope. The equivocal relations which existed between the poet and Martha Blount are well known; —‘the fiend, a woman fiend, God help me! with whom I have spent three or four hours a day these fifteen years.’ She seems, nevertheless, to have been tolerated at Allen’s house at Bathampton hard by; but when she demanded the use of Mr. Allen’s chariot to attend a Roman Catholic Chapel at Bath, Allen being a staunch Protestant and Hanoverian,\* the line was drawn, and a coolness, if not a quarrel, ensued. Pope used to deny the whole story. At any rate the breach was patched up, and intimacy between him and Allen was resumed; but the waspish little man never, in my opinion, either forgot or forgave what happened, and to this the following extract from his will,—a will, as Johnson said, ‘polluted with female resentment,’—suave though the passage reads at first, I think bears witness:

‘I give and advise my library of printed books to Ralph Allen, of Widcombe, Esq., and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the survivor of them (when those belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen threescore out of the number). I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton the property of all such of my works already printed, as he hath written, or shall write, commentaries or notes

\* In the Rebellion of 1745 he raised and equipped at his own expense a corps of 100 volunteers.



upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alienated; and all the profits which shall arise after my death from such editions as he shall publish without future alterations.

'Item.—In case Ralph Allen, Esq., abovesaid, shall survive me, I order my executors to pay him the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, being, to the best of my calculation, the account of what I have received from him; *partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses.* If he refuses to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way, I am persuaded, he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath Hospital.'—Extract from the Will of Pope (p. clxi., Pope's Works, vol. i., Bell and Daldy's Aldine edition).

When the passage was read to Ralph Allen, he, of course, ordered that the money should be handed over to the hospital (an institution in which it may be observed he always took a deep interest, providing the stone, and giving £1,000 besides: a ward is named after him, where his portrait\* is preserved, and also a bust by William Hoare of Bath, dated 1757); but he drily added, in allusion to the extent of the obligations which Pope had received from him, 'He forgot to add the other 0 to the £150,'—a quiet, but perhaps as keen a stab as Pope himself had ever dealt with his own malevolent stiletto. And Allen was a man who could afford to say so much, for he used to spend about £1,000 a year in private charities alone.

\* Engraved by Meyer for Polwhele's 'Cornwall.'



Many of the letters of Pope to be found among the Egerton MSS. have endorsements by Allen in his own handwriting. On one of them is written 'The last ;' and Pope concludes it—evidently, from the change in the handwriting, in great pain—thus: 'I must just set my hand to my heart.' It is dated 'Chelsea College, 7th May, 1741.' The letters also comprise some correspondence from Gertrude Warburton (*née* Tucker), Allen's favourite niece ; from Warburton himself ; and from many other distinguished persons.

Besides Prior Park, Allen had a house in London ; and another at Weymouth—a place where he often resided for three months annually, and whose decaying fortunes he took a chief share in reviving, about the year 1763\*—and I rather think he had another house at Maidenhead, near the west end of the bridge, to which house he added a room with a bow-window, and another room over it.

He certainly had a pleasant little retreat at Bathampton ; for in a characteristic letter from Pope to Arbuthnot (the roughly humorous physician, strong Tory, and High Churchman), dated 23rd July, 1793, Pope explains how Allen would not let the two friends stay at his villa at Bathampton, but insisted upon having them both up at Prior Park ; because, Pope observes, 'I suspect that he has an apprehension in his head that if he lends that house to us, others

\* The local guide-books to Weymouth state that Allen, whilst here, invented an ingenious form of bathing-machine for his own use.

hereabouts may try to borrow it, which would be disagreeable to him, he making it a kind of villa to change to, and pass now and then a day at it, in private.'

But Prior Park was Ralph Allen's historic abode; and one object which he had in view in building it was to demonstrate the excellent quality of the stone\* in his Combe Down Quarries. The whole building, which is in the Corinthian style, with its wings and arcades and fine hexastyle portico has a frontage of 1,250 feet; the house itself being 150 feet. We have seen from Pope's letter to Warburton what spacious corridors it contained, admirably adapted for literary disquisitions on a wet day. The mansion also comprised its chapel, in which was kept the Bible given to Pope by Atterbury when the Bishop went into exile. Everything was built in the most solid style. Even the pigeon-houses were of stone throughout; and, strange as it may seem, roofs were composed of the same material. The house was commenced in 1736 and finished in 1743; nor did Allen forget to add to the charms of the demesne by judiciously arranged plantations.

Building, indeed, seems to have been, naturally enough with such magnificent quarries at his disposal, a favourite occupation of Allen's. He even crowned the hill which looks down upon the city of Bath from the south-east with a large and somewhat picturesque

\* Amongst other buildings, he cased the exterior of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in London, with Bath stone, provided at his own expense; and furnished the same material for his nephew's, Thomas Daniell's house in Prince's Street, Truro.

structure,—a mere shell, now known as ‘Sham Castle;’ but which, especially when lit up by the setting sun, is a not unwelcome addition to the panoramic view of the hills as seen from the east end of Pulteney Street. A short time ago, whilst walking along this street, I asked a man, lounging there, who built the castle on the hill? and (alas! such is fame!) he told me that it was ‘a Mr. Nash, a gentleman that had done a power of good to the city.’ And here it may conveniently be observed that Beau Nash, to whom Dr. Oliver says Ralph Allen was ‘very generous’ (as he was, indeed, to everyone who had the slightest claim upon his notice), generally superintended the amusements *within* the walls of Prior Park. On the occasion of one of these entertainments—a masked ball—the solemn Warburton, who thought it beneath the dignity of his cloth to wear a mask, was nevertheless dressed up in a military uniform by his sprightly wife, and was introduced to the company as ‘Brigadier-General Moses!’ in allusion, I suppose, to Warburton’s authorship of the ‘Divine Legation.’

The following local tradition respecting the building of Prior Park was communicated to Mr. Kilvert by the late Mr. H. V. Lansdown, of Bath, the well-known artist, a gentleman who had accumulated a large collection of reminiscences of Bath, and its Worthies of the olden time :

‘When Mr. Allen had determined to build the present mansion at Prior Park, he sent for John

Wood, the architect,\* who waited upon him at the old post-office in Liliput Alley, where Allen then resided.

"I want you," said Allen, "to build me a country house on the Prior's estate at Widcombe."

Allen then described the sort of place he wished erected; but when he entered into the details, and talked about a private chapel, with a tribune for the family; a portico of gigantic dimensions; a grand entrance-hall, and wings of offices for coach-houses, stables, etc., the astonished architect began to think the postmaster had taken leave of his senses.

"Have you, sir, sat down and counted the cost of building such a place?"

"I have," replied Allen; "and for some time past have been laying by money for the purpose."

"But," said Wood, "the place you are talking about would be a palace, and not a house; you have not the least idea of the money 'twould take to complete it."

"Well," rejoined Allen, "come this way."

He then took Wood into the next room, and, opening a closet-door, showed him a strong box.

"That box is full of guineas!"

The architect shook his head. Allen opened another closet, and pointed to a second and a third. Wood still hesitated.

"Well," said Allen, "come into this room."

\* Wood was author of three architectural treatises: one of them descriptive of Bath; and another entitled 'The Origin of Building; or, the Plagiarism of the Heathens Detected, 1741.' The former work contains an elaborate, illustrated account of the mansion at Prior Park.

‘A fourth and fifth are discovered. The architect now began to open his eyes with wonder.

“If we have not money enough—here, come into this bedroom.”

‘A sixth, a seventh, and lo! an eighth appears. John Wood might well have exclaimed:

“I’ll see no more.

For perhaps, like Banquo’s ghosts, you’ll show a score.”

‘Chuckling in his turn at the astonishment of the architect, Allen now inquired if the house *could* be built.

“I’ll begin the plans immediately,” replied Wood. “I see there is money enough to erect even a palace, and I’ll build you a palace that shall be the admiration of all beholders.”’

But we must hasten to a close; a close to which the next allusion to the building propensities of the generous subject of this memoir naturally leads us. In 1754, Ralph Allen rebuilt the south aisle of Bathampton Church, and ‘beautified the whole structure.’ Appropriately enough, in that aisle has been placed an oval mural tablet, of white and Sienna marble, to his memory; and his son Philip, who became Comptroller of the ‘Bye-letter’ department in the London Post Office, was, I believe, actually buried there.

But the remains of Ralph Allen were interred in the neighbouring quiet and lovely little churchyard at Claverton. He was on his way to London, but feeling ill, probably from asthma, a complaint which

often troubled him, halted at Maidenhead, and was induced to return thence to Bath, where he expired at a good old age, which the pyramidal monument erected at Claverton to his memory thus records :

‘ Beneath this monument lieth entombed the body of Ralph Allen, Esq., of Prior Park, who departed this life the 29th day of June, 1764, in the 71st year of his age ; in full hopes of everlasting happiness in another state, through the infinite merit and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, Jesus Christ.’

Derrick has thus described Allen’s personal appearance shortly before his death : ‘ He is a very grave, well-looking man, plain in his dress, resembling that of a Quaker, and courteous in his behaviour. I suppose he cannot be much under seventy. His wife is low, with grey hair, and of a very pleasing address.’ Kilvert says that he was rather above the middle size, and stoutly built ; and that he was not altogether averse to a little state, as he often used to drive into Bath in a coach-and-four. His handwriting was very curious ; he evidently wrote quickly and fluently, but it is so overloaded with curls and flourishes as to be sometimes scarcely legible.

The lack of all show about his garb seems to have somewhat annoyed Philip Thicknesse, the well-known author of one of the Bath Guides ; for he speaks of Allen’s ‘ plain linen shirt-sleeves, with only a chitterling up the slit.’ Ralph Allen’s claims to a niche in our Cornish Valhalla do not, however,



depend upon costume, but upon his talents and his philanthropy.

Writing to Dr. Doddridge on 14th February, 1742-43, Warburton thus refers to his genial host :

‘I got home a little before Christmas, after a charming philosophical retirement in a palace with Mr. Pope and Mr. Allen for two or three months. The gentleman I last mentioned is, I verily believe, the greatest private character in any age of the world. You see his munificence to the Bath Hospital. This is but a small part of his charities, and charity but a small part of his virtues. I have studied his character even maliciously, to find where his weakness lies, but have studied in vain. When I know it, the world shall know it too, for the consolation of the envious ; especially as I suspect it will prove to be only a partiality he has entertained for me. In a word, I firmly believe him to have been sent by Providence into the world to teach men what blessings they might expect from heaven, would they study to deserve them.’

In Bishop Hurd’s ‘Life of Warburton,’ the following passage occurs, and upon this ‘the Man of Bath’s’ fame might securely rest :

‘Mr. Allen was of that generous composition, that his mind enlarged with his fortune ; and the wealth he so honourably acquired he spent in a splendid hospitality and the most extensive charities. His house, in so public a scene as that of Bath, was open to all men of rank and worth, and especially to men of distinguished parts and learning, whom he honoured



and encouraged, and whose respective merits he was enabled to appreciate by a natural discernment and superior good sense rather than by any acquired use and knowledge of letters. His domestic virtues were beyond all praise; and with these qualities he drew to himself an universal respect.'

It would be easy, if necessary, to multiply passages of this sort, but one more shall suffice, as illustrating the almost universal recognition of what Mr. Leslie Stephen has well termed Allen's 'princely benevolence and sterling worth.' Mrs. Delany (iii. 608), writing from Bath, 2nd November, 1760, mentions that the house on the South Parade where she was then lodging had been bought by Ralph Allen, furniture and all, in order that he might settle it on Mrs. Davis, a poor clergyman's widow. 'How well does *that man*,' she adds, 'deserve the prosperous fortune he has met with!' And behind all this there doubtless remained, in the case of our modest hero:

'That best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, *nameless, unremembered* acts  
Of kindness and of love.'

A notice of this remarkable man would be incomplete without some reference to two of his connexions, whose names are still honoured and remembered in the West country: Thomas Daniell, who married Ralph Allen's niece, Elizabeth Elliott; and Ralph Allen Daniell, Thomas's son. Of the last-named, it may be shortly stated that he inherited a full share of his grand-uncle's and namesake's good qualities;

was a prosperous merchant ; and that he became, in 1800, the possessor of Trelissick estate, and the builder of the exquisitely situated mansion of that name, which overlooks the placid waters of Falmouth Haven. Here Davies Gilbert, P.R.S., resided ; and it is now the country seat of his son's widow, the Honourable Mrs. Gilbert.

The Thomas Daniell mentioned above appears to have started in life as a clerk to Mr. Lemon, who then lived at the Quay, Truro, in the house now known as the Britannia Inn. Here, too, once lived Dr. Wolcot, better known as 'Peter Pindar ;' and, in the middle of the present century, the writer's father, John Tabois Tregellas, well-known throughout the county as a writer on the Cornish dialect. Mr. Daniell succeeded to Mr. Lemon's business as a merchant, and to his residence. He was also associated with the well-known old Cornish family of Michell,\* in the Calenick Smelting Works, near Truro, which are still in active operation. Thomas Daniell was a great and successful adventurer in mines, and was at one time M.P. for Looe. He left his mark upon the little Cornish metropolis by building, as already mentioned, in Prince's Street, the handsomest mansion which the city contains, the front of which is an excellent specimen of the famous Bath stone.†

\* A member of this family—a Truro man, it is believed—accompanied Sir Francis Drake in his famous voyage round the world.

† It may not be out of place to remark that an article on Ralph Allen in the *Family Economist*, and another (apparently by the same writer) in *Chambers's Journal*, entitled 'The Bath Post Boy,' are mere romances, with only a slight sprinkling of facts.

*JOHN ANSTIS,*

THE HERALD





## JOHN ANSTIS,

### THE HERALD.

'But coronets we owe to crowns,  
And favour to a court's affection;  
By nature we are Adam's sons,  
And sons of Anstis by election.'

PRIOR.



HERE were three Cornishmen in succession, more or less known, who bore the above name. The grandfather, of whom little more is now ascertainable than that he was Registrar of the Archdeacon of Cornwall's Court (then held at St. Neot's),\* that his wife's name was Mary Smith, and that he died in 1692; his son, the subject of this notice; and his grandson, who, like the second John Anstis, was also Garter King of Arms, and who died a bachelor at a comparatively early age. In Montagu Burrows' 'Worthies of All Souls,' it is stated that the second

\*The Anstis family removed from St. Neot's to Duloe, in which parish they acquired their residence of Tremoderet (the ancient seat of the Colshills, Sheriffs of Cornwall), and Westnorth, purchased from Sir William Bastard, Kt.; the latter place was their principal seat.

Anstis was of founder's kin ; yet he failed to secure his election, notwithstanding a lawsuit instituted for that purpose.

Of the first and the third John Anstis little need be added, but the second merits a longer notice ; for 'in him,' it is said, 'were joined the learning of Camden and the industry, without the inaccuracy, of Dugdale.' Born at Luna, on 28th September, 1669, in the parish of St. Neot's, near Liskeard, about one mile south-west of its interesting church, he became a member of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1685 ; and, having entered at the Middle Temple in 1688, and been appointed Deputy-General to the Auditors of the Imprest in 1703, and a Principal Commissioner of Prizes in 1704, was elected, when about thirty years of age, a member of the first Parliament of Queen Anne, for St. Germans, and was one of those who opposed the Occasional Conformity Bill ; then, in 1711, member for St. Mawes ; and finally member for Launceston in the first Parliament of George I. (1714-22). His first printed work on Heraldry seems to have been his (privately printed) 'Curia Militaris,' or 'Treatise of the Court of Chivalry,' which was published in 1702, and dedicated to Sir Jonathan Trelawny, the well-known non-juring Bishop of Exeter. In 1718 John Anstis was created Garter King of Arms, and six years afterwards he published his 'Annotated Register of the Most Noble Order of the Garter : ' the copy which belonged to Dean Milles, who was born at Duloe, of which parish he was rector for forty-two years, is in the London

Library.\* Able and indefatigable both in and out of office, a voluminous correspondence with Sidney Godolphin, Sir Hans Sloane, Thomas Hearne the antiquary, and other distinguished men of the period, as well as similar treatises to the foregoing, followed from his pen, including his 'Aspilogia,' or 'A Discourse on Seals in England,' and fragments of a 'History of Cornwall,' etc., as to which copious information is afforded in the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis.'

Many of his MSS. are preserved in the Additional, Lansdowne, Harleian, Sloane, Birch, and Hargrave Collections at the British Museum; his proposals for publishing a history of the Order of the Garter are preserved in the Bodleian, whilst others of his numerous writings are in the libraries of All Souls' and Worcester Colleges, Oxford. He also wrote a MS. 'History of Launceston,' which, as well as others of his works, is now believed to be lost; and it may be added that he was intimately connected with the production of Rymer's 'Fœdera.'

Perhaps the most stirring event of his life was his imprisonment on the suspicion of a design to restore the Stuart dynasty, the story of which is as follows. He was a member of the High Church party, and, as such, opposed what was called the Whig interest, voting, as mentioned above, against the Occasional

\* The learned Dr. Jeremiah Milles, Dean of Exeter, an accomplished antiquary, was buried in the church of St. Edmund, the King and Martyr, Lombard Street, where his 'elegant monument, by Bacon,' was placed.



Conformity Bill; but, on the information of one Colonel Paul, he, as well as five or six other members of Parliament, fell under the suspicion of the Government, and Anstis was actually in prison at the very time that the office of Garter (which had been promised to him by Queen Anne) fell vacant. It was with the utmost difficulty that he cleared himself of these suspicions, and not until three years afterwards did he obtain the appointment, which had meanwhile been held by Sir John Vanbrugh, 'Clarenceux.' One of his fellow-suspects, Edward Harvey, Esq., stabbed himself with his garden pruning-knife, on a certain paper in his own handwriting being shown to him. John Anstis is described in the scarce tract which narrates this affair as being 'Hereditary High Steward of the Tinnors of Cornwall,' and it is probable that in this capacity he may have been suspected of being concerned in some supposed insurrection in the county. But imprisonment in those days for like causes was sometimes, if the truth were told, somewhat of the nature of a political manœuvre.

John Anstis, F.S.A., the subject of this notice, died at his seat at Mortlake, Surrey, on 4th March, 1744, at a good old age, and his remains were laid in the family vault at Duloe, near Looe, some three weeks afterwards. His son at once succeeded (by a reversionary patent) to his father's post in the Herald's College; and his remains followed his father's to their last resting-place in the same quiet churchyard on the 30th December, 1754.

There is a portrait of the more celebrated Herald in the picture gallery at Oxford, and another at the College of Arms; and an engraved likeness is prefixed to the Rev. Mark Noble's history of that institution. There is another engraved portrait of him, in his tabard, in Nichols' 'Literary Illustrations,' vol. iv. p. 139. He married Elizabeth, the heiress of Richard Cudlipp, Esq., of Tavistock, and left three sons and three daughters. I believe that, as in the case of many another distinguished Cornishman, there is no monument to the memory of even the most celebrated member of the family. Yet, as a Christian name, the name of Anstis still lingers in the neighbourhood, and is borne by members of the family of Bewes, the present representatives through the female line.





*THE ARUNDELLS,*  
ECCLESIASTICS AND WARRIORS.





*THE ARUNDELLS OF LANHERNE,  
TRERICE AND TOLVERNE,*

ECCLESIASTICS AND WARRIORS.

*'The princely Arundells of yore.'*

H. S. STOKES.



N the north-west coast of Cornwall, famous for its magnificent cliff scenery and fine stretches of golden sand, are four lovely valleys

*'Looking towards the western wave,'*

lying close together, and each watered by a little trout-stream ; but, as is the case with Cornish landscape generally, with one exception scantily timbered. Each of these is more or less directly connected with the celebrated family of Arundell. I refer, first, to a valley through which a small stream murmurs, which rose on the northern slope of Denzell Downs, and flows near St. Ervan Church, having for its little tributaries two rivulets which water the foot of the sloping ground on which still stands a farm-place, called Trembleath, and entering



the sea at Portcothan Bay ; secondly, to the Vale of Lanherne, which extends from St. Columb Major to Mawgan Porth, and includes two churches, so named ; next, to the valley with a nameless brook, which flows past Rialton—formerly the residence of the haughty Thomas Vivian, one of the latest Priors of Bodmin, and afterwards a seat of the Godolphins—then by the base of a hill crowned by the lofty tower of St. Columb Minor ; and lastly, to the vale of the Gannel, near whose embouchure are the remains of the ancient collegiate establishment of Crantock, now represented by the highly interesting church, which, though nearly complete, is in a very unsatisfactory state of repair.

Each of these valleys has its porth (or port), a circumstance to which they were all probably indebted for the churches which they still possess ; for in the days of small shipping, these little ports—smaller now than they formerly were—sufficiently accommodated the tiny craft which brought holy men from Ireland, or from South Wales, and, indeed, at that time probably afforded the chief means of communication with the outer world.

It is the second of these four valleys that we have chiefly to consider now, closely identified as it is with the names of the Arundells—‘the great Arundells,’ as they were called (on account, says Camden, of their vast riches), and as they called themselves, too ; for on one of their tombs in the church of St. Columb Major was inscribed, ‘Magnorum sepulchra Arundeliorum.’ Parts of the vale are beautifully

wooded, and the churches of St. Columb and Mawgan, which retain many features of interest, are both identified with the famous family whose story we are about to consider.\* And here it should be premised that, besides the Arundells of Lanherne, Trerice, Tolverne, and Wardour, there were the Arundells of Menadarva, who afterwards settled at Trengwainton, near Penzance, descended from a Camborne stock, founded by a 'natural' son of an Arundell of Trerice, who intermarried with Pendarves and St. Aubyn. And again, the Arundells of Trevithick, in St. Columb Major, were a younger branch of the Lanherne family. They settled there *circa* Edward VI., and became extinct in 1740.

Of the first three branches I propose to treat under the heads of Lanherne, Trerice, and Tolverne; and to conclude my observations with a short reference to one or two minor branches of the family.

There can be no doubt, although Hals, with his usual ingenuity (and it might also be said, I fear, with his usual inaccuracy), has endeavoured to find a Cornish etymology for the name, that the name of Arundell is of French origin. At any rate, such was the belief in the early part of the thirteenth century; for they bore swallows in their escutcheon at least as early as the days of Henry II.;

\* Mr. H. S. Stokes has written a pleasant descriptive poem on 'The Vale of Lanherne,' illustrated by numerous excellent lithographic views after one of our best Cornish landscape-painters, J. G. Philp.

and in the 'Philippeis,' a work composed by Philip le Breton in 1230, there are the following verses descriptive of an encounter between an Arundell and one William de Barr :

'Vidit Hirundelâ velocior alite quæ dat  
Hoc Agnomen ei, fert cujus in ægide signum  
Se rapit agminibus mediis clypeoque nitenti  
Quem sibi Guillelmus lævâ prætenderat ulnâ  
Immergit validam præcutæ cuspidis hastam.'

(See p. 207, Camden's 'Remains,' 1637.)

But it is perhaps right to add that Davies Gilbert, P.R.S., a Cornish gentleman, who settled in Sussex, thought the name might have been derived from Arun Dale.

According to Mr. G. Freeth (*R. I. C. Journal*, September, 1876, pp. 285-93), Trembleth (a name still retained), in the adjoining parish of St. Ervan, was the chief seat of the Arundells before their marriage with the heiress of Lanherne. At any rate, Trembleth (situated in the northernmost of the four valleys mentioned above) was a residence of some of the subsequent members of the family. Hals gives the following interesting account of the place :

'Trembleigh, Trembleth, *alias* Trembleeth, *alias* Tremblot (see Tremblethick, in St. Mabyn), synonymous terms, signifies the "wolf's town."

'From this place was denominated an ancient family of gentlemen, surnamed De Trembleth, who, suitable to their name, gave the wolf for their arms; whose sole inheritrix, about Henry II.'s time, was married to John de Arundel, ancestor of the

Arundels of Lanherne; who, out of respect and grateful remembrance of the great benefit they had by this match, ever since gave the wolf for their crest, the proper arms of Trembleth.

‘In this town they had their domestic chapel and burying-place, now totally gone to decay, since those Arundels removed from hence to Lanherne. This manor was anciently held of the manor of Payton, by the tenure of knight’s service. And here John de Arundel held a knight’s fee (Morton, 3rd Henry IV.), as I am informed.’

The assumption of their French origin is further borne out by the fact that the early Arundells—especially one, Roger—obtained from the Conqueror considerable grants of land in Dorsetshire and Staffordshire. I have, however, been unable to obtain any clear traces of their connexion with Cornwall earlier than towards the middle of the thirteenth century, when they presented to the churches of St. Columb Major and of Mawgan. Again, a Sir Ralph Arundell was Sheriff of Cornwall in 1260; and, indeed, Hals observes that the Arundells filled the same office twenty times, of which there was no like instance in England. Some member of the family was generally knighted at the accession of a new sovereign to the throne, and one of the early Arundells was Marshal of England.

Amongst the monuments in the church of St. Columb Major is one to a John Arundell, once ‘senescallus Dñi Regis et verus patronus hujus ecclesiæ, qui hanc capellam fieri fecit.’ He died in

the year 1400, and stained glass in the windows also commemorated at this date the family. There are also Arundell brasses at Antony East, Mawgan, and Stratton, and a monument at Newlyn East.

They held Lanherne of the Bishop of Exeter by military service, as appears from folio 102 of Bishop Stapledon's Register: it is therein called 'La Herne,' but it was also known formerly as Lanhadron.

Amongst other indications of their early settlement in the county, and of their importance from the very first, it may be mentioned that:

'Rad., son of Oliver de Arundell, of Lanherne, had £20 a year or more, in land, in 1297; and so had John Arundell, of Efford.

'Rad. D'Arundle held a "parv. feo." in Trekinnen.

'Johannes D'Arundle held military feus in Treawset and in Trenbeith, in 3rd Hen. IV. (1402). Also a "parv. feod." in Trekinnen.'

From the Records preserved at Exeter, the following further information, which bears upon the early connexion of the Arundells with the far West, has been gathered; and it is scarcely to be doubted that still earlier traces of their settlement in Cornwall might at one time have been forthcoming:

'Willus de Arundell, canonicus obiit vi. Kal. Maii, MCCXLVI.'

*(Exeter Cathedral Martyrologium.)*

But most of their monumental remains which still exist, are of later date, and are met with at various places in Cornwall, chiefly in the eastern parishes.

A Roger Arundell lived opposite the portico of St. Stephen's Church, in the High Street, Exeter, about the middle of the thirteenth century, and a Ralph Arundell, who was rector of St. Columb Major, resigned his benefice in 1353, whereupon the bishop (Grandison) granted him a pension of £20 a year, in consideration of his near relationship to Sir James Arundell, patron of the benefice.

Amongst the documents preserved in Bishop Lacy's Register is the will of Sir John Arundell, dated 18th April, 1433; he was probably that Sir John who is said to have had (temp. Ric. II.) no less than fifty-two complete suits of cloth of gold. This will refers to so much that is of interest, that I have been tempted to set down a few passages from it:—

Sir John leaves his soul to Almighty God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and all the saints; and his body to be buried in the new chapel near the chancel of the church of St. Columb Major. He gives £20 towards the bells of that church, 60 shillings towards the restoration of St. Erme Church, and 20 shillings to the rector of the same. A like sum for the restoration of the church of Mangan de Lanherne, and 20 shillings for the maintenance of divers lights therein, and £10 for the bell-tower, provided the requisite work is done within the following six years.



The rectors of St. Ewe, St. Mawgan juxta Carminow, and St. Wynwole (Gunwalloe) also receive bequests. He gives 13s. 4d. to the light of St. Michael's in the Mount,\* and the same sum towards the construction of the chancel there. St. Perran Zabuloe also comes in for his bounty, and £13 are to be spent in 3,000 masses, to be celebrated for the benefit of his soul as quickly as possible after his death. To his blood-relation, Isabelle Bevyll, he leaves 4 marks; to John Tresithny, 10; to John Michell, 5;† and to others named, similar sums. But perhaps the most singular bequest of all is the following, viz., 'Item, lego ad usum parochie S' ci Pyerani in Zabulo ad claudendum capud S. Pierani honorificè et meliori modo quo sciunt xls.'‡ One is curious to know why the testator took such special interest in this singular relic. Certainly the Arundells were interested in the parish, and, as we shall presently see, one of them married the heiress of its chief manor. He finally leaves sundry vessels of precious metal to his son, 'Renfrido,' etc., and names as his executors, Bishop Lacy, his sons, Thomas (miles) and Renfr—, Otho Tregoney, and others.

It would be a fruitless task to endeavour to give details of the genealogy of the earlier Arundells, for

\* Little thinking, perhaps, that in the next reign its rays would shine upon the grave of one of his descendants, who was destined to fall in arms at the foot of the self-same mount.

† There was a John Michell, Dean of Crantock, in 1455: he may have been the man.

‡ The story runs that when the remains of St. Piran were discovered under the altar of his little chapel in the Sands, they were found to be headless.

it is enveloped in considerable uncertainty ; and even so patient and skilled an investigator as Colonel J. L. Vivian, in his 'Annotated Heralds' Visitations of Cornwall,' has discovered such serious discrepancies in the various statements concerning it, that he gives up some portions of it in despair. We have seen that Roger was the Christian name of the Arundell at the time of the Conquest ; in 1216, his grandson, William, forfeited his lands by rebellion (a tendency to which offence was, as we shall see, rather characteristic of the family), but the estates were restored to the rebellious William's nephew, Humphry. By the latter's marriage with Joan de Umfraville, he had a son, Sir Renfry de Arundell of Treffry, and by Renfry's marriage with Alice de Lanherne, in the time of Henry III., the name of Arundell became for many a long year associated with that of Lanherne. One of their sons, Sir Ralph, was, as we have seen, Sheriff of Cornwall in the same reign (1260), and from his marriage with a lady who bore the euphonious name of Eva de Rupe, or de la Roche, of Tremodret,\* in Duloe parish, the

\* Tremodret, or Tremodart, formerly belonged to the Hewis family, then to the Coleshills, one of whom married Sir Rensfry Arundell. On the death of Sir Renfry's grandson, Sir Edmund Arundell, the Arundells sold it, in 1711, to Sir John Anstis, Garter King of Arms. The Arundells seem, however, to have long kept up their connection with Tremodret, as we find from the pages of gossip-loving Hals, who tells us how 'One Forbes, or Forbhas, was presented rector of this parish in the latter end of Cromwell's usurpation, and lived here on this fat benefice, without spending or lending any money, many years, always pretending want thereof ; at length he died suddenly intestate, about the year 1681, having neither wife nor legitimate child, nor any relation of his blood in this kingdom ; upon news of whose death Mr. Arundell, his patron, opened his trunks, and found about £3,000 in

main stem of the family seems to have shot forth its boughs and branches. Their younger son, Ralph, was that rector of St. Columb Major, who, as we have seen, resigned his living in 1353, or, according to some other authorities, in 1309. But their eldest son, Sir John of Trembleth, in the time of Edward I., married Joan le Soor, of Tolverne, and thus appears to have originated the connection which so long subsisted between the two branches of the family. Their children, Margaret and Sir John, married, the former with a Beville, and the latter with a Carminow; and now, for the first time, the name of Trerice also appears in the family tree, for this Sir John is said to have had a cousin, Ralph Arundell of that place. I cannot trace his descent, and can only suggest that he *may* have been a brother instead of a cousin. If I have correctly interpreted the pedigree, the last-named Sir John was a man of mark, and of him we have the following accounts:—

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gold and silver, and carried it thence to his own house. The fame and envy of which fact flew suddenly abroad, so that Mr. Buller, of Morval, had notice thereof, who claimed a part or share in this treasure upon pretence of a nuncupative will, wherein Forbes, some days before his death, had made him his executor, and the same was concerted into writing, whereupon he demanded the £3,000 of Mr. Arundell. But he refusing to deliver the same, Mr. Buller filed a bill in Chancery against him, the said Mr. Arundell, praying relief in the premise, and that the said money might be brought or deposited in the said Court, which at length was accordingly done; where, after long discussing this matter between the lawyers and clerks in that Court, in fine, as I was informed, the Court, the plaintiff, and the defendant shared the money amongst them, without the least thanks to or remembrance of the deceased wretch, Forbes, for the same; abundantly verifying that saying in the Sacred Writings, "Man layeth up riches, but knows not who shall gather them."

‘ In the year 1379, an expedition was fitted out by King Richard II., in the second year of his reign, in aid of the Duke of Bretagne, under the command of “ Dominus Johannes Arundell,” as old Thomas Walsingham, a learned monk of St. Albans, calls him.\* On their way, after repulsing the French fleet off the coast of Cornwall, and whilst waiting for a favourable wind to cross the Channel, the commander of the expedition besought the hospitality of a certain convent of nuns (according to one account, at Netley), the lady superintendent of which very properly refused it to so rough and ready a band of military as composed Arundell’s following. She besought most earnestly, “ prostrata,” and “ conjunctis manibus,” that he would find quarters for his men elsewhere, but all in vain. Scenes of a most disgraceful and violent character ensued, as might have been expected; and, not content with doing foul dishonour to the nuns, the soldiery were permitted to spoil the neighbourhood. They even went so far as to carry off from the convent the sacred vessels of its church, and several of the sisterhood as well (“ vi vel sponte”), whereupon they were most righteously excommunicated by the priest. A violent tempest pursued them for their misdoings, a diabolical spectre appearing in Arundell’s ship, threatening the dire disasters which followed. The unhappy women were flung overboard to lighten the ships, which at length made the coast of Ireland, upon which event Arundell

\* Mr. Froude appears to thoroughly credit Walsingham’s narration, but there is to my mind an air of improbability in parts of it, as of course is often the case in chronicles of the period.

made a speech concluding thus, according to the chronicler :

“ Minus grave est hoc quam in mare totiens ante mortem mori, et tandem mortem dedecorosam evadere nullo modo posse. Aut si inimici sunt qui in hac terra sunt, citius eligo per manus hostiles interfici (forsitan cadaveri sepulturam indulgebunt) quam more pecoris marinis mergi fluctibus, et fieri pelagi monstribus cibus.”

But the swashbuckler was doomed not to escape as he had hoped, though finally he was to receive the sort of burial which he so evidently desired. His ship was driven on the rocks, and her ship-master and Sir John Arundell of Treleigh were drowned, together with his esquires and other men of high birth. Many were rescued by the Irish, but twenty-five ships in all were lost, and large numbers of their crews. Three days afterwards many of the bodies were recovered, amongst them those of Arundell, and were buried in a certain abbey in Ireland.\*

As Froissart's account differs from the foregoing in some particulars, I have appended a translation of it for the convenience of those who may desire to compare the two : it will be noticed that Froissart entirely omits the story of the desecration of the convent.

‘ The time had now arrived for sending off the promised succour to the Duke of Brittany. Sir John Arundel was appointed to command the expedition,

\* According to some writers near Scariff, according to others off Cape Clear.

and there accompanied him Sir Hugh Calverley, Sir Thomas Banaster, Sir Thomas Trivet, Sir Walter Pole, Sir John Bouchier, and the Lords Ferrers and Basset. These knights, with their forces, assembled at Southampton,\* whence they set sail. The first day they were at sea the weather was favourable, but towards evening the wind veered about and became quite the contrary; so strong and tempestuous was it, that it drove them on the coast of Cornwall that night, and as they were afraid to cast anchor, they were forced the next day into the Irish Sea; here three of their ships sank, on board of which were Sir John Arundel, Sir Thomas Banaster, and Sir Hugh Calverley; the two former, with upwards of eighty men, perished, but Sir Hugh fortunately clung to the mast of his vessel and was blown ashore. The rest of the ships, when the storm had abated, returned as well as they could to Southampton. Through this misfortune the expedition was put an end to, and the Duke of Brittany, though sadly oppressed by the French, received all that season no assistance from the English.'—(*Froissart's Chronicles*, p. 154.)

The unlucky knight's grandson was that Sir John Arundell of Lanherne, who was made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of King Henry IV. in

\* A Sir John Arundell rescued the inhabitants of Southampton after they had been surprised by a French fleet under Pierre Bahuchet, temp. Edward III. Sir John slew 500 of the enemy on the spot, amongst them a son of the King of Sicily, who had been promised by King Philip all the lands he could conquer in England. Can this story refer to the same Sir John Arundell?—Saunders' 'Voyage on the Solent.'



1399, and who married a lady, who, if she were as lovely as her lovely name—Annora or Eleanora Lambourne, of Perranzabuloe—must indeed have been ‘beautiful exceedingly.’ But, indeed, the Arundells seem to have been fond of sweet-sounding Christian names for their womankind. Such names as Sibilla and Emmota occur very early in the family-tree. This Sir John must have been a personage of some valour and consideration; for we find that he was retained by an indenture of King Henry V. to serve at sea with 3 knights, 364 men-at-arms, and 776 archers, in certain vessels which were specified. He was four times Sheriff of Cornwall, and was member for the county in 1422-23, together with another John Arundell, apparently.

The next Arundells who claim our attention will require a little more space to be devoted to the consideration of their exploits. They were grandsons of the last-named Sir John; and one of them, also a Sir John, became Admiral and Sheriff of Cornwall, and a General for King Henry VI., in France; the other, his cousin, also named John, became Bishop of Exeter. To the former of these two, as the senior, let us first turn.

He was born, or at least baptized, in 1421; and, his father dying some two years afterwards, he became a ward of the King, and at length (in the 29th year of the reign of Henry VI.) was the largest free tenant in Cornwall, his estates being of the value of £2,000 per annum.

John, the Bishop, was the son of Sir Rainfred (or

Reinfry) Arundell, knight (by Joan Coleshull, his wife, sister and heir of Sir John Coleshull of Tremodret, knight), who was the third son of Sir John Arundel of Lanherne (and not, observes Tonkin, 'Talvern, as Anthony Wood saith'). He is said to have been educated in the neighbouring College of Augustine Monks at St. Columb, to which one of his ancestors is alleged to have been a munificent benefactor,\* as he also was to the church at that place, building a chapel thereto for himself and family, at the east end of the south aisle; and here he was buried in the year 1400.† Educated at Exeter College, Oxford, he became successively a Canon of Windsor, Prebendary of York and Salisbury, Dean of Exeter, and Chancellor of Hereford, and having been consecrated Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, Nov. 6, 1496, was for his piety and learning translated, by Henry VII., to Exeter, June 29, 1502. He died, March 15, 1503, at the house belonging to the Bishop of Exeter (Exeter House), in the parish of St. Clement's Danes, London, in which church he was buried on the south side of the high altar. His will is preserved at Somerset House. Weever gives a copy of a 'maimed' inscription on his tomb. To his Register is prefixed a 'Prologus,' written by his secretary. It recites his noble descent, his sound doctrine, and his great virtues, his con-

\* Dr. Oliver has thrown grave doubts on the existence of this College; and may, in fact, be said to have disposed of it altogether.

† Hals says that the Arundells endowed St. Columb Church, and that there was a brass there inscribed to this effect, 'Here lieth the body of Renfry Arundell, a patron of this Church and founder of this Chapel, who departed this life the — Anno Dom. 1340.'

stant attendance at divine service, and his bountiful hospitality. By his will he left £20 towards the finishing of St. Mary's Church, Oxford. His portrait is at Wardour Castle.

Hals, in his account of St. Columb Major, writes thus of the Bishop (but see note, p. 51):

‘Contiguous with this churchyard was formerly extant a college of Black Monks or Canons Augustine, consisting of three fellows, for instructing youth in the liberal arts and sciences; which college, when or by whom erected and endowed, I know not. However, I take it to be one of those three colleges in this province, named in Speed and Dugdale's Monasticon, whose revenues they do not express (nor the place where they were extant), but tell us that they were dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Lady of Angels, and were black monks of the Augustines.

‘In this college, temp. Henry VI., was bred up John Arundell, a younger son of Renfry Arundell, of Lanherne, Esquire, sheriff of Cornwall, 3rd Edward IV., where he had the first taste of the liberal arts and sciences, and was afterwards placed at Exon College in Oxford, where he stayed till he took his degree of Master of Arts, and then was presented by his father to John Booth, Bishop of Exeter, to be consecrated priest, and to have collation, institution, and induct, into his rectory of St. Colomb. Which being accordingly performed, and he resided upon, this rectory glebe lands for some time, which gave him opportunity to build the old parsonage house still extant thereon, and moat the same round with .

rivers and fish-ponds, as Sir John Arundell, Knight, informed me afterwards.'

If we are to accept the authority of Dallaway in his 'History of the See of Chichester,' of the Rev. Prebendary W. R. Stephens in his 'Memorials' of that See, and of M. A. Lower in his 'Sussex Worthies,' there was another member of this branch of the family, also named John Arundell, who attained to the dignity of the episcopal throne; but his place in the pedigree is not easily to be identified, and as the Rev. C. W. Boase truly remarks, it is very difficult to distinguish between the John Arundells of this time. He was one of the Physicians, as well as Confessor and Domestic Chaplain, to Henry VI. He was also Fellow of Exeter College, Oxon, Proctor of University, and held many preferments without cure of souls; and he was sometime Canon of Windsor, Prebendary of Sarum, York and St. Paul's, and Dean of Exeter. The King asked Pope Calixtus III. to make him Bishop of Durham, but he was, instead, made Bishop of Chichester, May, 1458. He died in 1478, and bequeathed lands for the celebration of his anniversary and of a nightly mass throughout the year. Near the entrance into the choir of Chichester Cathedral he erected a large altar tomb of Petworth marble, ornamented with brasses (probably since stolen), and at one time concealed by pews. But a tablet was affixed to a pier near the tomb, which gave some account of him, recording that he left 'Benefeld's lands' to found a chantry. Lower also credits him with the erection

of the oratory between the nave and choir, and with the 'Arundell' screen in 1477, which was removed during the restorations in 1860.

The warrant for the appointment of himself and colleagues to be the King's Physicians is in the Cotton. MSS. (Vespasian G xiv. p. 415). In it the medicines and other means of cure which the professors of the healing art were (with the concurrence of the Council) to employ are duly specified: they included 'potiones, syrupi, confectiones, clysteria, suppositoria, caputpurgea, gargarismata, balnea, capitis rasura,' etc., etc., and the document affords a curious glimpse of the state of the medical skill and knowledge of the time. It is referred to by Johnson in his 'Life of Linacre.' Unfortunately this Bishop's Register is lost, but his career would seem to have been uneventful.

To resume the story of the descent of the family. The records which I have been able to consult throw little or no light of importance upon most of the immediate descendants of Richard II.'s Admiral; his daughters married men of rank and title, such as the Lords Marney and Daubeney, Sir Henry Strangways, Sir William Capell, and Sir William Courtenay; and one of them, Ellen, secured the affections of Ralph, 'The great Copplestone.' One son only, Thomas, he had (or he may perchance have been a grandson); he, like so many others of his race, was knighted at a coronation, on this occasion the coronation of King Richard III. John, his son, won his knighthood too; but in a different fashion, for he was made knight-

banneret for his valour in the field, at the sieges of 'Toronne' (Therouenne, 7 miles south of St. Omer) and Tournay, wherein so many ostentatious deeds of valour were performed on both sides. He died in 1545, and was buried in the church of St. Columb Major, where there is a brass to his memory.

By his second wife, Katharine, daughter of Sir Thomas Grenville, of Stow, Sir John had an erudite daughter, Mary, whose fame is enshrined in the pages of Ballard's '*Celebrated British Ladies.*' She is chiefly known by her translations, especially of the '*Sayings and Doings of the Emperor Severus,*' which she dedicated to her father, '*pater honoratissimus;*' and some of her manuscripts are, I believe, preserved in the Royal Library. She married, first, Robert Radcliff, Earl of Sussex; and secondly, Henry, 17th Earl of Arundell. One of the successors of the learned lady, named Margaret, who died in 1691, was buried in the Trerice Arundell vault in Newlyn Church, at the east end of the south aisle; and according to Davies Gilbert, it was through her that the Trerice estates passed into the hands of their present proprietor, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart.

Sir John's grandson, of the same name, next claims a short notice. Dodd, in his '*Church History,*' says of him:

'Sir John being an "occasional conformist," his conversation with Mr. Cornelius had given him (Cornelius) early impressions in favour of the Catholic religion, which grew stronger in the University, where he met with many of the same dis-



positions. At length, being weary of a conformity against his conscience, he left Oxford.'

This was that Father Cornelius who, so Foley informs us, was born at Bodmin, of Irish parents, and early attracted Sir John's attention by his studious disposition. Sir John took him by the hand, and always stood his friend. But Cornelius became a Jesuit and a recusant, and was hung, drawn, and quartered at Dorchester, in 1594. He was chaplain to Lady Arundell after her husband's decease, and she having recovered the body, gave it honourable interment.

The favour in which Cornelius and other priests about this time were held by our Sir John Arundell, cost him his liberty. He was summoned to London in 1581, and for nine years was kept a prisoner in Ely Palace, Holborn, only leaving it to go down to Isleworth and die. His body was conveyed to St. Columb with great pomp, and there is a monument there to his memory.

His daughters, Dorothy and Gertrude, entered the Convent of Benedictine nuns at Brussels, in the year 1600, and the former wrote an account of the last days of Father Cornelius, which part of his life she appears to have spent with him.

From the knight-banneret of Tournay and Therouenne descended the Arundells of Wardour; who, on obtaining that estate and castle (whose gallant defence by Lady Blanche Arundell, during the Civil War, is familiar to the reader of romance as well as to the historical student) by intermarriage



with the heiress of John, Lord Dinham and ceasing to reside in Cornwall, the story of whose Worthies I am endeavouring to tell, are not strictly speaking included in my scheme; but they evidently remembered with affection their Cornish origin, for on the east front of old Wardour Castle is a Latin inscription, of which the following is an uncouth translation, believed to be by Henry, the eighth Lord Arundell:—

‘ Here, branch of Arundell Lanhernian race,  
Thomas first sat, and he deserved the place :  
He sat, and fell : Merit the fatal crime,  
And Heav’n, to mark him faultless, bless’d his line.  
Matthew his offspring, as the Father, Great,  
And happier in his Prince, regain’d the seat.  
Confirm’d, enlarg’d ; long may its fortune stand !  
His care who gave, resum’d, restor’d the land.’

The above Matthew had a brother Charles, who left England in 1583, on account of his attachment to the Roman Catholic creed, visited Rome and Spain, and finally died in Paris 9th December, 1587.

And here it may be well to add, that by the marriage of Mary Arundell in 1739 to Henry, seventh Baron Arundell of Wardour, the Lanherne and Wardour branches of the family were, after a separation of more than two centuries, re-united. At Wardour are preserved numerous MSS. relating to the Arundell family; a most interesting as well as extensive series. It includes the Tywardreath Charter with the Laocoön seal, various inventories of furniture, household books, travelling expenses, tailor’s bills, etc., etc., to say nothing of court rolls, rentals, surveys, etc., from the reign of Richard II. to that of Henry VIII.

Sir Thomas, a grandson of the friend of Father Cornelius, 'when but a young man, signalized himself so much by his valour against the Turks, in Hungary, that the Emperor Rodolph II. raised him to the dignity of a Count of the Empire in 1595: granting that his children, of both sexes, and their descendants, should for ever enjoy that rank; have a vote in all the diets of the Empire, purchase lands within the dominion of the Empire, raise volunteers, and not be put to any trial, except in the Imperial Chamber. In forcing the water-tower, near Gran (a formerly rich town of Hungary), he took from the Turks their banner, with his own hand; which banner, taken by Sir Thomas, of Wardour, was preserved, as a trophy, in the Vatican at Rome; where it remained till the French revolution. This brave young knight was recommended to the Emperor by Queen Elizabeth, in a Latin letter, written by her own hand, which is still kept at Wardour Castle.' King James I. made him first Baron Arundell of Wardour in 1605. He died at Wardour in 1639, æt. 79.

Another Sir John married his relative, an Arundell of Trerice, namely Anna, the widow of John Trevanion. It is noteworthy that on this Sir John's tomb in St. Columb churchyard he is styled baronet, but there is no reason to believe that he reached a higher dignity than that of knighthood.

The name was at length assumed by Richard Beling, who married into a family more illustrious than his own. But I believe this branch of the family

has now, too, become extinct ; and it is said that the last of the Lanherne Arundells died in Cornwall in 1766—a collector of the customs at Falmouth.

We now come to a very interesting phase of the family history : I mean the results which followed upon the attachment of this branch of the Arundells to ‘the old religion,’ as the Roman Catholic faith was called. It was exemplified by two episodes which deserve attention : one was the tragic story of Cuthbert Mayne, a recusant priest who was harboured at Golden near Probus, in the residence of the old Cornish family of Tregian, one of whom married Catherine, daughter of a Sir John Arundell and his wife, Elizabeth Dannet, and whose son Francis was imprisoned for recusancy in the time of Elizabeth. The story of Cuthbert Mayne is fully given in Morris’s ‘Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers,’ Dr. Oliver’s ‘History of the Catholic Religion in the West of England,’ and by Challoner in his ‘Memoirs of Missionary Priests,’ etc.

The second episode to which I have alluded is the story of Humphry Arundell, the ‘leader of the Cornish rebellion’—a rising which was undertaken for a like cause—the defence of ‘the old religion.’ We are indebted to Mr. Froude for much valuable information on this subject, given in the fifth vol. of his ‘History of England, from the fall of Wolsey to the Death of Queen Elizabeth.’

In the summer of 1548 one of Henry VIII.’s Commissioners, a Mr. Body, was murdered by a priest at Helston in Cornwall, whilst the Commissioner was

carrying out the King's command in removing certain superstitious objects from the church. Some executions followed, but the Cornishmen were neither conciliated nor terrified thereby, and a rebellion was concocted, Sir Humphry Arundell, of the Mount, and Henry Boyer, Mayor of Bodmin, being the leaders.

The rebellion was inaugurated at Sampford Courtney, on Dartmoor, when the people compelled the priests to say mass, notwithstanding that the English liturgy was commanded to be used, for the first time, on Whitsunday, 1549.

Lord Russell thereupon sends down Sir Peter and Sir Gawen Carew to quell the insurrection, but in June, 1549, 10,000 Cornishmen were in full march on Exeter. England was, in fact, rising in all directions, and the Commons of Devon and Cornwall insisted on the restoration of the mass, and that images should be set up again; the English Bibles were also to be called in, 'for we be informed that otherwise the clergy shall not of long time confound the heretics,' etc., etc.; and they added a petition that Humphrey Arundell and Henry Boyer should have safe access to the King to represent their grievances. Froude sets out the document in full. The Protector insisted upon Bonner's (Bishop of London) preaching a sermon condemning the rebellion, especially so far as Cornwall and Devon were concerned, and recanting his views as to the mass, etc.; and Bonner's imprisonment was the well-known result. Order was at length partially restored; but Exeter,

where there was a strong 'Catholic' party, was, in July, actually besieged by the rebels, and they even talked of going on to London with their army, now 20,000 strong; but Exeter held out for six weeks. Whilst Humphry Arundell was advancing upon it, Carew brought the welcome tidings to Lord Russell (at Honiton, the rallying-point) of the advance of Lord Grey. Meanwhile a body of Cornishmen had arrived at Fennington Bridge, three miles from Exeter, where Sir Peter Carew attacked them; and here Sir Gawen, who was with him, was shot through the arm. The Cornishmen were scattered after a severe struggle, leaving 300 dead on the field, and their assailants at least as many; and Grey now came to the rescue of Exeter. At the battle of St Mary's Clyst the King's troops, though at first defeated, ultimately succeeded, and killed 1,000 rebels, besides taking many prisoners, who were afterwards put to the sword. The fight was renewed on the following day, and Grey, who had seen service, exclaimed that 'such was the valour and the stoutness of the men, that he never, in all the wars he had been in, did know the like.' But, as we have said, the rebels were massacred; the siege of Exeter was raised; and on the 6th of August the banner of the red dragon was flying from the city walls.

Yet the Cornish rallied on Dartmoor, at Sampford Courtney, under Humphry Arundell, Pomeroy, Underhill, and others; and here at length, where the fire was first kindled it was at last extinguished on Sunday, 17th August, 1549. The town had been

fortified, and when the insurgents were driven back to it, to use Lord Russell's own words: 'While I was yet behind with the residue of the army conducting the carriage, Humphry Arundel with his whole power came on the back of our forewards,' and 'against Arundel was nothing for one hour but shooting of ordnance to and fro.' At length 'the rebels' stomachs so fell from them as without any blow they fled,' and multitudes of the unfortunate wretches were slain. Humphrey Arundel fled to Launceston, when he 'immediately began to practise with the townsmen and the keepers of Greenfield and other gentlemen for the murder of them that night. The keepers so much abhorred this cruelty as they immediately set the gentlemen at large, and gave them their aid, with the help of the town for the apprehension of Arundel, whom, with four or five ringleaders, they have imprisoned.'

The insurgents lost over 4,000 men during this fatal month. Martial law was proclaimed throughout Devon and Cornwall; and Arundell, with three others (Holmes, Winslow, and Berry), was hung at Tyburn. Holmes says that Boyer, the Mayor of Bodmin, was hung at his own door, after the Provost Marshal had dined with him.

Hals's account of the rising is so full and interesting, that it seems worth giving, even at the risk of incurring some little repetition. He says:

'This Priory or Abbey (of St. Michael's Mount) being dissolved by Act of Parliament, and given to the King, 33rd Henry VIII., 1542, he gave the



revenues and government of the place to Humphry Arundell, Esq., of the Lanherne family, who enjoyed the same till the first year of King Edward VI., 1549; at which time that King set forth several injunctions about religion; amongst others, this was one, viz.: That all images found in churches, for divine worship or otherwise, should be pulled down and cast forth out of those churches; and that all preachers should perswade the people from praying to saints, or for the dead, and from the use of beads, ashes, processions, masses, dirges, and praying to God publicly in an unknown tongue; and, least there should be a defect of preachers as to these points, homilies were made and ordered to be read in all churches. Pursuant to this injunction, one Mr. Body, a commissioner for pulling down images in the churches of Cornwall, going to do his duty in Helston Church, a priest, in company with Kiltor of Kevorne, and others, at unawares stabbed him in the body with a knife; of which wound he instantly fell dead in that place. And though the murderer was taken, and sent up to London, tried, found guilty of murder in Westminster Hall, and executed in Smithfield, yet the Cornish people flocked together in a tumultuous and rebellious manner, by the instigation of their priests in diverse parts of the shire or county, and committed many barbarities and outrages in the same; and though the justices of the peace apprehended several of them, and sent them to jail, yet they could not, with all their power, suppress the growth of their insur-



rection; for soon after Humphry Arundell, aforesaid, governor of this Mount, sided with those mutineers, and broke out into actual rebellion against his and their prince. The mutineers chose him for the General of their army, and for inferior officers as Captains, Majors, and Colonels, John Rosogan, James Rosogan, Will. Winslade of Tregarrick or St. Agnes at Mithian, John Payne of St. Ives, Robert Bochym of Bochym, and his brother, Thomas Underhill, John Salmon, William Segar, together with several priests, rectors, vicars, and curates of churches, as John Thompson, Roger Barret, John Woolcock, William Asa, James Mourton, John Barrow, Richard Bennet, and others, who mustered their soldiers according to the rules of the military discipline at Bodmin, where the general rendezvous was appointed. But no sooner was the General Arundell departed from St. Michael's Mount to exert his power in the camp and field aforesaid, but diverse gentlemen, with their wives and families, in his absence possessed themselves thereof; whereupon he dispatched a party of horse and foot to reduce his old garrison, which quickly they effected, by reason the besieged wanted provision and ammunition, and were distracted with the women and children's fears and cries; and so they yielded the possession to their enemies on condition of free liberty of departing forthwith from thence with life, though not without being plundered.

'The retaking of St. Michael's Mount by the General Arundell proved much to the content and

satisfaction of his army at Bodmin, consisting of about 6,000 men, which they looked upon as a good omen of their future success, and the first-fruits of the valour and conduct of their General. Whereupon the confederates daily increased his army with great numbers of men from all parts, who listed themselves under his banner, which was not only pourtrayed, but by a cart brought into the field for their encouragement, viz., a pyx under its canopy; that is to say, the vessel containing the Roman host, or sacramental sacrifice, or body of Christ, together with crosses, banners, candlesticks, holy bread and water, to defend them from devils and the adverse power (see "Fox's Martyrology," p. 669), which was carried whersoever the camp removed, which camp grew so tremendously formidable at Bodmin, that Job Militon Esq., then Sheriff of Cornwall, with all the power of his bailiwick, durst not encounter with it during the time of the General's stay in that place, which gave him and his rebels opportunity to consult together for the good of their public interest, and to make out a declaration, or manifesto, of the justice of their cause and grounds of taking up arms; but the army, in general consisting of a mixed multitude of men of diverse professions, trades, and employments, could not easily agree upon the subject matter, and form thereof. Some would have no justice of the peace; for that generally they were ignorant of the laws, and could not construe or English a Latin bill of indictment without the clerk of the peace's assistance,

who imposed upon them, with other attorneys, for gain, wrong sense, and judgment—besides, in themselves, they were corrupt and partial in determining cases ; others would have no lawyers nor attorneys, for that the one cheated the people in wrong advice or counsel, and the other of their money by extravagant bills of costs ; others would have no court leets, or court-barons, for that the cost and expense in prosecuting an action at law therein was many times greater than the debt or profit. But generally it was agreed upon amongst them that no inclosure should be left standing, but that all lands should be held in common ; yet what expedients should be found out and placed in the room of those several orders and degrees of men and officers none could prescribe.

‘ However, the priests, rectors, vicars, and curates, the priors and monks, friars and other dissolved collegiates, hammered out seven articles of address for the King’s Majesty, upon grant of which they declared their bodies, arms, and goods should all be at his disposal, viz. :

‘ No. 1. That curates should administer baptism at all times of need, as well week days as holy days.

‘ 2. That their children might be confirmed by the Bishop.

‘ 3. That mass might be celebrated, no man communicating with the priest.

‘ 4. That they might have reservation of the Lord’s body in churches.

‘ 5. That they might have holy bread and water in remembrance of Christ’s body and blood.

‘6. That priests might not be married.

‘7. That the six articles set forth by King Henry VIII. might be continued at least till the King came of age.

‘Now these six articles were invented by Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester (who was the bastard son of Lionel Woodvill, Bishop of Salisbury, by his concubine, Elizabeth Gardiner; the which Lionel was fifth son of Richard Woodvill, Earl Rivers, 1470), and therefore called his creed, viz. :

‘1. That the body of Christ is really present in the sacrament after consecration.

‘2. That the sacrament cannot truly be administered under both kinds.

‘3. That priests entered into holy orders might not marry.

‘4. That vows of chastity entered into upon mature deliberation, were to be kept.

‘5. That private masses were not to be omitted.

‘6. That auricular confession was necessary in the Church of God.

‘To these demands of the Cornish rebels the King so far condescended as to send an answer in writing to every article, and also a general pardon to every one of them, if they would lay down arms. (See Fox’s “Acts and Monuments,” Book IX. p. 668). But, alas! those overtures of the King were not only rejected by the rebels, but made them the more bold and desperate; especially finding themselves unable longer to subsist upon their own estates and money, or the bounty of the country, which hitherto they

had done. The General therefore resolved, as the fox who seldom chucks at home, to prey upon other men's goods and estates farther off for his army's better subsistence. Whereupon he dislodged from Bodmin, and marched with his soldiers into Devon, where Sir Peter Carew, Knight, was ready to obstruct their passage with his posse comitatus. But when they saw the order and discipline of the rebels, and that their army consisted of above 6,000 fighting-men, desperate, well armed, and prepared for battle, the Sheriff and his troops permitted them quietly to pass through the heart of that country to Exeter, where the citizens, upon notice of their approaches (as formerly done), shut the gates, and put themselves in a posture of defence.

'Things being in this posture, the General, Arundell, summoned the citizens to deliver their town and castle to his dominion; but they sent him a flat denial. Whereupon, forthwith he ordered his men to fire the gates of the city, which accordingly they did; but the citizens on the inside supplied those fires with such quantities of combustible matter, so long till they had cast up a half-moon on the inside thereof, upon which, when the rebels attempted to enter, they were shot to death or cut to pieces. Their entrance being thus obstructed at the gates, they put in practice other expedients, viz., either to undermine the walls or blow them up with barrels of gunpowder, which they had placed in the same; but the citizens also prevented this their design, by countermining their mines and casting so much

water on the places where their powder-barrels were lodged, that the powder would not take fire. Thus stratagems of war were daily practised between the besieged and besiegers to the great hurt and damage of each other.

‘King Edward being informed by his council of this siege, and that there was little or no dependance upon the valour and conduct of the Sheriff of Devon and his bailiwick to suppress this rebellion or raise the siege of Exeter, granted his commission to John Lord Russell, created Baron Russell of Tavistock by King Henry, and Lord High Admiral and Lord Privy Seal, an old experienced soldier who had lost an eye at the Siege of Montreuil in France, to be his General for raising soldiers to fight those rebels ; who forthwith, pursuant thereto, raised a considerable army and marched them to Honiton ; but when he came there he was informed that the enemy consisted of 10,000 able fighting-men armed ; which occasioned his halting there longer than he intended, expecting greater supplies of men, that were coming to his aid under conduct of the Lord Grey ; which at length arrived and joined his forces, whereupon he dislodged from thence and marched towards Exeter ; where, on the way, he had several sharp conflicts with the rebels with various success, sometimes the better and sometimes the worse ; though at length after much fatigue of war, maugre all opposition and resistance of the rebels, he forced them to raise their siege, and entered the city of Exeter with relief, 6th August, 1549, after thirty-two days’ siege,



wherein the inhabitants had valiantly defended themselves, though in that extremity they were necessitated by famine to eat horses, moulded cloth, and bread made of bran; in reward of whose loyalty King Edward gave to the city for ever the Manor of Evyland, since sold by the city for making the river Exe navigable.

‘After raising the siege, as aforesaid, the General, Arundell, rallied his routed forces of rebels, and gave battle to the Lord Russell and the King’s army with that inveterate courage, animosity, and resolution, that the greatest part of his men were slain upon the spot, others threw down their arms on mercy, the remainder fled, and were afterwards many of them taken and executed. Sir Anthony Kingston, Knight, a Gloucestershire man, after this rebellion, was made Provost-Marshal for executing such western rebels as could be taken, or were made prisoners in Cornwall and Devon, together with all such who had been aiders or assisters of them in that rebellion; upon whom, according to his power and office, he executed martial law with sport and justice (as Mr. Carew and other historians tell us); and the principal persons that have come to my knowledge, over whose misery he triumphed, was Boyer, the Mayor of Bodmin; Mayow of Clevyan, in St. Colomb Major, whom he hanged at the tavern sign-post in that town, of whom tradition saith his crime was not capital; and, therefore, his wife was advised by her friends to hasten to the town after the Marshal and his men, who had him in custody, and beg his life.



Which, accordingly, she prepared to do, and to render herself the more amiable petitioner before the Marshal's eyes, this dame spent so much time in attiring herself and putting on her French hood, then in fashion, that her husband was put to death before her arrival. In like manner the Marshal hanged one John Payne, the Mayor, or Portreeve of St. Ives, on a gallows erected in the middle of that town, whose arms are still to be seen in one of the foreseats in that church, viz. in a plain field three pine-apples. Besides those he executed many more in other places in Cornwall, that had been actors, assisters, or promoters of this rebellion. Lastly, it is further memorable of this Sir Anthony Kingston, that in Sir John Heywood's chronicle he is taxed of extreme cruelty in doing his Marshal's office aforesaid. Of whom Fuller, in Gloucestershire, gives us this further account of him; that afterwards, in the reign of Queen Mary, being detected, with several others, of a design to rob her exchequer, though he made his escape and fled into his own country, yet there he was apprehended and taken into custody by a messenger, who was bringing him up to London in order to have justice done upon him for his crime; but he being conscious of his guilt, and despairing of pardon, so effectually poisoned himself that he died on the way, without having the due reward of his desert.

‘After the death of Humphrey Arundell, Governor of St. Michael's Mount, executed for treason as aforesaid, King Edward VI. sold or gave the govern-

ment and revenues thereof to Job Militon, Esq., aforesaid, then Sheriff of Cornwall, during his life; but his son, dying without issue male, the government, by what title I know not, devolved upon the Bassets of Tihidy, from some of whom, as I am informed, it came by purchase to Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart., now in possession thereof.'

A contemporary account of Humphrey Arundell's execution in Mr. Richard Howlett's '*Monumenta Franciscana*,' vol. ii., 27th January, 1550, states: 'Was drawne from the Tower of London vnto Tyborne iiii persons (Humfre Avrnedelle, Bere Vynch, Chyffe, Homes), and there hangyd and qwarterd, and their qwarteres sette abowte London on euery gatte; thes was of them that dyd ryse in the West cuntré.'

It has already been observed that an attachment to the Roman Catholic faith led many of the Arundells into trouble: as exemplifying this, I have culled a few other instances from the pages of a writer belonging to that Communion.

'The next successor to the property' (a son of John Arundell, the friend of Father Cornelius), 'was indeed a great sufferer for conscience' sake. In a letter before me of F. Richard Blount, dated 7th Nov., 1606, he says that Mr. Arundell, amongst others, had been forced to compound for the possession of his property by paying heavy fines to the Crown. He had been convicted of recusancy, but King James directed by his letters patent (20 Feb.,

4 Jac. I., 1607) that none of Mr. Arundell's lands were to be seized so long as he paid £240 a year for not frequenting church,' etc.

'George Arundell was another recusant (20 June, 34 Eliz., 1591), and paid a similar fine.

'From a letter in the State Paper Office, dated 21 Oct., 1642, by a Parliamentary, I make the following extract:

'“Mr. Arundell hath the greatest forces here, and is able to raise more than half the gentlemen in Cornwall, and he alone was the first that began the rebellion there. There hath lately been landed at some creek in that county ten or more seminary priests, which are newly come out of Flanders, and harboured in Mr. Arundell's house.\* They are merciless creatures, and there is a great way laid for the apprehension of them.”

'This gentleman had to suffer the sequestration of his estates for many years, and it cost him nearly £3,000 to get off at last.'

And the continued attachment of the Arundells to their ancient faith is exemplified in an interesting manner, as we shall see further on, by the conventual establishment still existing at Lanherne.

A few words will perhaps be expected as to the church, and the adjacent former residence of the Arundells of Lanherne. The sylvan beauty of the

\* There is an hereditary tradition at Lanherne that the Mass has always been celebrated there ever since the Reformation.

situation and its surroundings has already been adverted to, and the church and churchyard, at least, are still worthy of their site; but little remains of the once noble old mansion, of which Carew wrote: 'This said house of Lanherne is apporportioned with a large scope of land, which, while the owners there lived, was employed to frank hospitality.'

At MAWGAN CHURCH the fragments of the screen which separates the nave and south aisle are carved with the arms of Arundell quartering Carminow, and on the south side of the chancel are brass shields on which the same arms are quartered with Archdekne, Arches, Carminow, Denham, Durnford, Grenville, etc. At the east end of the aisle on the screen are seven brass plates, 'chiefly inscribed with English and Latin verses, admonitory to the reader and eulogistic of the Arundells,' *e.g.*:

'What favour FORTUNE him affords, his landes and livings tell;  
Of brethren five, though youngst he were, to lyve yet had he well.  
His worthie house him worshipp gave, so famous ys that race;  
The familie of ARUNDELLS, well knowne in every place.  
And GRACE that woulde not be o'ercome gave him a godlye ende;  
A gyft wherebi his soule ys sure to glory to ascende.  
Where unto GRACE & GOD he yealds the price and prayse for aye;  
What FORTUNE or dame NATURE gave, DEATH having tane  
away.'

The transept, or Arundell chapel, was once used as a burial-place for the nuns of the adjoining nunnery; it has a hagioscopic communication with the chancel.

The following inscription on a brass, the chief portion of which is now missing, has also been preserved:

‘Here under lyeth buried Mary Arundell, the daughter of Syr John Arundell, Knight, with the body of Elizabeth, his wyfe, who decessed the 23 day of April, A.D. 1578; and in the fourty-nyne yere of her age. On whose soul God have mercye.

‘This virgin wyse, whose lampe with oyle repleat  
The bridegroom’s call with burninge light attended;  
By following him hath won a worthye seate,  
And lyves for aye, though death this lyfe hath ended.’  
Etc.,                      etc.,                      etc.

Nearly the whole of the older Arundell brasses, which bore the names, dates of death, and ages of the members of that family are not now to be found in the church; one, a sort of palimpsest brass, bore on one side an acrostic to the memory of Jane Arundell, and on the other a representation of the Deity, and two other figures, probably symbolical. This brass is said to have been removed to the nunnery at the beginning of the present century.

LANHERNE HOUSE, formerly the manor-house of the Arundells, a picturesque but gloomy structure, is now a Roman Catholic Carmelite nunnery, ‘by time unstricken, yet with ages hoar.’ The south part of the house is the most ancient part; it has stone-mullioned windows, and a good doorway of Catacleuse stone.\* The vane which still surmounts the dome represents a wolf—the crest of the Trembleath Arundells. About eighty years ago the building was assigned to sixteen nuns who fled from the siege of

\* A sort of green-stone, so called from its being found at Catacleuse Point, near Trevoze Head, Padstow.

Antwerp by the French during the revolutionary wars; and their successors, now over twenty in number, continue to occupy the buildings.

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### *THE ARUNDELLS OF TRERICE.\**

As the crow flies, Trerice, anciently Treres, as Carew informs us, is about five miles south of Lanherne and about the same distance from the mouth of the Gannel, one of whose tributary streamlets runs round the slope on whose southern side still stands great part of the handsome and extensive mansion of this branch of the family. It is not the original building, dating as it does only from the year 1573; but its charming and sheltered situation, 'its costly and commodious dwellings,' the rich colours of the time-stained masonry, its huge mullioned windows, and the magnificent proportions of its large and lofty hall, stamp it as one of the few remaining mansions of the Cornish gentry that speak of the wealth and power and hospitality of the 'good old times.'

The county histories are almost silent as to the early seat of this branch of the family; but there is no reason to doubt that its *site* remains the same; and that Trerice was inhabited by an Arundell at

\* Tonkin says: 'Trerice in this parish (St. Allen) belonged to a younger branch of the Arundells of Trerice in Newlyn; from whom it is said to have been wrested, not very fairly, by an attorney, Mr. John Coke. The estate now belongs to Lord Falmouth.' There are four or five places in Cornwall called Trerice, which signifies 'the place on the fleeting ground;' but *the* Trerice is in the parish of Newlyn.'



least so far back as the reign of Edward III.—one Ralph being here, whilst his cousin (or perhaps his brother), Sir John, who married Elizabeth Carminow, held sway at Lanherne.\* Apropos of this marriage into the powerful and wealthy family of Carminow, it is interesting to note that in the Register of Walter de Stapeldon, Bishop of Exeter, and founder of Exeter College, Oxon, we find that, in the year 1316, ‘on the Monday before Michaelmas, our lord’ (the Bishop) ‘offered his niece, Joan Kaignes, as wife to John de Arundell, son and heir of John de Arundell defunct, who refused for the present; William Walle was present.’ Were John’s affections already pledged to the fair Elizabeth? The incident shows at least that the Bishop was desirous of forming an alliance between one of his own relatives and a house so important as that of Arundell.

Hals says that the Arundells of Trecice bore, at one time, the arms of Lansladron, viz., sable, three chevrons argent; but that at length they adopted the well-known coat of the family: sable, six swallows argent—three, two, and one.

Leland, writing of the Arundells of Trecice, observes: ‘This Arundale giveth no part of the arms of the great Arundale of Lanheron, by St. Columbe. But he told me that he thought he cam of the Arundales in base Normandy, that were lordes

\* In *Notes and Queries*, 5th S., vii. 389 (1877). Fredk. Hancock says the Arundells of Trecice frequently resided on their estate at Allerford, in West Somerset, and that they were probably connected by marriage with the Wentworths—one of whom was Governor of Jamaica, circa 1690.



of *Culy Castelle*;\* that now is descended to one Monseir de la Fontaine, a Frenchman, by heir generale. This Arundale is caulid Arundale of Trerise, by a difference from Arundale of Lanheron. Trerise is a lordship of his, a three or four miles from Alein church.'

'What Leland means,' observes Tonkin, 'by his first words I cannot imagine. The then owner of Trerise was *Sir John Arundell*, who could not tell him that his arms were different from Arundells of Lanhearn, since it is most certain that they constantly gave the same, viz., the six swallows, and that without any difference or distinction, as not being well agreed on which was the elder family of the two; only, as it is before observed, Arundell of Trerice, the better to declare of what house he was, did always quarter the arms of Trerice with his own. Nay, further; as appeareth by a very fair pedigree of this family, drawn up by Mr. Camden himself, which was lately in the Lord Arundell's library, where I had the favour to peruse it, the ancestor of the Lanhearn family, which came over with William the Conqueror, left a widow, afterwards married to the ancestor of Arundell of Trerice, that came over at the same time; so that both these

\* Possibly Cuillé, in the Department of Mayenne, Canton of Cossé-le-Vivier, twenty-five miles N.W. of Chateau-Goutier. From this spot, therefore, or from a place of like name near St. Amand des Boix, twelve miles N. of Angoulême, perhaps all our Cornish Arundells first came. It is interesting to notice how many names in this part of Normandy are familiar to Cornish ears, either as names of persons or of places.

families are descended from that same woman. But as she was first married to the ancestor of Arundell of Lanhearne, it is supposed from thence that he was descended from the elder brother, and the other from the younger, as being both of the same stock; which is further confirmed, for that Arundell of Lanhearn had always the greater estate, and made the greater figure in their country, whence they were called the *Great Arundells*, though this of Trerice was likewise very eminent.'

Carew, who married into the family of the Tolverne Arundells, and who may therefore be assumed to be of some authority in the matter, does not go so far back as this for the rise of the Arundells of Trerice. He says, 'In Edward III.'s reign, Ralph Arundel matched with the heir of this land and name; since which time his issue hath there continued, and increased their livelihood by sundry like inheritors as St. John, Jew, Durant, Thurbear,' etc. He adds, 'Precisely to rip up the whole pedigree were more tedious than behooveful; and therefore I will only (as by the way) touch some few points which may serve, in part, to show what place and regard they have borne in the commonwealth.'

I venture to think that, so far as modern readers are concerned, it will be well to adopt Carew's view; and that the more especially on account of the many difficulties which beset the case, as already mentioned at the commencement of this chapter. I

do not therefore propose to advert to the Sir Oliver de Arundell of Carhayes of the time of Henry III., who married a lady of the same patronymic as himself, and who indeed was probably the true founder of the Trerice branch; but will at once mention, as the first historical representative of this part of the family, a Sir John Arundell of Trerice, Sheriff of Cornwall, who, early in the fifteenth century, viz. in the seventh year of Henry V., accompanied the Earl of Devon on a sea voyage 'in defence of the realm;' no doubt the same knight who was in the following reign addressed by the Earl of Huntingdon—Lieutenant-General to John, Duke of Bedford, Constable and Admiral of England—as 'Vice-Admiral of Cornwall.' I do not, however, feel certain whether it was he or his son (but more probably the latter) whose curious story has been thus narrated by Hals and by Carew.

Hals says, 'As soon as King Edward IV. heard of the surprise of St. Michael's Mount by the Earl of Oxford, he issued forth his proclamation, proclaiming him, and all his adherents, traitors, and then consulted how to regain both to his obedience; and in order thereto, he forthwith sent Sir John Arundell of Trerice, Knight, then Sheriff of Cornwall, to reduce and besiege the same by his posse comitatus; which gentleman, pursuant to his orders and by virtue of his office, soon rose a considerable army of men and soldiers within his bailiwick, and marched with them towards St. Michael's Mount, where,

being arrived, he sent a trumpeter to the Earl with a summons of surrender of that garrison to him for King Edward, upon mercy; especially for that in so doing, in all probability he would prevent the effusion of much Christian blood. To this summons of the trumpeter the Earl sent a flat denial; saying further that, rather than he would yield the fort on those terms, himself and those with him were all resolved to lose their lives in defence thereof. Whereupon the Sheriff commanded his soldiers, being very numerous on all parts, to storm the Mount and reduce it by force; but alas, maugre all their attempts (of this kind), the besieged so well defended every part of this rocky mountain, that in all places the Sheriff's men were repulsed with some loss; and the besieged issued forth from the outer gate and pursued them with such violence that the said Sir John Arundell and some others were slain upon the sands at the foot of the Mount, to the great discouragement of the new-raised soldiers, who quickly departed thence, having lost their leader, leaving the besieged in better heart than they found them, as much elevated at their good success as themselves were dismayed at their bad fortune.' 'Sir John Arundell,' as Mr. Carew, in his 'Survey of Cornwall,' tells us, p. 119, 'had long before been told, by some fortune-teller, that he would be slain on the sands; wherefore, to avoid that destiny, he removed from Efford, near Stratton, on the sands, where he dwelt, to Trerice, far off from the sea-

sands; yet by this misfortune fulfilled the prediction in another place.'

The connexion of this family with Stratton and Bude is further indicated by the churchwardens' accounts of Stratton Church, where knells were rung in 1526 for the *Arundells*; they are also recorded as having presented vestments to this church.

That the Arundells of Trerice long continued in Royal favour is evident from the fact that one of the family—a Sir John, a name to which all branches of the Arundells seem to have been extremely partial—received an autograph letter from the Queen of Henry VII., dated 12th October, 1488, wherein her Majesty informs the knight that she has been safely delivered of a prince.

We now arrive at some Arundells who make a greater figure in history than any of those who preceded them; and who, like their forefathers, seem to have stood well at Court. For in 1520, we find King Henry VIII. writing to Sir John Arundell of Trerice, his Esquire of the body—'Jack of Tilbury'—that he should give his attendance at Canterbury about the entertainment of the Emperor, whose landing on the English coast was then shortly expected.

Three years afterwards the same knight took prisoner Duncan Campbell, a notorious Scottish pirate, in a fight at sea, 'as our chronicle mentioneth;'

\* In the year 1523, 'Duncan Campbell, a Scottish rouer, after long fight, was taken on the sea by John Arundell, an esquier of Cornwall, who presented him to the King.'—*Holinshed*.

concerning which, 'I thought it not amiss,' says Carew, 'to insert a letter sent him from Thomas, Duke of Norfolk (to whom he then belonged), that you may see the style of those days.'

“BY THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

“Right wellbeloued, in our hearty wise we commend us unto you, letting you wit, that by your seruant, this bearer, we haue receyued your letters, dated at Truru the 5 day of this moneth of April, by which we perceyue the goodly, valiant and ieopardous enterprise, it hath pleased God of late to send you, by the taking of Duncane Camel, and other Scots, on the sea; of which enterprise we haue made relation vnto the King's Highnesse, who is not a little ioyous and glad, to heare of the same, and hath required vs instantly in his name, to giue you thanks for your said valiant courage, and bolde enterprise in the premises: and by these our letters, for the same your so doing, we doe not onely thanke you in our most effectual wise, but also promise you, that during our life, we will be glad to aduance you to any preferment we can. And ouer this, you shall understand, our said Soueraigne Lord's pleasure is that you shall come and repaire to his Highnes, with diligence in your owne person, bringing with you the said Captiue, and the master of the Scottish ship; at which time, you shall not onely be sure of his especiall thanks by mouth, and to know his further pleasure therein, but also of us to further any your reasonable pursuits vnto his Highnes, or



any other, during our life, to the best of our power, accordingly. Written at Lambeth, the 11th day of Aprill aforesaid

“Superscribed To our right wellbeloved Servant  
“JOHN ARUNDELL OF TRERICE.”

It is singular that (so far as I am aware) there is so little recorded in history of an action to which so much importance was evidently attributed at the time of its performance.

‘And in 35th Henry VIII.,’ continues Carew, ‘the King wrote to Sir John Arundell of Trerice, touching his discharge from the Admiralty of the fleet, lately committed unto him, and that he should deliver the ship which he sailed in, to Sir Nicholas Poynts. The same year the King wrote to him again, that he should attend him in his wars against the French King, with his servants, tenants, and others, within his rooms and offices, especially horsemen. Other letters from the King there are, whose date is not expressed, neither can I by any means hunt it out. One to his servant, John Arundell of Trerice, Esquire, willing him not to repair with his men, and to wait in the rearward of his army, as he had commanded him, but to keep them in a readiness for some other service. Another to Sir John Arundell of Trerice, praying and desiring him to the Court, the Quindene of St. Hillary next, wheresoever the King shall then be within the realm.

‘There are also letters, directed to Sir John Arundell of Trerice, from the King’s Counsel; by some of



which it appeareth, that (temp. Edward VI.) he was Vice-Admiral of the King's ships in the west seas; and by others that he had the goods and lands of certain rebels given him, for his good service against them.

'Again the Queen, 1st of Mary (1553), wrote to Sir John Arundell of Trerice, praying and requiring him that he, with his friends and neighbours, should see the Prince of Spain most honourably entertained, if he fortun'd to land in Cornwall. She also wrote to him (being then Sheriff of Cornwall, 2nd Mary) touching the election of the Knights of the Shire, and the burgesses for the Parliament. She likewise once more wrote to him (2nd and 3rd Philip and Mary) that (notwithstanding the instructions to the justices) he should muster, and furnish with servants, tenants, and others, under his rule and offices, with his friends, for the defence and quieting of the country, withstanding of enemies, and any other employment; as also to certify what force of horse and foot he could arm.

'These few notes,' Carew says, 'I have culled out of many others. Sir John Arundell, last mentioned, by his first wife, the co-heir of Bevill, had issue Roger, who died in his father's lifetime; and Katherine, married to Prideaux. Roger, by his wife Trendenham, left behind him a son called John. Sir John's second wife was daughter to Erisy, and widow to Gourlyn, who bare him John, his succeder in Trerice, and much other

fair revenues, whose due commendation, because another might better deliver than myself, who touch him as nearly as Tacitus did Agricola, I will, therefore, bound the same within his desert, and only say this, which all who knew him, shall testify with me; that, of his enemies, he would take no wrong, nor on them any revenge; and being once reconciled, embraced them, without scruple or remnant of gall. Over his kindred, he held a wary and charey care, which bountifully was expressed, when occasion so required: reputing himself not only principal of the family, but a general father to them all. Private respects ever, with him, gave place to the common good: as for frank, well-ordered, and continual hospitality, he outwent all show of competence: spare, but discreet of speech, better conceiving than delivering; equally stout, and kind, not upon lightness of humour, but soundness of judgment; inclined to commiseration, ready to relieve. Briefly, so accomplished in virtue, that those, who for many years together waited in nearest place about him, and, by his example, learned to hate untruth, have often deeply protested, how no curious observation of theirs could ever descry in him any one notorious vice. By his first foreremembered wife he had four daughters, married to Carew (the writer himself), Summaster, Cosowarth, and Denham: by his latter, the daughter of Sir Robert Denis, two sons and two daughters; the elder, even from his young years, began where his father left, and with so temperate a course, treadeth just in his foot-

steps, that he inheriteth, as well his love as his living. The younger brother followeth the Netherland wars, with so well-liked a carriage, that he outgoeth his age and time of service in preferment. Their mother equalleth her husband's former children, and generally all his kindred, in kind usage, with her own, and is by them all, again, so acknowledged and respected.'

But here we are anticipating a little, and must return to the hero of the engagement with the Scotch pirate. The victor was at length himself vanquished by the all-conquering one; and Sir John's monument is still to be seen in Stratton Church, in which place he was buried, probably either from his connexion with the Grenvilles\*—great patrons of that church as well as of all the other churches in the neighbourhood—or else, perhaps on account of his family having resided at Ebbingford (Efford) near Bude Haven, hard by. Indeed, one Raynulf Arundell was lord of Albaminster and Stratton so early as the days of Henry III.

On Sir John Arundell's tomb in Stratton Church he is represented in brass, lying between his two wives—Mary Beville, of Talland, and Juliana Erisey, of Erisey. Below the feet of his first wife stand the sons, Richard, John, and Roger; under the second are ranged the daughters, 'Margereta, Marie, Jane, Phelipe, Grace, Margeri, and Annes.' The inscription is:

\* The Grenvilles and the Arundells intermarried frequently about this period.

'Here lyeth buried Sir John Arundell, Trerise, Knyght, who, praysed be God, dyed in the Lorde the xxv daye of November in the yere of oure Lorde God a MCCCCCLXI., and in the III<sup>xx</sup> and VII yere of his age, whose soule now resteth with the faythfull Chrystians in our Lorde.'

Carew has told us something of 'Jack of Tilbury's' son John, but only makes a short reference to a Sir Thomas Arundell, who I cannot help thinking must have been one of the Trerice family, although some authorities refer him to the Lanherne branch. He was, together with Sir John Tregonwell and others, appointed, in 1535, to be a Commissioner for the suppression of all religious houses 'of the sune of ccc marks and under;' and the rough reception which they met with at the Priory of St. Nicholas, Exeter, may be read in Dr. Oliver's 'Monasticon Diocesis Exoniensis,' p. 116.

He had been one of Wolsey's Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, was made Knight of the Bath at Anne Boleyn's coronation, and was appointed Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, 1549.

He and his elder brother, John, were committed to the Tower (1549-50) for implication in the Humphry Arundell rebellion in January, but were released October, 1551. He was, however, re-committed to the Tower in the same month, accused of being concerned in the Duke of Somerset's conspiracy, wherein, Bishop Pouet says, 'Arundell conspired with that ambitious and subtil Alcibiades, the Earl of Warwick, after Duke of Northumberland, to pull down the good Duke of Somerset, King Edward's uncle and protector,'

But, as Mr. Doyne Bell points out, in his 'History of the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula, in the Tower,' if this be correct, it is singular that he should have been afterwards re-arrested for conspiring with Somerset against Northumberland.

He was brought to trial with Sir Ralf Vane, and tried on the following day, viz., 29th January, 1551-52, when Machyn records that 'the quest qwytt ym of tresun, and cast hym of felonye, to be hanged.' Mr. Perne (probably the Prior of the Black Friars) 'was allowed to resort to Sir Thomas to instruct hym to dye well.'

We read in Mr. Richard Howlett's 'Monumenta Franciscana,' that, in the 'Chronicon ab anno 1189 ad 1556, ex registro Fratrum Minorum Londoniæ,' under date 26th February, 1552, is recorded that on that day, 'the wyche was Fryday, was hongyd at Towre-hylle sir Myllys Partryge, knyghte, the wyche playd with Kynge Henry the viii<sup>th</sup> at dysse for the grett belfery that stode in Powlles churche-yerde; ~~the wyche was callyd the gret belfery~~; and Sir Raffe Vane, theys too ware hongyd. Also sir Myhulle Stonnappe and sir Thomas Arndelle, theys too ware be-heddyd at that same tyme. And theis iiij. Knyghtes confessyd that the war neuer gylte for soche thynges as was layd vn-to their charge, and dyde in that same oppinioun.' He was buried in the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, in the Tower.

The Commission for seizing on the possessions in Cornwall and Devon of Sir Thomas Arundell, 'rebel

and traitor,' is preserved amongst the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum (433, art. 1557); and an interesting catalogue of his plate, together with a list of that portion which was returned to his wife, Margaret, on 11th June, 1557, will be found in the Add. MSS. 5751.

I think, but am by no means clear on the point, that this is the Arundell to whom Henry VIII. granted, on 6th June, 1545, Scilly, and the monastery of Tavistock, and to whom, in the same year, the King wrote a remarkable letter concerning the Papists in Cornwall, which is preserved amongst the MSS. at Westminster.

Carew thus refers to his fate: 'Sir Thomas Arundel, a younger brother of Lanhearn House, married the sister to Queen Katharine Howard, and in Edward VI.'s time was made a Privy Counsellor; but cleaving to the Duke of Somerset, he lost his head with him.' But Carew does not mention, to the credit of his elder brother John, how (as we read in T. Wright's 'Queen Elizabeth and Her Times,' i. 507-8) the Earl of Bedford, writing to Lord Burghley from Truro, on 3rd August, 1574, reports that, the Spanish navy being now ready for sea, Sir John Arundell and others met him eight miles from Plymouth, and accompanied him throughout his visit to Cornwall; the object of which seems to have been an inspection of the defences. The Earl reports that he found Sir John 'ready and serviceable in all things.'



Perhaps the most interesting member of the family is the man who now appears upon the scene, the grandson of 'Jack of Tilbury,' and son of the foregoing Sir John. I mean 'John for the King,' the valiant hero who held Pendennis Castle so stoutly for Charles I. He was the son of John Arundell of Trerice, by his second wife, Gertrude Dennys, of Holcombe; and Richard Carew, the historian of Cornwall, married his half-sister, Julian.

Unless I am much mistaken, he was present—or if not he, it must have been his son Richard, who was also at Edgehill and at Lansdowne—with most of the Cornish gentry, including Sir Bevil Grenville, Trevanion, and others, at the victory obtained by the King's forces over the army of the Parliament, in 1623, on Braddock Downs—a fight which I have endeavoured to describe in the chapter on the Grenvilles.

At any rate, twenty years later, Colonel John Arundell, of Trerice, in Newlyn,\* was appointed Governor of Pendennis Castle, in succession to Sir Nicholas Slanning, who fell at the siege of

\* He was M.P. for Cornwall, Bodmin, Tregony, and Michell. The small and now disfranchised borough of Michell was, as might be expected from its proximity to Trerice, a place in which the Arundells took much interest. They were Lords of the Manor of Medeshole (Michell), at least as early as the time of Edward I. Indeed, Browne Willis, in his '*Notitia Parliamentaria*,' observes: 'The Manor of Michell (not Michael) is still (1726) in possession of the ancient family of Arundel of Lanhern, whose ancestor, Ralph de Arundel, purchased the same, temp. Hen. III., by whose interest, I presume, with Richard Earl of Cornwall, King of the Almains (for whom he executed the Sheriff's office for the County of Cornwall, anno 44 Henry III.), this town obtained its privileges.'



Bristol. According to some accounts he was then sixty-seven years of age, according to others eighty-seven; but the former is no doubt correct. Here, in the following year, he harboured for a night or two the unfortunate Queen Henrietta Maria, on her flight into France from Exeter (where she had just been confined of a prince) before the army of the Earl of Essex. The then Sheriff of Cornwall thus writes to his wife, Lady Francis Basset,\* on the occasion :

‘ This thyrd of July, 1644.

‘ DEARE WIFFE,

‘ Here is the woefullest spectacle my eyes yet ever look’d on ; the most worne and weak pitifull creature in ye world, the poore Queene shifting for one hour’s liffe longer.’

And here John Arundell also received the Prince, afterwards Charles II., in February, 1646. A room in the castle still retains the name of the King’s Room.

The story of the siege has been admirably detailed by Captain Oliver, R.A., in his ‘Pendennis and St. Mawes: an Historical Sketch of Two Cornish Castles.’ On the 17th March, 1646, Fairfax took up his quarters at Arwenack House, the ancient seat of the Killigrews, as we shall see in the account of that family; the Killigrews themselves were within the castle walls. To Fairfax’s summons to deliver up Pen-

\* See the account of the Basset family, *post.*

dennis, the gallant old Arundell gave, as might have been expected, 'a peremptory denyall,' saying (according to a contemporary, and not a friendly, account) that 'hee was 70 yeares old, and could not have many days to live, and therefore would not in his old yeares blemish his honour in surrendering thereof, and would rather be found buried in the ruines thereof, than commit so vilde a treason.' And so, with his brave garrison, 'all desperate persons and good soldiers . . . many very considerable men . . . and the violentest enemies that the Parliament hathe in this kingdom,' Arundell prepared to withstand the siege. Fairfax's haughty summons demanded a reply within *two hours*, and this was the answer he got—(it is preserved among the Clarendon State Papers):—

*'Colonel John Arundell to Sir Thomas Fairfax.*

*'SIR,*

*'The Castle was committed to my Government by his Majesty, who by our Laws hath the command of the Castles and Forts of this Kingdom; and my age of seventy summons me hence shortly. Yet I shall desire no other testimony to follow my departure than my conscience to God and loyalty to his Majesty, whereto I am bound by all the obligations of nature, duty, and oath. I wonder you demand the Castle without authority from his Majesty; which, if I should render, I brand myself and my posterity with the indelible character of treason. And, having taken less than two minutes*

resolution, I resolve that I will here bury myself before I deliver up this Castle to such as fight against his Majesty, and that nothing you can threaten is formidable to me in respect of the loss of loyalty and conscience.

‘Your Servant,

‘JOHN ARUNDELL

‘of Trerise.

‘18 March, 1646.’

The story of the five months’ siege, and how Pendennis was the last fortress but one (Raglan) to surrender to the Parliament, are matters of history; the besieged felt that the eyes of England were upon them, and did not flinch from the terrible privations which they were about to suffer. Two other summonses to surrender were made in the following month, with the same result as before. But at length, after many of the horses had been killed ‘for beefe,’ the garrison was reduced to the last extremity, and honourable articles of surrender were at length agreed to on the 16th August, 1646. Then the brave little band marched out ‘with their Horses, compleat Arms, and other Equipages, according to their present or past Commands or Qualities, with flying Colours, Trumpets sounding, Drums beating, Matches lighted at both ends, Bullets in their Mouths,’ and so on;—every man of them, starved and ragged as they all were, like their veteran leader, ‘game to the toes.’\*

\* The original ‘Articles of Surrender,’ are in the British Museum, Egerton MSS., 1048, fo. 86.

Clarendon too (book x., par. 73) tells how they 'refused all summons, nor admitted any treaty till all their provisions were so near consumed that they had not victual left for four and twenty hours; and then they treated, and carried themselves in the treaty with that resolution and unconcernedness that the enemy concluded they were in no straits, and so gave them the conditions they proposed, which were as good as any garrison in England had accepted. This castle,' the historian goes on to say, 'was defended by the Governor thereof, John Arundel, of Trecice, in Cornwall, an old gentleman of near four score years of age, and one of the best estates and interest in that country, who, with the assistance of his son Richard Arundel (who was then a colonel in the army, and a stout and diligent officer, and was by the King, after his return, made a baron,\* Lord Arundel of Trecice, in memory of his father's services, and his own eminent behaviour throughout the war), maintained and defended the same to the last extremity.' The estates of Richard Arundell, which had been confiscated, were restored to him on his being created a baron.

A letter from the King, in the possession of Mr. Rashleigh, of Menabilly (quoted by Captain Oliver), still further illustrates the high place which the Arundells held in the esteem of the first Charles. Writing to Sir William Killigrew, who had solicited the King that the reversion of the Government of

\* 16 Car. II., 23 March, 1664.

Pendennis Castle should be promised to the above-mentioned Richard Arundell, Charles says :

‘WILL. KILLIGREW,

‘Your suite unto me that I would conferre upon Mr. Arundell of Trerise Eldest sonne the reversion after his father of the government of Pendennis Castle which I had formerly bestowed upon you,\* is so great a testimonye of your affection to my service, and of your preferring the good of that before any Interest of your Owne that I have thought fitt to lette you knowe in this particular way, how well I take it, and that my conferring that place according to your desire shall bee an earnest unto you of my intentions to recompence and reward you in a better (kind ?).

‘resting

‘Your assured friend,

‘CHARLES R.’

‘Oxford the 12th  
Jan. 1643.’

And accordingly in 1662 Richard Arundell, who was present at the siege of Pendennis, and whom, by the way, Clarendon used to address as his ‘dear Dick,’ succeeded Sir Peter Killigrew in the governorship of the Castle, doubtless discharging the office with ability ; but I do not find anything noteworthy during his tenure of the office, except, perhaps, that when the oath of supremacy was administered in 1666

\* Sir Wm. Killigrew resigned the Government in 1635.

(after the great fire of London) to Pendennis, as well as to many other garrisons, one man alone in that castle, and he, one of Lord Arundell's own servants, and a Roman Catholic, refused to take it.

Some authorities have stated that Richard Lord Arundell was succeeded in the governorship by his son, Lord John; but this is, to say the least, doubtful.

Pity, as it now seems to us, that gallant old John Arundell did not live long enough to see the King 'enjoy his own again,' and to receive the honours which, however, as we have seen, were ultimately conferred upon his son and successor. The capture of Pendennis and the final loss of the King's cause nearly ruined old John Arundell also; and it is said that he was even reduced to crave assistance from Cromwell himself, urging that the Trerice Arundells 'had once the honour to stand in some friendship, or even kinship, with your noble family.' The old hero was buried at Duloe, where, until lately, his monument might have been seen. Well would he have deserved a promised barony or any honours that might have been bestowed upon him, for he and his family served their King to the utmost of their means, four of his sons took up arms in the royal cause, and the two elder were King's men in the House of Commons. The eldest was killed at the head of his troop, whilst charging and driving back a sally at Plymouth in 1643; and Richard, the second son, the first Baron Arundell of Trerice, probably was at Edgehill and at Lansdowne, as well as at Pendennis.

The Arundells of Trerice became an extinct family

by the death of the fourth baron, John, who died in 1768, when the estates passed to William Wentworth, his wife's nephew, who re-settled them, and they eventually became the property of their present possessor, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart., M.P.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1829 (xcix. pt. 2, p. 215) observed that at that time the legal representatives of the Lords Arundell of Trerice were Mr. I. T. P. Bettsworth Trevanion, of Carhayes in Cornwall, and the Honble. Ada Byron, daughter of the poet—'Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart'—they being the descendants of the body of Anne, or Agnes, the only sister of Richard, the first Baron Arundell, that left issue. Yet it should perhaps also be recorded how another Arundell, descended from the Trerice stock, served his country in a useful, if not in so distinguished a capacity as did some of his ancestors; for the Honble. Richard Arundell, an uncle of the last baron, was M.P. for Knaresborough, was Clerk of the Pipe, Surveyor of Works, and Master and Warden of the Mint, and a Commissioner of the Treasury. He married the Lady Frances Manners, a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, and died, *sine prole*, in 1759. Walpole tells how Lady Arundell, during the earthquake panic of 1750, was one of those ladies who fled out of town (to avoid it) some ten miles off, where they were to play brag till five in the morning, and then came back to town, 'I suppose' (says Walpole) 'to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish.' 'Earthquake-gowns' were worn



by ladies during this panic—*i.e.*, gowns made of some warm materials in which they could sit up all night out of doors.

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### THE ARUNDELLS OF TOLVERNE.

WHILST I write the following lines, there lies before me an extremely rare, if not unique, MS. chart of Falmouth Haven and its tributary waters. It was made by one Baptista Boazio in 1597, and on it is marked, 'Tolverne Place, Mr. John Arondell.' The chart is of peculiar interest, inasmuch as, in addition to the ordinary information contained in documents of this nature, it gives the names of the occupants of the principal houses at the time. Thus we find a 'Buscowne' at Tregothnan (then called Buscowne House), a 'Carminow' at Vintangollan, a 'Bonithon' at Cariklew (Carclew), a 'Trefusis' at Trefusis, and so on. King Harry's (or rather Henry's) Passage (so named on the chart) and the Tolverne Ferry are also shown on this map; far more important passages of course in those days, when one of the main thoroughfares from the eastern to the western parts of Cornwall, through Tregony, Ruan-lani-horne and Philleigh, crossed the Fal at this point.

Tolverne is shown on the map as a place of some importance, as it doubtless was in those days; for here (if anywhere in Cornwall) Henry VIII. had, more than fifty years before the date of the map,

probably stayed on his visit of inspection to the two castles of Pendennis and St. Mawes at the mouth of the haven, hard by, which that monarch (as Leland's inscriptions on the masonry record) was deeply interested in making secure against a foreign enemy.

Tolverne is now merely a substantial farmhouse. We are indebted to Carew for the following picture of the place, contemporary with the map, as it stood in his time nearly three hundred years ago: 'Amongst all of the houses upon that side the river, *Talverne*, for pleasant prospect, large scope, and other housekeeping commodities, challengeth the pre-eminence. It was given to a younger brother of Lanhearne, for some six or seven descents past, and hath bred gentlemen of good worth and calling; amongst whom I may not forget the late kind and valiant Sir John Arundell, who matched with Godolphin, nor John, his vertuous and hopeful succeeding son, who married with Carew.' It will be remembered also that Richard Carew himself married an Arundell.

Philleigh was their church, as Mawgan was that of the Lanherne Arundells, and Newlyn East that of the Arundells of Trerice; and the transept of Philleigh is still called the Tolverne or Falmouth Aisle; but no traces of Arundell monuments are now to be found there;—although C. S. Gilbert, in his history of Cornwall, states that in one of the windows there was a shield bearing the arms of the family. Yet, so early as 1383, the connexion

of the family with Church affairs in the parish is shown by the fact that, in that year, Ralph Soor, or Le Sore, obtained a license from the Bishop of Exeter for saying mass in his chapel in his manor-house of Tolferne; and that a Sir John Arundell of Trembleth\* married Joane le Soore of Tolverne, in the reign of Edward I., two or three generations before this.†

The Arundells do not, however, seem to have regularly established themselves at Tolverne until a son of Sir John of Lanherne and his wife Annora Lambourne—Sir Thomas Arundell of Tolverne—settled here with his wife, Margery Lerchdekne. They had no children, and, on the lady's death, Sir Thomas took unto himself a second wife, Elizabeth Paulton, from whom the Tolverne Arundells may be said to have descended. Sir Thomas himself died in 1443; but I do not know where he was buried; probably at Philleigh.

Of the lives of the Tolverne Arundells, whose current seems to have been as tranquil as that of the sylvan Fal, which ebbed and flowed round their domain, I find little to record, except that they intermarried with many of the old Cornish families—with the Courtneys of Boconnoc, with Reskymer, Trelawny, Carminow, St. Aubyn, their neighbour

\* A grandson of Sir Renfry de Arundell, of Treffry, who in the days of Henry III. obtained Lanherne by his marriage with Alice, the heiress of that house.

† Osbertus le Sor was at Tolverne in 1297, and was one of those who had £20 a year in land at that date. John le Soor, or Sore, was at Tolverne in 1324, and a John Soor was Dean of Canterbury at the end of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Trefusis, Chamond, Godolphin, and, as we have seen, Carew. We have traces of the will of *Thomas Arundell, Esq.*, of Talverne, dated 22nd May, 1552, which shows that he possessed tenements in Truro borough and elsewhere, also the passage and passage-boat of Talverne. The inventory of his property was sworn at £224 5s. 9d. There is also extant the will of John Arundell, 7th February, 1598, but it contains little of interest, except that he bequeaths to his mother his 'little guilt sack-cup with a cover,' and that his executors were Richard Carew of Antony, and Richard Trevanion of St. Gerrans.

One of the sons of the latter Arundell, namely Thomas, who was knighted by James I., sold Tolverne; having seriously impaired his fortune, it is said, by endeavouring to discover an imaginary island in America, called 'Old Brazil;' he afterwards lived at Truthall in the parish of Sithney. One of the Truthall Arundells, John, was Colonel of Horse for Charles II., and a Deputy-Governor of Pendennis Castle under his relative Richard, Lord Arundell of Trerice. He was buried at Sithney on 25th May, 1671; but I have hitherto been unable to trace anything further of interest of his history, or of that of his descendants. One of the latest members of this branch married William Jago, of Wendron, whose children took the name and arms of Arundell in 1815; and it may be added that Hals the historian descended from the Arundells by the female line.

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*THE MINOR ARUNDELLS.*

THE story of the Arundells of Cornwall is nearly told. There were, as I intimated at the commencement of this chapter, some minor branches, who perhaps deserve a passing notice : the most noteworthy of whom appears to be the branch that settled at the manor\* and barton of Menadarva (= the hill by the water), in the parish of Illogan, near the sea-coast, and about three miles north-west of Camborne. This branch seems to have been founded by Robert, a natural son of that Sir John Arundell of Trerice, Vice-Admiral of Cornwall, 'Jack of Tilbury,' who died in the third year of Elizabeth's reign. Robert took to wife Elizabeth Clapton, and they had numerous descendants.

I must once more be indebted to Hals, for the following bit of gossip about the Arundells of Menadarva : 'The last gentleman of this family dying without issue male, his sisters married to Tresahar and others, became for a time, possessed of this lordship ; but it happened that a brother of theirs also, who was a merchant-factor in Spain, who married an innkeeper's widow there, in Malaga or Seville, of English extraction, was said to be dead without issue ; but it seems, before his death, had issue by her an infant son, who was bred up in Spain till he came of age, without knowledge of his relations

\* It is probably incorrectly described as a 'manor ;' and I believe the Bassets bought the property from the Arundells in 1755.

aforesaid; who being brought into England with his mother, temp. William III., delivered ejectments upon the barton and manor of Menadarva and the occupants thereof, as heir-at-law to Arundell, and brought down a trial upon the same at Lancelston, in this county, where, upon the issue, it appeared, upon the oaths of Mr. Delliff, and other Spanish merchants of London, that the said heir was the legitimate son of Mr. Arundell, aforesaid, of Spain, and born under coverture or marriage. He obtained a verdict and judgment thereon for the same, and is now in possession thereof. He married Tremanheer of Penzance, and hath issue. The arms of this family are the same as those of the Arundells of Trerice, with due distinction.'

An offshoot, as I take him to be, of the Menadarva Arundells, one Francis, who was born about the year 1620, is said to have settled at Trengwainton, near Penzance, where they lived for some generations; and one of them, Francis Arundell, served with some distinction on the side of the Parliament during the Civil War, ranking as captain. I fancy it must be his son who mourned in Latin verse, after the fashion of the time, the deaths of two Queens of England, while, as a Commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, he was under the tuition of Isaac Barrow.

Yet another minor branch of the Arundells remains to be noticed, viz. a younger branch of the Arundells of Lanherne, descended from that Sir John Arundell who married Elizabeth Danet, of Danet's Hall.



They had their seat at Trevithick, some two miles west of the town of St. Columb Major, and not much farther from Lanherne itself. The representative of the family who was alive at the time of the Herald's Visitation in 1620, was named Thomas, who married Rachel, the daughter of Sir Giles Montpesson, Knight, and who, Hals tell us, died 'without issue, but not without wasting a great part of his estate.'

Now, to adopt a metaphor of Sir Humphry Davy's, at length the great stream of the Arundells of Cornwall, like some mighty river losing itself among the sands as it approaches the ocean shore, becomes so divided that we can no longer easily trace its course. After the names and dates to which we have been referring, no Arundell of distinction seems to have arisen in Cornwall; and their places soon 'knew them no more.' They became scattered throughout the county,\* and by the help of the Bishop of Exeter's transcripts, and the Parish Registers of Camborne, St. Erme, St. Ewe, Falmouth, Fowey, Gulval, Mawnan, Menheniot, Mevagissey, Sheviock, and Sithney, we find that down to the year 1725 there were still indeed Arundells in Cornwall being christened, dying, marrying,—but no longer 'great Arundells' as of yore: in fact, the entry in the year 1725, in the St. Erme Register, merely

\* Polwhele says that Norden (temp. Jas. I.) catalogues several Arundells west of Tamar, viz., at Clifton, Carminow, Trythall, Gwarnick, Lanhadron, Tolvern, Lanherne, Trevissic (? Trevithick), Trebejew, Trerice, Efford and Thirlebec.



records the baptism of Charles, the son of Richard Arundell, 'a day labourer.'

Yet, by a strange freak of fortune, not only did the female line continue, but one of the Arundells—William by name—married nearly two and a quarter centuries ago, Dorothy, a daughter of that Theodore Palæologus\* who was buried in Landulph Church in 1636. She is described in the Parish Register as being 'ex stirpe Imperatorum.' So that there probably flows in the veins of many a rustic of the neighbourhood of Callington and Saltash the mingled blood of those Arundells who came over to England with the Conqueror, and that of the Byzantine Emperors of the East.

\* For an account of the Palæologi, see *Notes and Queries*, 4th Series, vols. iii. and iv.



*THE BASSETS OF TEHIDY.*





## THE BASSETS OF TEHIDY.

‘Pro Rege et Populo.’

(*The Family Motto.*)



ANYONE who examines the one-inch ordnance map of that part of Cornwall which lies between Redruth and Camborne, cannot fail to be struck with the strange lines and markings that appear upon it. Long-dotted lines, and straight markings, showing the directions of the metallic lodes, of the ‘faults,’ and the ‘cross-courses;’ and arrow-heads, indicating the ever-varying dip of the strata, intermingled with those cabalistic symbols which are usually employed to denote the planets, (but in this case to explain the metals for which the innumerable mines are worked), crowd the surface of the map to such an extent as to make it almost illegible. These markings indicate the existence, in abundance, in this part of the county of that mineral wealth for which Cornwall has so long been famous, and which, until lately, has contributed no less to the general welfare of her inhabitants than to the enrichment of some of her more illustrious

families—in a remarkable degree to that whose story we are about to consider. Nor should we omit to notice here that the lords of the soil—notably the houses of Basset and Pendarves—have in their turn striven to ameliorate the condition of the miner by their endeavouring, by the use of machinery and by many other means to lessen his arduous and perilous labour, and to promote his social, domestic, and moral welfare. We shall also see that the Bassets have been no less distinguished in old times for their attachment to the Crown—an attachment which at one period cost them the loss of nearly all their estates—and that they have therefore fully justified the adoption of their family motto, which I have used as the motto for this chapter.

The actual surface of the ground between Camborne and Redruth, in the district referred to above, is even more disfigured than the appearance of the map suggests. The earth seems to have been turned inside out: grass is scarcely anywhere to be seen, but instead of it vast heaps of ‘attle,’ or refuse, from the subterranean excavations; the streams are discoloured by the red mine-rubbish, and look like rivers of blood; whilst the air is filled with discordant shrieks of the ill-greased, out-of-door machinery, and the booming thuds of steam pumping-engines. But, close to the northern confines of this scene of haggard ugliness, and between it and the Bristol Channel, there lies a fair large park of a thousand acres, beautifully timbered, and evidencing the care and attention which have been bestowed

upon it for centuries by the ancient family\* who have so long been its owners—the Bassets of Tehidy.

That they were not originally of Cornish extraction their name sufficiently proclaims. Like the Grenvilles and the St. Aubyns, they ‘came over with the Conqueror;’ as likewise did the De Dunstanvilles, who were also seated here at a very early date.†

According to Lysons (who during the present century enjoyed peculiar advantages for learning the story of the family, from being the personal friend of Sir Francis Basset, Lord de Dunstanville), the Bassets of Cornwall and Devon—for the members of this family seem to have very early settled not only in the two westernmost counties, but also in other parts of England—are descended from Osmund Basset, a younger son of Sir Ralph Basset, the Justiciary of King Henry I.

I am aware that Hals says that one of the family held a military post in this part of Cornwall, under Robert, Earl of Morton; and that another writer (in Lake’s ‘Parochial History of Cornwall’) states that they are descended from one Thurstan Basset, who held six hides of land in Drayton, Staffordshire, and who was probably a son of that Osmund Basset

\* Major Glynn (who stammered), at one of the county meetings at which Lord de Dunstanville had spoken with laudable pride of his ancestors having come over with the Conqueror, is reported to have said, ‘We-ell-ell-ell, and, and wha-at of that, my lord?.. M-m-mine were here c-c-c-centuries before the C-c-c-conqueror was born.’

† They quarter the arms of Plantagenet (or at least formerly did so); and Davies Gilbert calls De Dunstanville ‘a nominal barony of Plantagenet blood.’

who came over from his native France with William I. :—we shall, however, probably be safer in following Lysons.\*

The earliest mention of the *name* that I have been able to discover is that of Osmund Basset—probably the before named Norman Knight—who was a witness in 1050 to an agreement respecting the Abbey of St. Ebrulf, at Utica.

But, to come to the connection of the Bassets with *Tehidy*, or rather in the first place to its possession by the De Dunstanvilles: it seems that Alan, of the latter patronymic, was lord of the manor of Tehidy in the year 1100; and here seems to be a fitting place to mention the nature of the connexion between the two names which appears in the titles of the Sir Francis Basset mentioned above. It arose thus: Thomas Basset, a descendant—probably

\* Playfair says that the first of this family of De Dunstanville, one Thurston Basset, whom we find on the Roll of Battle Abbey, came over with the Conqueror. From him sprang *many* families favoured by our kings, most of them now extinct. There is a grant of lands from King John to Wm. Bassett, and Cecilia his wife. In the 'History of the Manor of Castle Combe, in Wilts, with Memoirs of the Dunstanvilles,' etc., by Geo. P. Scrope, M.P. (*privately printed* by J. B. Nichols and Sons, in 1852), it is stated that Reginald de Dunstanville, Earl of Cornwall, was first Baron of Castle Combe. There appear to have been more than one of that name living in the twelfth century; one of them, perhaps the earliest, was also sometimes named Reginald Fitz-Roy, who was the son of Henry I. by Adeliza de Insulâ. Reginald, according to Mr. Scrope's pedigree of the De Dunstanvilles, married Havisia (or Beatrix), daughter of Caudor, the second Earl of Cornwall, 'ex Regio sanguine Britannorum.' Adeliza, the sister of Cecilia de Dunstanville, married another Basset, viz. Thomas, Baron Basset of Hedendon, 10th Henry II. This work contains much minute information about the early De Dunstanvilles.



a great grandson—of King Henry I.'s Justiciary, and himself holding a like post in the days of Henry III., married one Alice de Dunstanville,\* and most of their descendants seem to have settled mainly in Oxfordshire and the midland counties.

There was, however, according to Lysons, another Basset named William, of Ipsden, also an Oxfordshire man, who, in the days of Richard I.—probably about the close of his reign—married Cecilia, the daughter of Alan de Dunstanville, and had with her 'Menalida' in Cornwall, which property, Playfair says, 'her father acquired by marriage with a daughter of Reginald Fitz-Henry;' Menalida—so our author thinks—being an ancient name of Tehidy.†

The marriage of this William Basset with Cecilia de Dunstanville probably began, or at least confirmed, the connexion which still subsists between the Bassets and Tehidy. Here they settled; and, as the centuries rolled on, their blood has intermingled with the old Cornish stocks by marriages with the

\* One of their sons, Gilbert, founded Bicester Abbey, in Oxfordshire.

† The name was also written Tydy, Tihidi, Tyhudy, Tehedie, etc. It is perhaps right to add here (although this is a sketch of the Basset family, rather than of the De Dunstanvilles) the following notes, which I have gathered from Carew: 'Walter de Dunstanvil appears to have had to furnish one knight in respect of his Cornish possessions. See "*Evidentiæ Extractæ de Rubro Libro de Scaccario*," 143.—*Cornub.* And Alan de Dunstanvill's name occurs in the "*Nomina Baron: et militum et rotulis de feodis militum, vel de scutagio solutis regi Richardo Primo: in libro rubro scaccarii*."—*Cornubia* (A.D. 1189 to 1199). There was, moreover, a Reginald de Dunstanville, a baron of the realm, temp. Hen. I., who is mentioned in the Testa de Nevill.

families of Rashleigh, Carveth, Godolphin, Prideaux, Courtenay, Grenville, Trenouth, Trengove, Trelawny of Trelawny, Marrys of Marrys (near Bude), and Enys of Enys. And their bones lie in Cornish soil; for the most part in the adjacent parish church of Illogan.

Amongst other early fragmentary notices of them that I have found, are the following :

In the list of knights summoned from Cornwall, A.D. 1277, to attend King Edward I. at Worcester, on service against Llewellyn ap Griffith, the name of Ralph Basset occurs.

In 1324, William Basset's name occurs amongst the 'nomina hominum ad Arma in com. Cornubiæ.' In the reign of Edward III., he obtained a patent from that King for two markets weekly, and two fairs every year for Redruth. There was another William Basset who held a military feu at Tehidy and Trevalga, in 3rd Henry IV.

They were Sheriffs of the County during the reigns of three Henries—the 6th, the 7th, and the 8th; and also in some subsequent reigns: and one of the family\* occupied, in the reign of Edward IV., that Castle of Carnbrea which stands on the granite hill of that name, within the manor of Tehidy, commanding a view of both the English and St.

\* William of Worcester writes in 1478: 'Turris Castellī Karnbree, Sir John Basset, chevalier stat.' Hals says (but I cannot conceive upon what authority) that this castle was built by the Brays, who came over with the Conqueror (and who certainly intermarried with the Bassets), and hence the name. But Carn Brea is the appropriate Cornish form of 'rock-crowned hill.' Parker attributes the Castle to Robert Fitz Hugh de Dunstanville—temp. Will. I.

George's Channels, and down whose slopes groves of old oaks in those days flourished all the way from the summit of the hill to Portreath, or Basset's Cove. Most of these were cut down in the time of the Civil Wars—probably in order to raise money for the King—the remainder (if Hals is to be trusted) by the old Lady Basset, 'who had the estate in jointure.' Well might Leland say that theirs was 'a right goodly lordship,' extending as it did over large portions of the three parishes of Illogan, Redruth, and Camborne, the advowsons of which belong to the manor of Tehidy. In illustration of the latter statement, and further, as showing the early connexion of the Bassets with this neighbourhood, a writer in Lake's 'Parochial History of Cornwall' says, that '11 March, 1277, Sir Lawrence Basset, Knight, presented one Michael to the Church of St. Euinus, Redruth; and William Basset, Knight, presented Thomas Cotteford to Illogan in 1382; Alexander Trembras by J. Basset, of Tehidy, 1435,'—and so on. Sometimes a member of the Basset family held one or other of the three livings.

Of the early members of the family I know of little further that seems worthy of record; but perhaps we should not pass altogether unnoticed, the fact that the William Basset who obtained the patent for the Redruth markets, obtained a license to embattle his manor-house of Tehidy, in the year 1330-31 (Rot. Pat. 4th Edward III., Memb. 10); and that at this time the Bassets also had seats at Umberleigh, White Chappel, and Heanton Court, in

Devon. This William appears to be he who was Knight of the Shire for Cornwall, 6th Edward II., and again in 6th and 8th Edward III.; a position which probably assisted in procuring for him the above-mentioned permission to fortify his house.

No representation of the original house at Tehidy, so far as I know, exists. We may be quite sure that it was a very different structure from that which now occupies its place, and which was built for John Pendarves Basset\* by Thomas Edwards, about the year 1734. Dr. Borlase figures it in his 'Natural History.' Edwards was a London architect, and, as I was informed by the late Mr. Thomas Ferris of Rosewyn, Truro, was employed in the erection of some of the best modern Cornish mansions—as Nanswhydden, destroyed by fire early in this century; and the handsome house of Mr. William Lemon, in Prince's Street, Truro. Mr. Edwards was also the architect of the steeple and west front of St. Mary's Church, Truro, recently removed to give place to the new cathedral. The present mansion of Tehidy has been much enlarged, and contains some excellent pictures by Vandyck, Lely, Kneller, Rubens, and Reynolds; and the Print-Room of the British Museum contains interesting engravings of portraits of some members of the family.

Not even any remains exist of the ancient struc-

\* There is a monument to this Basset, amongst others, in the church at Illogan; on it is recorded that he died '19 Sept., 1739, æt. 25, descended from a Race of Virtuous, Loyal, and well-Allied ancestors, who for more than four hundred years have lived at their Manor of Tyhidy, in this Parish, in great honour and esteem.'

ture ; yet portions at least must have been standing in comparatively modern times ; for Leland speaks of a castelet or pile (of Basset's), and a park wall, both of which Tonkin says were to be seen in *his* time : and he died about the year 1750.

For more than a century after the date of the Basset who fortified Tehidy, the family appears to have made little mark in history, unless we may mention one John Basset (then Sheriff, as so many of his race were before and after him) whose *posse comitatus* was so weak that he dared not encounter the Cornish insurgents at the Flammock (or Flamank) rebellion ; and thus allowed the rebels, whose object was to depose King Henry VII., on account of his exactions for the expenses of the Scotch war, to march on to Bodmin and Launceston ; and so into Devon. But, despite their daring, the bills and bows of the Cornish, though their arrows were (says Lord Bacon) ' the length of a tailor's yard—so strong and mighty a bow were they said to draw '—were no match for the King's artillery, which completed their defeat at Blackheath, in 1496.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, the family appears to have divided into two branches. The Devonshire branch, descended from John, the elder son of John Basset of Umberleigh and his wife Honora Grenville, became extinct in 1796, by the death of Francis Basset ; the Cornish branch was continued by George, the younger son of the above Sir John and the Lady Honora. Of this George there is little further to say, except that his wife bore

the odd name of Jaquet Coffin, and that he himself was member of Parliament for Launceston, in which neighbourhood the Bassets formerly held a considerable amount of land, which they disposed of a few years ago. The children of George and Jaquet do not seem to have distinguished themselves: the two girls married, respectively, a Cary and a Newman; the son and heir, who has a brass at Illogan recording that he died in 1603, aged 43, married Jane, a daughter of Sir Francis Godolphin.

Possibly the intermixture of the blood of the more warlike Godolphins may have contributed to the result, but this at least is certain—that their eldest son Francis, whom we shall have to notice more fully, was one of the most distinguished members of the family.

The Bassets, like most of the Cornish gentry, as we shall see, were, with perhaps one exception, of whom more hereafter, stout Royalists; and at the outbreak of the Civil War, Francis, then head of the family, was Sheriff and Vice-Admiral of Cornwall (a command subsequently divided into two—north and south)—and Governor of St. Michael's Mount,\* which was his own inheritance. He was 'a staunch friend to Church and King; and—a devoted lover of game-cocks,' says a writer who was not much disposed to magnify Francis Basset's good points. I hardly know whether or not it is worth recording, as

\* In this latter post his brother, Sir Arthur, succeeded him. Sir Thomas, another brother, was General of the Ordnance to Prince Maurice; a major-general for the King; and commanded a division at the battle of Stratton; he was knighted in 1644.



showing the Vice-Admiral's love of sport ; but Hals tells the story how he 'let fly his goshawk or tassel to a heath-polt, or heath-cock,' and both were lost to sight ; but were both sent back to Tehidy the next day by the Mayor of Camelford, the heath-cock killed by the hawk, but the latter alive and well. By a comparison of time it was shown that in half an hour the birds had flown thirty-two miles. Sir Francis was, moreover, Recorder of St. Ives, represented that borough in Parliament, procured its first Charter, and presented the burgesses with a loving-cup, bearing this genial, though uncouth, inscription :

'If any discord 'twixt my friends arise  
Within the borough of belov'd St. Ives,  
It is desired this my cup of loue  
To euerie one a peace-maker may proue.  
Then am I blest to have giuen a legacie,  
So like my harte, unto posterite.'

FRANCIS BASSET, A°. 1640.

In 1640 he also contested the Cornish borough of Michael, or Michell, for which, however, he did not sit, owing to a double return.

Francis Basset took to wife Ann, daughter of Sir Jonathan Trelawny. They were married at Pelynt in 1620 ; and, that time had not dulled their affection, the two following letters, written nearly a quarter of a century after the wedding-day, will show.

But it should be premised, that whilst Sir Bevil Grenville, aided by Major-General Thomas Basset, was defeating the forces of the Parliament at Stamford Hill, near Stratton in North Cornwall, Francis



Basset in the West was busily engaged in raising money for the King, and in bringing together and drilling what forces he could in his own part of the county. It was also his function, in co-operation with Lord Goring, to intercept the supplies furnished from West Cornwall to the Earl of Essex, and thus to precipitate the engagements which ended so disastrously for the cause of the Parliamentary troops in the West of England.

The good news from Stamford Hill seems to have reached the Sheriff at Truro, whereupon he writes, with an overflowing heart, this letter:

*Francis Basset to his Wife, after the News of the Victory of Stratton.*

‘Truro, this 18th May, 1643.

6 o'clock, ready to march.

‘DEAREST SOULE,

‘Oh, deare Soule, prayse God everlastingly. Reade this enclosed, ring out the bells, rayse bon-fyres, publish these joyfull tydings. Believe these truths, excuse my writing larger,\* I have no tyme; wee march on to meete our victorious friends, and to seaze all the rebells left, if wee can finde such livinge. Your dutyous prayers God hass heard. Bless us accordingly, pray everlastingly, and Jane, and Betty, and all you owne. Thy owne

‘FRS. BASSET.’

‘Pray let my cousin Harry know these joyful blessings. Send word to the ports south and north,

\* At greater length.

to searche narrowly for all strangers travellinge for passage, and cause the keepinge them close and safe.

‘To my dearest, dearest friend Mrs. Basset att the Mount. Speede this, haste, haste.’

The foregoing letter appears to me to be interesting, not only as showing the loving terms on which the wife and husband were, but also as indicating the tension of feeling which existed in Cornwall at this critical period in Charles’s affairs. We may be sure that Francis Basset and his men pushed forward rapidly on the receipt of this good news, and that he determined not to lose the chance of being present at the next engagement when the banners of King and Parliament were again to float in defiance against each other. Accordingly we find him on the field of Braddock soon after,\* and again, after the fight, chronicling another victory in the following impassioned terms to his wife. Notice that he was now knighted, and the change of style in which he addresses ‘my lady’ at ‘*her* Tehidy:’

‘Thanks to our Jesus.

‘DEAREST HARTT.

‘L—— is the happy messenger to the West of Cornwall. Peace, and I hope perpetual. Sadd houses I have seen many, but a joyfuller pleasanter day never than this. Sende the money, as much and as soon as you can. Sende to all our ffrinds at home, especially, this good news. I write this on my

\* If not on the field of battle itself, he was certainly on the way to it at Lostwithiel—hard by.

saddle. Every friend will pardon the illness of it, and you chiefly, my perfect joy.

‘F. BASSET.

‘The Kinge and army march presently for Plymouth. Jesus give the Kinge it and all.

‘The King, in the hearing of thousands, as soon as he saw me in the morning, cryed to mee “Deare Mr. Sheriffe, I leave Cornwall to you safe and sound.”

‘To my lady Basset, at her Tehidy, joyfull.’

But Sir Francis, though he did not live to see the days of the Commonwealth (for he died 19th September, 1645), lived long enough to see the reverse of such joyful pictures as the foregoing.

Upon his son and heir, John, fell the full vengeance of Cromwell’s government. He was imprisoned for his father’s ‘delinquency’—though he had never himself been in arms—was compelled to compound for his estates, and, saddest blow of all, in 1660 to sell St. Michael’s Mount, which from that date has been held continuously by the family of St. Aubyn. Other hardships too he suffered, which, the county historians tell us, reduced his estate and the family very low. Up to this date the Bassets had undoubtedly vindicated their claim to the first half of the family motto—‘Pro Rege.’

But three good matches brought more money into the impoverished Tehidy coffers; and great profits

from tin again restored the Bassets to wealth and prosperity.

The Vice-Admiral had a second son—Francis—also a Colonel in the army. But in later life he became a Baptist, and resided at Taunton; one of that class who, imbued with stern and self-denying views of religion, caused Erasmus to ejaculate, ‘O, sit anima mea cum Puritanis Anglicanis.’

The Colonel was accused in 1661 of a conspiracy against Charles II., and there is a Star Chamber complaint to this effect; but ultimately the letter pretending to have been written by Francis Basset was demonstrated to be a forgery. Indeed the whole family seems to have been so thoroughly attached to the Stuarts, that, on the accession of the house of Hanover in 1714, one is not very much surprised to find that Mr. Basset of Tehidy would have been arrested by Mr. Boscawen (then Sheriff of Cornwall) as a Jacobite, had not Mr. Basset made a timely flight from his house. Unless I am mistaken, this was the same Francis Basset who was himself Sheriff of Cornwall in 1708.

The connexion between the families of Basset and Pendarves is amusingly illustrated by the record of a marriage which took place at St. Stephen's in Branwell, on 12th April, 1737, the scribe who entered the event in the Parish Register describing the bridegroom as ‘a Squar,’ that being the nearest approach which the parish clerk's acquaintance with orthography enabled him to make towards writing the happy man down an Esquire.

We now come to what I cannot help considering a very interesting period in the family history—interesting not so much from the importance of the incidents chronicled (though they give us a curious peep into the interior of a Cornish gentleman's household early in the last century), as from their having been recorded by the pen of the beautiful and accomplished Mary Grenville, a descendant of the old Cornish family of Stow, better known to us nowadays as the Mrs. Delany to whom Ballard dedicated his 'Celebrated British Ladies,' and whose autobiography, edited by one of her descendants, Lady Llanover, is, notwithstanding its portentous length, one of the most entertaining books of modern times.

When only sixteen or seventeen years of age, Mary Grenville married her first husband, Alexander Pendarves, of Roscrow near Penryn, he being then sixty years old. She describes with much vivacity her first acquaintance with her Cornish home, and her grumpy old husband whom she styles in her diary 'Gromio.' The old man had quarrelled with Francis Basset for marrying, as his second wife, Gromio's niece, Mary, daughter and heiress of his younger brother, the Rev. John Pendarves of Drewsteignton, and for refusing his offer to settle upon Francis Basset his whole estate if he would take the name of Pendarves after his, Alexander's, death. This, Basset, justly proud of his own family name, declined to do; and hence no doubt the reason of Alexander's marriage with the young Mary Grenville. Their marriage life lasted only

about seven years, and was not a particularly happy one. Soon after her husband's death Mrs. Pendarves married Dr. Delany, Dean of Down, to whom she seems to have been fondly attached; though he too was much her senior.

To this charming and talented lady we are indebted for the following glance at the interior of Tehidy nearly 150 years ago, and for a portrait of the Basset of the period—Francis, grandfather of the first Lord de Dunstanville :

‘ About a month after we had been at home (*i.e.*, at Roscrow), and had received the compliments of the chief of our neighbourhood, Gromio proposed that we should make a visit to Bassanio (Mr. F. Basset), who had married his niece. I made no objection, but was rather pleased to leave my own house for some time. Bassanio had been in his youth a man of gallantry; his figure despicable enough, but his wit and cheerfulness made amends, though at this time both were a good deal impaired by an ill state of health and a very dull wife, who, with a very inferior understanding to his, was the chief agent. He seemed only to act with her permission, which was most astonishing. We were received at first, I thought, very coolly. Gromio's marrying was a great disappointment to Bassanio and Fulvia (Mrs. Basset). They expected his estate, and were both avaricious. Bassanio liked to take wine, but not to excess. When his spirits were a little raised, he was very gay and entertaining; and till then I had not laughed, or

shown the least sign of mirth. After having spent a fortnight at this place, Gromio grew thoughtful, and would often retire to his chamber, and at supper and dinner sat gloomy and discontented. When I was alone with him, he would sigh and groan as if his heart would break. I thought him ill, and asked him several times if he was not, to which he always answered with great sullenness "he was well enough." I began then to examine my own behaviour to him; I was sure he could resent nothing in that more than he had reason for before, and that I was not so grave, but (in appearance) happier than at first. After enduring great anxiety of mind for a week, I could not forbear taking notice to him of the change I found in his temper; for though he never made himself agreeable to me, it had not been for want of kindness and civility in his behaviour; but now he had laid aside both, and I own I was greatly perplexed to find out the cause. 'Tis certain that fondness from a person distasteful to one is tormenting, and what can so much hurt a generous heart that can make no return for it? On the other hand, it is very disagreeable to be treated with gloomy looks which show an inward discontent, and not to be able to account for it.

'At last the mighty distress broke out in these words: "Oh, Aspasia!"' (Mrs. Delany's assumed name), "'take care of Bassanio; he is a cunning, treacherous man, and has been the ruin of one woman already, who was wife to his bosom friend!" and then he burst into tears. I was so struck with



this caution, and his behaviour, that I could not for some time speak; at last I said, "I am miserable indeed, if you can be jealous of this ugly man. What am I for the future to expect?" I was so much surprised and vexed, that it threw me into an agony of tears. He assured me all the time that he had nothing to charge me with; that my behaviour was just what he wished it to be, but he could not help seeing how much Bassanio was charmed with everything I said or did, and he knew him to be a man not to be trusted. By this time I was a little recovered, and entreated him to return to Averno (Roscrow); but he said, "No; to convince me he had no doubt of my conduct, he would not go before the time he had first proposed."

And so it seems the party did not break up for a week or ten days; Gromio grumbling; Bassanio vainly trying to make himself extremely agreeable during their walks and drives in that 'very romantic part of the country,' as Mrs. Delany well calls it; Fulvia as dull as ever; and Aspasia untouched by the flattery and gallantries of her would-be lover. At length she had to write 'that Bassanio was too quick-sighted not to perceive Gromio's suspicions and my great dislike of his behaviour; and, as it was his interest to keep in favour with his uncle, he was upon his guard, and never gave either of us reason to be offended with him any more. Soon after (in 1721) he was seized with terrible fits, that ended his life a year and half after I married.'\*

\* The Pendarves property ultimately passed to F. Basset's relict, as old Alexander died without signing his will.

There is yet another entry in Mrs. Delany's diary which refers to the Tehidy family. In June, 1756, she writes: 'I am going into mourning for my great-great-nephew Basset, who died last week. I pity his unhappy mother extremely. She has gone through much care and anxiety on his account.'

John Basset, the son of the Rev. John Basset, rector of Illogan and Camborne, now claims a passing notice before we come to the last and perhaps most illustrious member of this family. He was born on 17th November, 1791, and was elected member of Parliament for Helston in 1840, failing, however, to retain his seat at the election in the following year; but he chiefly distinguished himself by the zealous interest which he took in the welfare of Cornish mining and the Cornish miner. In 1836 he published some treatises on the 'Mining Courts of the Duchy of Cornwall,' and, in the same year, 'Thoughts on the' (then) 'New Stannary Bill.' Three years afterwards appeared the 'Origin and History of the Bounding Act;' and, after another similar interval, in 1842—the year before his death at Boppart, on the Rhine—his 'Observations on Cornish Mining.'

But perhaps his most valuable contribution to Cornish literature was a treatise published in 1840, having for its humane object the amelioration of the physical condition of the miner—viz., 'Observations on the Machinery used for Raising Miners in the Hartz.' There can be little doubt that this work

tended in no small degree to direct public attention to the great and avoidable exhaustion caused to the miner by his having to ascend many fathoms of ladders after long and laborious work in the heated and vitiated atmosphere of many of our deep mines. The result was the invention of an ingenious machine known as the steam man-engine, by means of which two huge vertical poles, with foot-rests at intervals, are set in motion side by side the whole depth of the mine-shaft. As one pole ascends, the other descends, and thus, by changing from one to the other by help of the foot-rests, the miner is enabled to ascend from his work, or descend to it, with the minimum expenditure of his own strength. If he who makes an oak grow where none grew before is to be considered a benefactor to his race, surely anyone who contributes in greater or less degree to so benevolent and beneficial an object as this steam man-engine has proved to be, has a good claim to be ranked among the philanthropic benefactors of his race. There is, of course, some little risk in performing this feat in the dark, damp and slippery mine-shafts, lit, perhaps, by a solitary candle stuck into a lump of clay and attached to the front of the miner's hat; and it is scarcely necessary to add that the use of the man-engine is most strictly forbidden to all except those by whom it is really required. Is it necessary to say that the man-engine, therefore, became a great attraction to all schoolboys who chanced to be within easy distance of one?—at any rate the writer, then a schoolboy, used to spend parts of many a half-holiday in practi-

cally investigating the merits of the machine, by descending by its means into the depths of the earth, until the utter darkness made the descent too dangerous even for a schoolboy.

John Basset's eldest son, John Francis Basset, of Stratton, brother of the present owner of the estates (Gustavus Lambert Basset, who served in the Crimea as lieutenant in the 72nd Highlanders), was a barrister, and was Sheriff of Cornwall in 1861. He succeeded to the Tehidy property on the death of his aunt, Frances, Baroness Basset, in 1855, and died at the family mansion in 1869. His chief mining interests (which were immense) were in the Bassets, South Frances, and Dolcoath mines. His landed property lay chiefly in Illogan, Camborne, Redruth, and St. Agnes, besides other estates which he owned in Meneage, Gluvias, Falmouth, Tywardreath, etc.

But we must now speak of one whom Davies Gilbert, P.R.S., described as, in every sense, the first man in the county—I mean that Francis Basset, D.C.L.; Baron de Dunstanville of Tehidy, and Baron Basset of Stratton,\* whose monument forms so conspicuous an object on the summit of the historic hill of Carn Brea, and which was erected to his memory by the county of Cornwall in 1836.† He was the grandson of Mrs. Delany's Francis

\* He was created a baronet, 24th Nov. 1779; Baron de Dunstanville, by Pitt, 17th June, 1796; and Baron Basset, 30th Oct., 1797.

† A fine portrait of him, seated, is preserved in the Museum of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, at Truro. Sir John St. Aubyn has another portrait of him at the age of nineteen, in a 'Vandyck' dress, painted by Opie, after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Basset, and son of the Francis Basset who represented Penryn in Parliament from 1766 to 1769. His mother was Margaret St. Aubyn.\* Born at Walcot, in Oxfordshire, on 9th August, 1757, he was educated at Harrow, Eton, and lastly at King's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of M.A. when twenty-nine years of age. When Lord de Dunstanville's father died, the boy wrote to Dr. Bathurst—afterwards Bishop of Norwich—this characteristic little note :

‘DEAR SIR,

‘Knowing the regard my papa had for you, I wish you would be my tutor.

‘Yours,

‘FRANK BASSET.’

A tour on the Continent in company with the Rev. William Sandys, the son of a former steward of the family, a gentleman who had been specially trained to perform the pleasant but arduous duties of cicerone, completed his education, and thus he started in life with every advantage that a youth of talents and position could desire ; nor did he fail to employ them.

On his return home he at once threw himself into the arena of public life ; and from time to time published sundry political and agricultural treatises. Amongst the former may be mentioned, ‘Thoughts on Equal Representation’ (1783), ‘Observations on a Treaty of Commerce between England and France’

\* His first wife was Frances Susannah Coxe, to whom Penwarne dedicated his volume of Cornish poems.

(1787), 'The Theory and Practice of the French Constitution' (1794), 'The Crimes of Democracy' (1798), and a speech which he delivered at a county meeting at Bodmin in 1809.

That he considered the foregoing productions not unworthy of his genius may be judged from the fact that he had them handsomely bound together, and presented them to his 'dearest friend, Miss (Harriet) Lemon,' the daughter of Sir William Lemon, of Carclew, Bart., M.P., a lady who ultimately became his second wife: the volume is preserved in the Royal Institution of Cornwall. His agricultural tracts—'Experiments in Agriculture' (1794), 'A Fat Ox' (1799), 'Crops and Prices' (1800), 'Crops in Cornwall' (1801), 'Mildew' (1805)—mostly appeared in Young's 'Annals of Agriculture;' and, like his political treatises, evince much acumen and practical common sense.

He was chosen Recorder for Penryn, and represented that borough in Parliament in 1780. On his entrance into political life he joined Lord North's party, and was hurried into the fatal coalition; though the outbreak of the French Revolution considerably modified his political views, which ultimately became what we should now call Conservative.\* As illustrative of his electioneering activity, the following will be interesting, at least to my Cornish readers:

\* It is perhaps worth while to notice here that a Private Act was passed (47 Geo. III. sess. 1, c. 3, 1807), to relieve him from certain pains and penalties for taking his seat in the House of Peers before making the oaths and declarations, etc., required by law.



*Extracts from Letters from the Hon. Mrs. Boscaawen to  
Mrs. Delany.*

‘June, 1784.

‘. . . Your turbulent nephew Sir Francis Basset has failed in his first petition, and our friend Mr. Christopher Hawkins of Trewithan is declar’d duly elected for Mitchell, in preference to Mr. Roger Wilbraham, one of Sir Francis’s *moveable candidates*, for he set him up at Truro too, and has presented a petition *there too*, and *another* at Tregony, where our friends had a majority of 21! I hope Sir Francis will continue to have the same success as he had in this first attempt, which was decided in Parliament last night. . . .’

‘18 Oct., 1784.

‘. . . My son (George Evelyn, 3rd Viscount Falmouth) and his sposa are very cheerfull in Cornwall, giving balls to their neighbours; while *your nephew Basset* is waging most *inveterate war* and *hostilities* at Truro. My son has *all the lore* (they say), but then he (S<sup>r</sup> F.) has *all the money*—la partie n’est pas égale!’

Possibly personal pique had something to do with Sir Francis’s desertion of his original political allies; for I find amongst the Additional MSS. in the British Museum, a letter in his hand to the Duke of Portland, on the 20th November, 1783, relinquishing all connexion with that nobleman’s Government, on account of their having superseded Sir Francis’s nephew, Mr. Morice, as Warden of the



Stannaries. 'Ill-usage to myself' (wrote he) 'I could better have brooked than to my friends.'

In the year 1779, it will be remembered, Plymouth was threatened by the combined French and Spanish fleet, and Francis Basset distinguished himself on the occasion by marching to that town a large body of the miners' militia, who, under his directions, rapidly threw up such additional earthworks as were deemed necessary for the security of that port. This prompt action on his part gained for him his first title—his baronetcy. Indeed, he seems to have had quite a talent for fortification, for to him also are due the works of defence of which traces are still to be seen at Basset's Cove, now better known as Portreath, and which formerly consisted of one battery of four 12-pounders, and another of two 6-pounders.

Sir Francis evidently took great interest in the affairs of Rodney, and on 7th June, 1783, moved an address to the King that a 'lasting provision' might be made for the gallant Admiral; but, on the Government's undertaking to see after it, he withdrew his motion.

He opposed the Peace, and argued 'with energy' against it; but, as the report from which I quote merely 'preserves the substance of the argument without the *declamation*,' we are unfortunately deprived of this specimen of the Baronet's eloquence. In November of the same year he seconded the Address in reply to the King's speech, declaring his confidence in the Administration, his desire to alleviate the burdens of the people, his abhorrence of smuggling, as to which he said he spoke with some authority, living as he did in a maritime

county; and, having spoken with tenderness of the natives of India, whose grievances the Government had promised to redress, he concluded with a warm eulogy of the unparalleled successes of Lord Rodney.

Nor did he neglect the arts of peace; deriving as he did an almost princely income from the mines which lay within sight of his mansion, he was ever on the watch for opportunities for developing mining prosperity, and promoting the moral and social welfare of the miner. He was deeply interested, too, in improving the means of locomotion in the county, and in 1809 laid the first rail of the iron tramway designed to connect Portreath on the northern shore of Cornwall with the Gwennap mines.

Moreover, he was a liberal patron of the fine arts,\* and his edition of Carew's 'Survey of Cornwall,' enriched with Tonkin's notes, and published in 1811, is one amongst many instances of his public spirit, and his interest in the affairs of his county.

He lived to the good old age of seventy-seven, but the end came at last; and on his way to London, to attend in his place in the House of Peers, he was seized with paralysis at Exeter. He managed to reach town, but died at his residence, Stratheden House, South Place, Knightsbridge, nearly opposite the Hyde Park Cavalry Barracks, on the 5th February, 1835.

\* Forty-one of his surplus pictures were offered for sale at Christie's on 8th May, 1824, when six of them were bought in, and the remainder sold for £703 13s. He was an early friend of Opie, and attended the great Cornish artist's funeral in 1807; and it may be added that he placed in a chapel, which he built at his own expense, in Cornwall, an altar-piece by that eccentric artist, Lane, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1808.

These were the days before railways, and the tale is still told in the west country of the magnificent procession, with its 'outriders and ten pages on horseback,' which wended its way at a walking-pace from London to Tehidy, a distance of 300 odd miles, accomplished in twelve days.

His monument, adorned with a portrait by Westmacott, stands in Illogan Church; and an epitaph that does not flatter records that 'his open heart, his generosity, and universal benevolence, won him the esteem of all classes, and the affection of those who intimately knew him. A sincere Christian, an elegant scholar, the patron of merit, and a munificent contributor to charitable institutions throughout the Empire, he proved himself the friend of his country and of mankind. But, with a laudable partiality, he especially devoted the chief energies of his mind, and directed the influence of rank and talents to advance the moral welfare and to promote the prosperity of Cornwall, his native county.'

The entailed estates devolved, upon his death, on his nephew, the before-named John Francis Basset, from whom they have passed to their present owner, Gustavus Lambert Basset, Esq., of Tehidy.

The first Baron de Dunstanville left only one daughter, Frances, who, on her father's decease became Baroness Basset of Stratton. Noted for her diligence in charity and all good works, she died at Tehidy, on 22nd January, 1855, in her seventy-fourth year, last of her race in the direct line; and in her the revived, but short-lived, peerage became extinct.

*ADMIRAL WILLIAM BLIGH, F.R.S.*





## ADMIRAL WILLIAM BLIGH, F.R.S.

' His name is added to the glorious roll  
Of those who search the storm-surrounded Pole.'

BYRON.



HE name of Admiral Bligh will always be associated with that painful episode in the history of the British Navy—the Mutiny of the *Bounty*—and the settlement of the mutineers on Pitcairn and other of the South Sea Islands; whence we still occasionally obtain news of their happy and flourishing descendants—happier far than their progenitors.\* He is another example of a Cornish circumnavigator of the globe; the first being a Michell of Truro, who went round the world with Sir Francis Drake. Captain Samuel Wallis, R.N., of Lanteglos juxta Camelford, also sailed round the world in the *Dolphin* in 1766-68.

The Admiral was born, in all probability (though there has been some uncertainty on the subject) on

\* When some Pitcairn Islanders came on board the *Clio*, during a violent storm, in an open boat, in 1874, they declined all offers of food, medicine, or anything of that sort; but they added, 'There is one thing we should like—have you a copy of "Lothair"?'

the Duchy Manor of Tinten,\* in the parish of St. Tudy, about half a mile south of the 'Church Town,' about the year 1753,—the son of Charles and Margaret Bligh; although I am aware that, according to another account, he is said to have been the son of John Bligh, of Tretawne, in the adjoining parish of St. Kew. The earliest connexion which I have been able to trace between this family and the parish of St. Tudy is, that they acquired some property here of the Westlakes, in 1680-81; but there was a John Bligh, or Blygh, at Bodmin, who acted as an assistant to the Commissioners for the Suppression of Monasteries, temp. Henry VIII. To this ancient town a branch of the Bligh family contributed four mayors between the years 1505 and 1588—indeed, the Cornish Blighs may be traced back as early as the reign of Henry IV. I am not sure whether or not Admiral Sir Richard Rodney Bligh, G.C.B. (who died in 1821), was a member of this family; but he was a Cornishman, as were some other naval officers of the same name.

Young Bligh—often called 'Bread-fruit Bligh,' from his having accompanied Captain Cook,† as sailing-master in the *Resolution*, on his second voyage round the world, in 1772-74, (in the course of which the fruit associated with his name was first discovered at Otaheite)—became a lieutenant in the Royal Navy; and, having obtained a high reputation as a skilful

\* Tynten or Tinten was the seat of an ancient Cornish family of that name, dating from at least the time of Edward I. It afterwards passed by marriage to the Carminows and the Courtenays.

† At the United Service Institution Museum, in Whitehall, are relics of Captain Cook, including his chronometer, taken out again by Captain Bligh, in 1787, and carried by the mutineers of the *Bounty* to Pitcairn Island.



navigator, was appointed by George III. to command the *Bounty*, of 250 tons, on a voyage to Otaheite, in December 1787. After one or two ineffectual attempts to round Cape Horn, she arrived at her destination ten months after leaving England, and remained there for five or six months, the crew revelling in the natural beauty of the place, and enjoying an intercourse (which appears unfortunately to have been totally unrestricted) with the soft savages, its interesting inhabitants. On the homeward voyage, however, laden with plants and specimens of the bread-fruit, which it had been the object of the voyage to secure, with a view to its acclimatization in the British West India Islands, Bligh—who had made himself, by his irascible and overbearing disposition, obnoxious to many of those who sailed with him—was secured and bound by the majority of his crew; and, together with eighteen luckless sailors, was cast adrift on the 28th April, 1789, in an open boat only twenty-three feet long, and deeply laden within ‘eight inches of the water’s edge,’ in which small, frail craft they sailed 3,618 miles. They had on board 32 lbs. of pork, 150 lbs. of bread, some wine, some spirits, and some water—but NO CHART:—

‘The tender nautilus, who steers his prow,  
The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,  
The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,  
Seemed far less fragile, and, alas! more free.’

Not until nearly twelve months afterwards, did they reach England; after having touched at one or two islands, where they got a few shell-fish and some fruit, and at the Dutch settlement of Timor, to the east of Java, which they reached on 14th June, 1789, and

where they obtained a schooner. Bligh arrived home on the 14th March, 1790, with twelve of his companions; the remainder having died on their weary, miserable passage.\* To Bligh's skill, resource, and courage, were due the lives of all who were saved.

So astounding a voyage was, of course, the theme of conversation throughout the country; Bligh was immediately promoted to the rank of Commander, and soon afterwards to that of Post-Captain; shortly after which he got appointed, in 1791, to the command of another ship, the *Providence*, which was sent on a similar expedition to the Society Islands. On this occasion fortune was more favourable to the brave; he did not linger so long amongst the luxurious islets of the Pacific; and having entirely succeeded in the object which he had in view, on his safe return to England received the gold medal of the Society of Arts in 1794. The practical result of this voyage was, however, a failure; the quick-growing plantain being preferred by the West Indians to the somewhat insipid bread-fruit. As regards the mutineers, the *Pandora* was sent out to punish the ringleaders, some of whom her captain brought back to Portsmouth (notwithstanding having lost his ship on the return voyage near the north point of Australia); and at Portsmouth three of them were executed. Many of the mutineers, however, hid in the islands,

\* An account of this voyage was published in London, in 1792, and contains Bligh's portrait. The details are also well given in David Herbert's 'Great Historical Mutinies.' It appears from the minutes of the court-martial that the rising of the crew against Bligh was not the result of any long-hatched conspiracy, but that it was both planned and executed between four and eight in the morning of the 28th April.

whose charms, in the beauty of its scenery, climate, and 'gushing fruits,' and in the hospitable offers of its chiefs, and still more in the winning ways of the fairer sex, 'Nature and Nature's goddess—woman,' had proved too attractive to insure their allegiance to their duty. Byron's poem of 'The Island' is based partly upon the sailors' adventures, and partly on 'Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands.'

Bligh also displayed great courage at the mutiny at the Nore, in 1797; on which occasion he was deputed to negotiate with the rebellious seamen, and is said to have performed that dangerous duty with singular intrepidity and address.

He was present at the memorable battle off the Dogger Bank, 5th August, 1781; fought under Lord Howe at Gibraltar in 1782; commanded off Ushant in 1794, the *Warrior*, of 74 guns; at Camperdown, 1797, when he was captain of the 64-gun ship *Director*; and also at Copenhagen, on 21st May, 1801, when he commanded the *Glatton*, of 54 guns (a ship's name still perpetuated in the British navy)—

'When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown.'

At the close of this fight Nelson sent for our Cornish hero, and personally thanked him for the gallant part which he had taken in that glorious engagement. In the same year, in consideration of his distinguished services in navigation, botany, etc., he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In 1805 he was appointed Captain-General and Governor of New South Wales, and took up

office in the following year; but his very arbitrary disposition and harsh notions of discipline, imbibed on the quarter-deck, and which, indeed, distinguished his character throughout life, were strongly resented by many of his subordinate officials, both civil and military; and, notwithstanding that his efforts (which were approved by Lord Castlereagh) seem to have been mainly directed towards preventing the unlimited importation of ardent spirits into the colony, on the 26th January, 1808, Bligh was deposed from his authority by Major George Johnston, of the 102nd Regiment, and those who served under him, and was imprisoned by them until March, 1810.\* In that year he returned to England in H.M.S. *Porpoise*, as to the command of which he had a painful squabble with her captain—Kent. He obtained on 31st July, 1811, his flag as Rear-Admiral of the Blue; proceeding by the usual steps of promotion until he became Vice-Admiral of the Blue, in June, 1814. This dignity, however, he did not long enjoy at his quiet rural retreat at Farningham, in Kent, as he died in Bond Street, London, on the 7th December, 1817, and was buried (by the side of his wife—a Miss Elizabeth Betham, of the Isle of Man) at Lambeth, in the east part of the ground enclosing the church, and abutting on the Tradescant tomb. Mrs. Bligh was a woman of superior attainments; and her father is described as being the son of the Principal of some (unnamed) university, and himself a literary man,

\* See Wentworth's 'New South Wales,' p. 200; and Bonwick's 'Curious Facts of Old Colonial Days.'

the friend of Hume, Black, Adam Smith, and Robertson. Bligh left six daughters and three sons, William, Henry, and Richard (the latter a barrister-at-law and author of several legal works) who sold the Tinten property, and thus terminated the connexion of this family with the county of Cornwall.

Admiral Bligh's epitaph records that 'he was that celebrated navigator who first transplanted the bread-fruit tree from Otaheite to the West Indies; bravely fought the battles of his country; and died beloved, respected, and lamented.'

He seems to have been a lenient and benevolent despot in his dealings towards the poor, of which many instances are recorded by J. D. Lang, Jas. Bonwick, R. Therry, and other colonial writers; and—a good sign—he was very fond of little children.

Dr. Alfred Gatty, tells us how, when he went as a boy to Farningham, Admiral Bligh used to take him on his knee, and let him play with a bullet that hung on a blue ribbon round his neck—the same bullet which he used as a weight for doling out the daily portion of bread to his crew and to himself during their long boat-voyage of nearly 4,000 miles.

The Admiral's hasty temper, his room full of books, and his sea curiosities, of course attracted the boy's attention, and more especially a scar on his cheek, about which the old gentleman told him the following story. When George III. at a levée asked him in what action he had been wounded, Bligh was obliged to acknowledge, with some confusion, that it was not a battle-wound; but that his father,

in throwing a hatchet to turn a horse which they were both trying to catch in an orchard, accidentally struck him on the cheek.

As regards his family, the following additional remarks may prove not unacceptable :

Lady O'Connell, one of Bligh's daughters, seems to have inherited some of her father's spirit, for she is said to have defended him on one occasion with a pistol 'against rebels,' in Van Diemen's Land. Frances and Jane were twins. Ann was a beauty, but mentally afflicted. On one occasion the young ladies were followed home from Farningham Church by a stranger, who was the subject of a little hoax played upon him by the Misses Bligh. He had advertised for a wife, and they replied to the advertisement by requesting him to appear, blowing his nose demonstratively, in the aisle of the church ; by which process he was to be recognised. But so were also Frances and Jane Bligh ; for they found it impossible to conceal their laughter at the would-be Benedict's performance, and their dupe accordingly followed them home after the service. Here, however, he was received by the Admiral himself with such emphatic broadsides that the wooer very quickly 'hauled off.'

Bligh's House at Farningham was, and is still known as the Manor House ; and having heard that it still contained a picture of one of the Admiral's sea-fights, I asked my obliging correspondent, Mr. H. G. Hewlett (then living at Mount Pleasant, Farningham), to ascertain the facts for me, with the following result :

‘I sent over to the Manor House yesterday to obtain a report upon the picture; but, unfortunately, it is hung in the chamber of a maiden lady, who demurred to admitting visitors. They could only learn that it is a naval battle-piece, in which several men-of-war take part; that the scene is off the coast, and that several figures are wading to shore. Its size is about 3 ft. by 2 ft.; the carving round the picture, which is let into the wall, is said to be fine. The room is called Admiral Bligh’s, and is supposed to be haunted by his ghost, which stumps about on a wooden leg! Miss K——, however, is not superstitious, it appears, and has not heard or seen the ghost!’







*THOMASINE BONAVENTURA.*

(DAME THOMASINE PERCIVAL, LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON.)





## THOMASINE BONAVENTURA.

(DAME THOMASINE PERCIVAL, LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON.)

'A violet by a mossy stone,  
Half-hidden from the eye.'

WORDSWORTH.



IN the Churchwardens' Accounts for the parish of St. Mary Woolnoth, in the City of London, are the following entries, the first of which (and one of the earliest in the book) makes mention of a Sir John Percyvall, who had a chantry in that church. He was Sheriff in 1486, and Lord Mayor in 1498; received the honour of knighthood from Henry VII., and died circa 1504.

The second, dated 1539, runs as follows: 'It'm receyved of the Maister and Wardens of the Merchynnt Tailors for the beme light of this Churche according to the devise of Dame Thomasyn Percyvall, widow, late wyf of Sir John Percyvall, knight, decessed, xxvj<sup>s</sup> viii<sup>d</sup>.'

A third runs: 'It'm receyved more of the Maister and Wardens of the Merchant-tailloours for ij tapers, th'oon of xvlb. and the other of vlb. to burne about

the sepulchure in this Chirch at Ester Sunday, and for the Churchwardens labor of this Church to gyve attendance at the obit of Sr John Percyvall and of his wyfe according to the devyse of the said Dame Thomasyn Percyvall his wyf iiij<sup>l</sup>, vi<sup>s</sup> iiij<sup>d</sup>.

And the last: 'It'm receyved of the said Maister and Wardenns of Merchant-taillours for the reparacions of the ornaments of this Chirche according to the will of the said Sr John Percyvall vjs.'

Herbert, in his 'History of the Livery Companies of London,' gives the following particulars of the estates out of the proceeds of which the above funds were paid, viz.: 'So far as Sr John was concerned, the annual sum of 16s. 4d. and £13 6s. 8d., issuing from certain messuages of the Company; and (as regards Dame Thomazine) the sums of 53s. 4d., 21s. 4d., and 13s. 10d., and 20s. yearly, all of the premises being situate in the parishes of St. Mary Wolnoth, St. Michael Cornhill, St. Martin Vintry, and St. Dionysius (or Denis) Back-Church, in Fenchurch Street.' He also gives an account of the manner in which the said funds were disposed of: as, good round sums to priests 'for singing for Sir John;' to priests and clerks for ringing of bells at the obits; for wax to burn on those occasions; sundry sums for the poor, etc.; for the 'conduct for keeping the anthem;' and, amongst other disbursements, ten shillings 'for a potation to the neighbours at the said obit.'

The charities left by this benevolent couple are also set out at p. 502 of the same work.

And lastly, the Stratton Churchwardens' Accounts for 1513, show that on the day on which 'my lady *parcyvale's* meneday' came round (*i.e.* the day on which her death was to be *had in mind*), prayer was to be made for the repose of her soul, and two shillings and twopence paid to two priests, and for bread and ale.

This, I believe, is nearly all that exists in the shape of documentary evidence to bear record of the existence of the Cornish girl who forms the subject of this notice. There are, however, still to be seen in the remote and quiet little village of Week St. Mary, some five or six miles south of Bude, in the northern corner of Cornwall, the substantial remains of the good Thomasine's College and Chantry, which she founded for the instruction of the youth of her native place.

The buildings lie about a hundred yards east of the church (from the summit of whose grotesquely ornamented tower six-and-twenty parish churches may be discerned); and, built into the modern wall of a cottage which stands inside the battlemented enclosure, is a large, carved granite stone (evidently one of two which once formed the tympanum of a doorway) on which the letter **T** stands out in bold relief. Probably it is the initial of the Christian name of our Thomasine; at any rate it is pleasant to think it may be such.

The traditions, however, concerning her are not only still numerous in the neighbourhood, but are as implicitly believed as if they were recorded by the

most unimpeachable of chroniclers. They have been embodied, not without considerable imaginative embellishment, by the late Rev. R. S. Hawker of Morwenstow, in a pleasant chapter in his charming 'Footprints of Men of Former Times in Cornwall,' and they are somewhat as follows :

Thomazine Bonaventura was a poor shepherd maiden, and tended her sheep—'the long-forgotten Cornish knott'\*—on the wild moorlands of North Cornwall, in days when more attention was paid than in later times to the produce of the flocks, and less was devoted, at least in this part of the county, to the mineral resources which lie hid in its bosom. Even the wealthy merchants of London came down so far into the west country to buy wool; and it was probably about the middle of the fifteenth century when one 'Richard Bunsby,' a citizen of the metropolis, made his appearance on the scene, which opens on the banks of one of the many little moorland streams that run down from Greena Moor in Week St. Mary, sweeping round Marham Church

\* According to Dr. Borlase, 'the sheep in Cornwall in ancient times were remarkably small, and their fleeces so coarse that their wool bore no better title than that of *Cornish hair*, and under that name the cloth made of that wool was allowed to be exported without being subject to the customary duty paid for woollen cloth. When cultivation began to take place, and the cattle to improve in size and goodness, the Cornish had the same privilege confirmed to them by grant from Edward the Black Prince (first Duke of Cornwall after the Norman Conquest), in consideration of their paying four shillings for every hundredweight of white tin coined. The same privilege of exporting cloth of Cornish manufacture, duty-free, was confirmed to them by the twenty-first of Elizabeth.'



Hill, and so into Bude Haven. Struck with the shepherdess's bright looks and intelligent remarks, he proposed that she should return to London with him, and become a domestic servant in his house; and Thomasine's parents having given their consent to so brilliant a proposal, as it seemed to them, to London she went, and received on her arrival a hearty welcome from her new mistress. In course of time she became a great favourite with all in the house, the manager of its concerns, and, on the death of Dame Bunsby, the old merchant married his Cornish housekeeper, in compliance with the express wish of his late wife. Three years afterwards, Richard Bunsby, too, died, leaving all his property to Thomasine; and thus she became a wealthy widow. Yet did she not forget her husband's memory, to which she caused to be erected (so it is said) a substantial bridge; a structure (or perhaps I should say its modern representative), which may still be seen, as it was by myself in the autumn of 1880, at Week Ford.

One so 'sweet and serviceable,' and withal so rich, was not long, we may be sure, without suitors; and so, after a while, we find Thomasine again married; this time to 'that worshipful merchant adventurer, Master John Gall, of St. Lawrence, Milk Street.' He, too, was wealthy and uxorious; and enabled his wife to confer many benefits on the poor of her native place, for which she seems to have always entertained a lingering fondness—a trait as characteristic of the Cornish as of the Swiss them-

selves. After the lapse, however, of five years, Thomasine found herself once more alone in the world; and again her husband had left her all his property.

She had not to wait long before many fresh lovers were at the feet of the 'Golden Widow;' and on this occasion, in the year 1497, she bestowed her hand upon Sir John Percyvall, who was, the year after their marriage, elected to the honourable post of Lord Mayor of London. In memory of this event, she is reported to have constructed a good new road down to the coast, which I am bound to say I have not succeeded in identifying,—though it may be that which runs from Week St. Mary, over Week Ford and through Poundstock, to either Wansum or Melhuc Mouth.

She long survived even her third husband; and retiring, as it is believed, to Week St. Mary, by her will, made in 1510, left goodly sums of money to the home of her childhood. She directed that the 'chauntry with cloisters' (to which reference has already been made) should be built there; and that a school should be founded for the children of the poor.\*

If Mr. Hawker's testimony is to be accepted, she also left, by a codicil to her will, and in memory of an early love affair, to the priest of the church,

\* Dame Thomasine Percival's chantry and college at Week St. Mary were, according to the Church Commissioners, in 1545, a great comfort to all the county, from children being sent there to board and to be taught; but two years after the schoolhouse was in ruins, owing (so it was stated) to its being in a desolate place; and removal to Launceston was suggested.

where she knew her cousin John Dineham would serve and sing, 'the silver chalice gilt, which good Master Maskelyne had devised for her behoof, with a little blue flower which they do call a "forget-me-not," wrought in Turkess at the bottom of the bowl.' But Mr. Hawker's mind was always full of graceful fancies; and he has in this case undoubtedly drawn upon his imagination for his facts.

Carew is a more reliable if less poetic authority. He says: 'And to show that virtue as well bare a part in the desert, as fortune in the means of her preferment, she employed the whole residue of her life and last widowhood to works no less bountiful than charitable; namely, repairing of highways, building of bridges, endowing of maidens, relieving of prisoners, feeding and apparelling the poor, etc. Among the rest, at this St. Mary Wike she founded a chantry and free-school, together with fair lodgings for the schoolmasters, scholars, and officers, and added £20 of yearly revenue for supporting the incident charges: wherein, as the bent of her desire was holy, so God blessed the same with all wished success; for divers of the best gentlemen's sons of Devon and Cornwall were there virtuously trained up, in both kinds of divine and human learning, under one Cholwel, an honest and religious teacher, which caused the neighbours so much the rather, and the more to rue, that a petty smack only of popery opened the gap to the oppression of the whole, by the statute made in Edward VI.'s reign, touching the suppression of chantries.'



HARRY ROSE, P.A.,





## *HENRY BONE, R.A.,*

### THE ENAMELIST.



AMONGST the worthies of Truro who have left 'footprints on the sands of time,' there are few more deserving of remembrance than Henry Bone, the only Royal Academician that his native place ever produced. He was born on February the 6th, 1755, and was the son of a cabinet-maker and carver, who is said to have been a clever workman, and to have carved the old pulpit of St. Mary's Church, Truro. One of the same name, and perhaps of the same family, a Walter Bone, was Mayor of Truro in 1708. In 1767 the family removed to Plymouth, and in 1771 Bone, showing artistic tastes, was apprenticed to the ingenious William Cookworthy, a druggist there, who discovered the secret of making hard-paste porcelain, in England, out of Cornish granite and clay, and who thereupon established the Plymouth China Works. In 1772 Bone's master removed to Bristol, where, in conjunction with the Champions,



to whom he had become related by marriage, Cookworthy established the equally celebrated Bristol Porcelain Works. Bone accompanied him; and here he remained until 1778, working from six in the morning to six in the evening in the factory, and after that improving himself in the art of drawing. It is considered that the best painting executed at the Bristol Works was by Bone, and he is believed to have used the figure 1 in addition to the factory-mark +. Bristol pieces so marked are now very rare.

On the failure in business of his new master, Champion, in 1778, Bone, in the following year, came to London, with one guinea of his own in his pocket, and £5 lent to him by his friend, Morris, a cooper. At first he found employment in enamelling watches, etc.; but this work failing him, owing to a change of the fashion, he commenced miniature-painting in water-colours on ivory, and also in enamel. Here it may be noted that he was employed first on enamel-painting, etc., by Randle and Co., Paternoster Row; and also on painting fans for Crowder and Co., Foster Lane. His distinguishing excellence is said to have been that he used enamel paints just as other colours, instead of, according to the feeble practice of the day, first mixing *on the palette* every colour to be used. His predecessor in this art was Horace Hone; but the latter's work was, in many respects, very inferior to that of the Cornish artist.

Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar) early recognised his merit, as he also did that of Opie, and recommended

Bone to make annual painting tours into Cornwall; but increasing work in town compelled him at length to give up these congenial trips. On the 24th January, 1780, he married Elizabeth Vandermeulen, a descendant of Philip Vandermeulen, battle-painter to William III.; and Bone's first picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in the same year, was an enamel painting of his newly-married wife. This enamel was of the then unusual size of two and a half inches in height, and Bone's complete success on this occasion led him now to determine on setting up on his own account instead of working for others. In 1782 his own portrait followed. These works brought him into prominent notice, and numerous patrons came to his studio. Giving his entire attention now to enamel-painting,—which has been well called 'painting for eternity,'—he completed, in 1789, 'A Muse and Cupid,' from his own design, of a greater size than had ever before been executed by this process.\*

In 1794 we find him exhibiting 'The Sleeping Girl,' after Sir Joshua Reynolds; and in 1797 a portrait of Lord Eglinton, which attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales, who appointed him, in 1800, his enamel-painter, and became a generous patron to him afterwards. In the following year he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, and enamel-painter to George III.; and he occupied the same post under George IV. and William IV. He sub-

\* His 'H. B.' signature was similar to Doyle's ('H. B.') and most of his works are, fortunately for collectors, so signed.

sequently executed several fine enamels, mostly after Sir Joshua Reynolds, and also a fine piece after Leonardo da Vinci. On 15th April, 1811, he was elected Royal Academician, and shortly after produced the largest enamel which had ever been painted up to that time, viz., a copy of the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in the National Gallery, after Titian, eighteen by sixteen inches. This picture was considered so marvellous a production that more than 4,000 persons went to inspect it at Bone's house; and it was at length sold to Mr. G. Bowles, of Cavendish Square and Wanstead, for 2,200 guineas. The story goes, on the authority of Mr. George Bone, of Blackheath, that this sum was paid in the form of a cheque drawn on Fauntleroy's Bank. Bone cashed it on his way home, in order to have the pleasure of showing to his wife so huge a sum in coin. The following day the notorious forgeries and frauds were discovered, and the firm was bankrupt. But according to a writer in the 'Annual Biography' for 1836, who seems to have been well acquainted with Bone, the amount was paid partly in cash and partly by a draft.

Bone next undertook, in addition to enamel portraits and copies from the ancient masters, a series of historical portraits, mostly of the time of Elizabeth. They were of great merit, but unsuccessful financially. These were exhibited at his house, 15 Berners Street, near that of his friend Opie, No. 8, who painted Bone's portrait.\* There

\* Bone's various residences in London were as follows, in chronological order: Spa Fields; 195, High Holborn; Little Russell Street;

were also portraits of the Cavaliers distinguished in the Civil War, painted for J. P. Old; as well as portraits of the Russell family, from the reign of Henry VII., for the Duke of Bedford. A catalogue of the last-named was privately printed in 1825, and there is a copy of it in the South Kensington Museum.

In 1831 failing eyesight compelled him to retire to Somers Town, and reluctantly to receive the Academy pension; but owing to the expensive professions adopted by his sons, there was no alternative. Here he died of paralysis on December 17th, 1834. Some time before his death Bone offered his works, which were valued at £10,000, to the nation for £4,000. This offer was declined, and some time afterwards, viz., 22nd April, 1836, they were sold by auction at Christie and Manson's, realizing about 2,000 guineas, and so were scattered far and wide. Other important sales of Bone's enamels took place on the following dates, viz.: 1st May, 1846; 25th April, 1850; 10th May, 1854; and 13th and 14th March, 1856.

Bone had a large family—twelve, it is believed; of whom ten survived. His eldest son, Henry Pierce Bone, born November 6th, 1779, first exhibited at the Academy in 1799. He commenced enamel-painting in 1833, was appointed enamel-painter to Queen Adelaide, and afterwards to her present Majesty and the Prince Consort; and in the course of fifty-six years he exhibited 210 miniatures and enamels. He

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Hanover Street, Hanover Square; and in 1801, Berners Street; thence he moved to Clarendon Square, Somers Town.

died in London, October 21st, 1855. Bone's grandsons (W. Bone and C. K. Bone) are also enamelers.

Robert Trewick Bone, the third son, born September 24th, 1790, was a subject-painter of some ability. He died from the effects of a hurt, May 5th, 1840. One son, Thomas, a midshipman, was wrecked and drowned, in the *Racehorse*, sloop, off the Isle of Man. Another, Peter, a lieutenant in the 36th Regiment, was wounded at the battle of Toulouse, and died soon after his return to England; and another of Bone's sons was called to the bar.

Of Henry Bone's private character, it was truly said, by one who knew him well, that 'unaffected modesty, generosity, friendship, and undeviating integrity adorned his private life;' and as to his artistic merits, it is no exaggeration to say that he was 'unequalled in Europe for the perfect truth and enduring brilliancy of his productions.'

A voluminous list, prepared by the late Mr. J. Joze Rogers, of the works of art produced by the various members of the Bone family, will be found in the 'Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall,' No. XXII., for March, 1880. It shows a total of 1,063 recorded works by this gifted family, nearly half of which were painted by the principal subject of this brief memoir.

Chantrey executed a fine bust of Henry Bone, which has been well engraved by Thomson; and there is another portrait of him, as an elderly man, which was painted by Harlow, and engraved by F. C. Lewis in 1824.

*REV. DR. WILLIAM BORLASE, F.R.S.,*  
THE ANTIQUARY.







*REV. DR. WILLIAM BORLASE, F.R.S.,*  
THE ANTIQUARY.

'In the shade, but shining.'

POPE to *Borlase*.



HE little parish of Ludgvan\* (or as it is sometimes called, Ludgvan-Lees), on the north shore of the Mount's Bay, can boast of having contributed at least its share to the list of illustrious Cornishmen. Small, remote, and obscure as it is, Ludgvan is one of the places mentioned as the birthplace of Sir Humphry Davy; it was for more than half a century the residence of the subject of this article; and here, too, at Tremenheere, was born one of the most illustrious professors of the healing art that the county has ever produced—himself the friend and medical attendant of Borlase and of Pope—I refer to Dr. William Oliver, of Bath.

That the pursuits of a keen inquirer, endowed with no ordinary powers of observation and considerable

\* At Rospeith, in this parish, according to Davies Gilbert, P.R.S., the last native wolf in England was seen.

artistic talent, should, in such an out-of-the-way corner of England as Ludgvan still is, have been directed towards natural history, and to the megalithic remains of antiquity with which the neighbourhood once abounded, and of which there are still numerous examples, is not to be wondered at. And it cannot be denied that the study of those sciences, both in Cornwall and elsewhere, was materially benefited by the numerous and careful drawings and descriptions of the stone monuments of a mysterious and almost unknown race of men, which it was one of the main objects of Dr. Borlase's learned leisure to investigate and record. Many of these ancient remains have altogether disappeared since his time, and many others have been mutilated or altered ; but in the Doctor's volumes such minute descriptions of them have been preserved that the loss of the monuments themselves has been rendered of much less serious importance than would have been the case but for his careful and elaborate records. Of the deductions and suggestions which are appended to those descriptions something will be said hereafter.

But, in accordance with the method adopted in the case of the other Worthies of Cornwall, it is well first to say something of the stock from which Dr. Borlase sprang. A Norman origin is claimed for the family—they are said to have descended from one Taillefer : presumably some connexion of him who is reported to have struck the first blow at the Battle of Hastings. Coming into Cornwall, as, by the way,

very few other followers of the Norman Conqueror did, the Borlases seem to have adopted a custom which has always more or less prevailed in the county of merging their own name into that of their place of residence; and here it may be observed that the name of Borlase, supposed by some to mean 'the high green summit,' is still attached to two or three little home-steads in the parish of St. Wenn, three or four miles north-east of St. Columb-Major.\* The direct male line became extinct in the time of Elizabeth, when the coheiresses married a Tonkin and a Bray; and the family does not appear to have risen to any distinction until they moved farther westward, and about the middle of the seventeenth century took up their abode (which is still in the possession of a member of the family) at Pendeen, in the parish of St. Just.

The early Pendeen Borlases seem to have been staunch Royalists, for it seems that one of them assisted his cousin, Colonel Nicholas Borlase, in raising a troop of horse for the King. Of this troop a writer in the *Quarterly Review* for 1875, quotes the following story :

'Being on one occasion much pressed by the Puritan forces, and making a running fight, he set fire to a large brake of furze in the night, which the enemy taking for the fires made on the approach of the King's army, immediately fled with great pre-

\* The Manor of Borlase-Burgess, formerly the seat of the Borlase family in St. Wenn, 'is said to have been given by William Rufus to a certain Norman who was Lord of Talfer in that country, and whose posterity assumed the name of Borlase.'—(Borlase's MSS.)

cipitation, and left him both bag and baggage, which he seized the next morning.'

By way of comment on these proceedings, Fairfax quartered some of his troopers at Pendeen,—doubtless to the intense annoyance of the owner thereof; and as regards Colonel Nicholas, a letter from Cromwell to Lenthall tells all that I have been able to gather as to that hero's career. It is dated Edinburgh, 13th June, 1651, and asks the Speaker to hasten the hearing of Borlase's case, which seems to have been involved in the conditions of the hurried treaty of Truro, when Hopton surrendered to Fairfax, and terminated the supremacy of the Royal cause in the West country.

The Borlases were not, however, without some sort of barren reward for their faithfulness to the Stuart cause; for Humphry, who was Sheriff of Cornwall during the last two years of the reign of James II., was created a peer by that monarch *after his abdication*. Under these circumstances he, of course, never enjoyed the title. He sometimes resided at Truthan, in the parish of St. Erme, near Truro, and left his estates to the Borlases of Pendeen.

Dr. Borlase was born at Pendeen, on 2nd February, 1695, the second son of his father, 'John of Pendeen, twice Member of Parliament for St. Ives in Cornwall in the reign of Queen Anne, and Lydia Harris, of Hayne, county Devon, his wife,' a lady descended, so the writer in the *Quarterly Review* informs us, through the Nevilles and Bouchiers, from Edward III. But the Borlases had also plenty of good Cornish blood

in their veins; and amongst other old families of the soil with whom they intermarried may be named their not very distant neighbours, the Godolphins.

With a member of the last-named family John Borlase seems to have had an altercation one day in church, the particulars of which are set forth in his victim's petition to Parliament as follows, viz. :

‘HONOURED SIRS,

‘Life, the precious tenet of mankind, forceth me to inform your honours that Sunday, the 26th February, 1709, in full view of most of the congregation of Maddern, John Borlase, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, did wilfully break the peace by striking me almost to the ground with his staff, and if not timely prevented by one Paul Tonkin, he would have been striking me again. He did at the same time highly threaten me, with Chrit<sup>r</sup>. Harris, Esq., Jane his wife, and John his son. Mr. Harris ordered his servant to beat me. Of the truth of the above information I am ready to give my corroboration. Humbly craving the Honble. Speaker and House of Commons not to skreene such daring offenders, but to give me leave to prosecute them as the law directs, is the humble prayer of, Hond. Sirs,

‘Your in all humility and duty,

‘FRANCES GODOLPHIN.’

What this poor gentleman had done to deserve the ‘Justice's justice’ thus summarily inflicted on him, observes the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, from

whom I quote this letter, there and then, in the midst as it seems of divine service, and by the occupant of the next pew, we are left to conjecture.

Pendeen\* is a house of unusual interest in this part of Cornwall, where, indeed, primæval remains abound, but where are few examples—save small and (with one or two exceptions) not particularly interesting churches—of mediæval and later architecture. It is now occupied as a farmhouse, but was formerly a place of much more importance. Substantially built of native granite, the structure was evidently designed for the occupation of some prosperous man; and its ground-plot indicates that it was so traced as to be capable of some sort of defence against marauders. In one of the bedrooms—most probably that in which William Borlase first saw the light—are some curious figures on the wall, of which a sketch is preserved by the writer.

But it is not so much to the house itself as to its surroundings that we must look for what were probably the determining circumstances of Borlase's career. He was in the very heart of the cromlehs, the cliff-castles, the weird stone-circles, and the huge monoliths of a forgotten race; and, close to the house, there was a long and mysterious double cave—a vau or ogou—which, we can but believe, must have

\* At Pendeen lived, in the time of Henry VII., one Richard Pendyne, 'one of the rebels who, under Lord Audley, Flammock, and Joseph,' dismantled Tehidy, the residence of John Basset, then Sheriff of the County, and did much other mischief in the West—an offence which he expiated by losing his estates.



excited an inquiring child's awe-struck interest. We are indebted chiefly to himself for the little that we know of his early days; and this information is derived from a modest autobiographical sketch which he drew up in 1772, when seventy-seven years old, for his friend Huddesford, the Curator of the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, an institution to which Borlase contributed nearly the whole of his collections of natural history and antiquities.

His first school seems to have been at the nearest town, Penzance; and of him his master said what so many a master has said of many another apt but dreamy and indolent scholar, who was nevertheless destined afterwards to distinguish himself, that 'he could learn, but would not.' Thence he went, in 1709, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Bedford, at Plymouth, where he seems to have profited more by the instruction which he received. It has also been supposed that he was educated partly at Tiverton School. In March, 1712-13 he was entered, Cornish fashion, at Exeter College, Oxford, and here he took his B.A. and M.A. degrees in due course; was in 1719 ordained deacon; and in 1720, priest.

Dr. Borlase gives the following picture of the Oxford of his days:

'When I was at Oxford in the year 1715, we—I mean pupils, tutors, barbers, shoe-cleaners, and bed-makers—minded nothing but Politics; the Muse stood neglected; nay meat and drink, balls and ladies, had all reason to complain in their turns that we minded Scotland and Preston more than the



humane, softer, and more delicate entertainments of Genius and Philosophy. This was a most unhappy time, and I have often lamented it.' And he concludes with the strong Conservative opinion: 'If I can see anything in our English history, 'tis that the poor nation is always the worse for alterations, tho' particular persons may be the better, that is, the richer or more powerful.'

His amusing description of a journey home from the University with Sir John St. Aubyn, in 1722, is given hereafter in the chapter on that family.

Two years after he was ordained priest, and (his father having bought for him the next presentation) he was presented to the living of Ludgvan, by Charles, first Duke of Bolton, through the influence, as Nichols inaccurately tells us, of Sir William Morice, of Werrington—a family with whom the St. Aubyns intermarried. This living he held for fifty-two years.\*

When Borlase settled in his Rectory, the retired situation of the place did not altogether prevent his indulging in the mild social dissipations of the neighbourhood; notably there was a bowling-green club, formed in 1719, which proved an agreeable means of meeting with his friends, and afforded Mr. Gwavas—one of the latest writers in the old Cornish language, and a member of the party—an opportunity of composing a set of verses in Cornish in honour of the foundation of the club.

There can be little doubt, from what we know of

\* According to Kippis, it was the St. Just living which was subsequently procured through this interest.

his surroundings and proclivities, that Borlase was already making notes of the neighbouring antiquities, and dipping into his favourite authorities—the best of the day—for information, which he was afterwards to apply in a somewhat too speculative manner, to his pet subject—the Druids. He seems to have relied mainly for this purpose upon several passages in Julius Cæsar, Pliny, Elias Schedius de Diis Germanis, Smith's 'Syntagma de Druidis;' a collection of the French and German writers in Frickius de Druidis, Sheringham, Sammes, Montfaucon, Mons. Martin's 'Religion of the Ancient Gauls,' Toland's 'History of the Druids,' Rowland's 'Mona Illustrata,' Dr. Stukeley in his 'Stonehenge and Abury,' and Keysler in his 'Antiquities.'\*

His method was to examine, and especially to survey and to *draw* carefully the old weather-beaten stone structures of Cornwall; being convinced, as he says, 'of the necessity of copying the original monuments,' and 'offering something to the public which their *undeniable* properties suggested.' We shall, however, I think, presently see that, in endeavouring to carry out this method, the worthy antiquary was rather prone to do that which so many other investigators have done—namely, to see that which he *wished* to see.

Fortunately for him, and for the records of the 'Cornish Antiquities,' when he married (as he did in 1724) Anne Smith, the daughter of the then Rector of Camborne and Illogan—'peramatæ, amanti,

\* Second book of the 'Antiquities of Cornwall.'

amabili,' as he wrote for her epitaph—he found a partner who (again to use his own words) took 'more than her part of the domestic cares,' in order that he might the better prosecute his antiquarian researches. The marriage ceremony was performed by his elder brother the Rev. Walter Borlase, LL.D., of Castle Horneck (the seat of the family on their removing from Pendeen, about a century and a half ago), afterwards Vice-Warden of the Stannaries from 1761 to 1776.

Although he lived to a very ripe old age, his health seems to have somewhat failed him for a time in 1730; and he accordingly repaired to Bath, as the waters were then in high repute for maladies such as his, in order to be under the care of his friend Dr. Oliver, who happily cured him, and gave him 'a new lease of life.' There can be little doubt that this excursion was also of great importance in another way; for it was here, and at this time, that he made the acquaintance of Pope,\* of Ralph Allen, and of many other well-known characters in the literary and scientific world, who afterwards became his correspondents. His clever pencil was also employed during his sojourn at Bath in designing the obelisk in Orange Grove—so named after the Prince of Orange—another of those persons

\* Borlase was a bounteous contributor of minerals for the adornment of Pope's grotto, in which the poet fixed his Cornish friend's name in capital letters, formed of crystals; gracefully saying that he had placed them where they would remind him of the donor—'in the shade, but shining.'

who credited the renowned Bath waters with the power of renewing their youth.

In 1732 Dr. Borlase's elder brother, Walter, died; and thereupon the subject of this memoir had the Vicarage of St. Just added to his previous preferment. This second living he held for the long period of forty years. The two places were not so far apart (only about twelve miles) as to preclude his giving attention to both cures; and indeed those biographers who have written of Borlase (notably Chalmers), state that his performance of his clerical duties was highly praiseworthy, being marked with 'the most rigid punctuality and exemplary dignity.' At St. Just, a populous mining parish, his congregation often consisted of 1,000 persons on a Sunday morning, and 500 in the afternoon. This, too, it must be remembered, was at a time when Churchmanship generally was at a very low ebb in Cornwall, and needed Wesley's trumpet-call to arouse it.\*

Notwithstanding his increased responsibilities, Borlase did not neglect his antiquarian and scientific studies, nor his out-of-door pursuits of gardening and

\* The Doctor was one of the old-fashioned Churchmen who dreaded *trop de zèle*, and, probably without much reluctance, issued in his magisterial capacity a warrant to 'apprehend all such able-bodied men as had no lawful calling or sufficient maintenance;' in fact, he was afraid of riots amongst his excitable parishioners. The squabble is recorded in the great Revivalist's journals for the summers of 1784 and 1785. But the end of the affair was that Wesley, having on the first occasion appeared before the Bench at St. Michael's Mount, and on the second having called upon Dr. Borlase himself, at St. Just, in response to the warrant, on the latter occasion found that the Doctor had gone to church—and so the matter ended.

planting, for which the mild air of Ludgvan was highly favourable. In fact, at this period he seems to have 'entered upon the study of Druid learning' with renewed fervour. His chief companions were Sir John St. Aubyn of St. Michael's Mount hard by, and the Rev. Edward Collins of St. Erth, the latter of whom appears to have joined in nearly all his rambles, and not to have failed to administer occasionally 'the salutary censure of a friend;' for, as Borlase himself tells us, he found Mr. Collins a useful 'check in some disquisitions.'

Thus tranquilly passed away some fifteen years of this quiet and uneventful, but busy life,\* until circumstances again brought him into contact with that outer world of larger and more learned minds which 'do mostly congregate in cities.' In 1748 he went to Exeter, to be present at the ordination of his eldest son. Here he was introduced to the Dean of Exeter, the Rev. Dr. Charles Lyttelton, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, and the first President of the Society of Antiquaries. And it is not a little curious to note, by the way, that Dr. Lyttelton's successor as Dean of Exeter, Jeremiah Milles, of Duloe in Cornwall, also succeeded his predecessor in the Deanery in the distinguished post of President of the Antiquaries. It can readily be believed that new sources of intellectual enjoyment opened up with an acquaintance with such men as these. They forthwith became correspondents; and to their names were added, either about this time or at other periods of

\* It was his habit to rise at five, and go to bed at nine.

Borlase's life, those of Linnæus, Gronov of Leyden, Stukeley, Atterbury (Bishop of Rochester), Browne Willis, Pococke (Bishop of Ossory), Thomas Pennant, and Ellis, the author of the 'Corallines.' The library at Castle Horneck contains upwards of forty volumes in MS. of Borlase's Correspondence and Notes.

One of the fruits of Borlase's visit to Exeter was the production of his first essay (or 'Exercise' as it was termed) for the 'Philosophical Transactions.' This appeared in 1749. It was the first scientific account of any of the Cornish minerals; and was entitled 'Spar, and Sparry Productions, called Cornish Diamonds.' This was considered of sufficient merit to secure his election as Fellow of the Royal Society, an honour which was conferred upon him on his visit to London in the following year. Many other contributions followed, nineteen in all; chiefly on subjects connected with meteorology and natural phenomena, and one paper of an antiquarian character. They are catalogued in the 'Biographia Britannica,' vol. ii., p. 425.

But the time had now arrived when Borlase felt himself strong enough to invite the attention of the world to more considerable works from his pen and pencil. And first he turned his attention to grouping and arranging the results of his archæological researches, the publication of which, by subscription, he set about accomplishing. It was not, however, until 1753 that he saw his way clear to taking the MSS. of his 'Cornish Antiquities' with him to



Oxford—preferring that city to London for two reasons, the first of which we can easily understand, viz., its greater retirement; but the second is one which sounds strange to modern ears, because of the ‘*more ready access to books.*’ So great was his diligence, and that of his engravers, that the work, in folio, with its numerous illustrations, was published at Oxford in February of the following year, 1754;\* and the indefatigable author at once returned to Cornwall in order to arrange the materials for his next great work, the ‘*Natural History*’ of his native county. Meanwhile, in 1756, appeared his account of the Scilly Islands, an enlargement of one of his papers in the ‘*Philosophical Transactions,*’ and a work of which Dr. Johnson wrote in the *Literary Review* that ‘*This is one of the most pleasing and elegant pieces of local inquiry that our country has produced.*’

On this occasion, too, he seems to have proceeded with his usual despatch; for in October, 1757, we find him once more at Oxford, for the purpose of printing the last-named work. And again, by the spring of the following year, 1758, this too was ready for the public eye.

Having now secured in print the results of so many years’ labours, the happy idea occurred to him of presenting to his beloved University the collections of antiquities, natural history, etc., upon which his works were based, and he accordingly deposited them forthwith in the Ashmolean Museum, con-

\* A second edition was published in London in 1769.



tinuing to send thither from time to time any similar rarities which he discovered. It is scarcely necessary to add that for this generous gift he received the thanks of the University; which, in token of the high appreciation in which they held his talents and his liberality, on the 23rd March, 1766, conferred on him, by diploma, the degree of Doctor of Laws, the highest academical honour which it was in the power of the University to bestow.

But Borlase was now getting an old man, being over seventy years of age. The friends of his youth were dying off; and he was unable to undertake the long antiquarian rambles which had been the delight of his stalwart days. His outdoor amusements began to be restricted to the superintendence (which he seems to have thoroughly enjoyed) of the improvement of the numerous roads which ran through his parish; one of which, it may be mentioned, was the high-road to Penzance, until that which now skirts the shore of the Mount's Bay was substituted for it. His literary labours consisted partly in writing his '*Sacræ Exercitationes*,' which were chiefly paraphrases of Ecclesiastes, the Canticles of Solomon, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah—rather for his own pleasure than with any view to publication; and his home recreations were the '*Belles Lettres*' and drawing and painting. He did not, however, neglect entirely his old pursuits; for he prepared for the press the new and enlarged edition of his '*Antiquities*,' which, as we have seen, was published in 1769; and he busily engaged himself in a similar office

for his 'Natural History,' which he did not live to complete. The emendations, however (or rather the principal of them), appeared in the Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall for 1875. And during this latter part of his life, as well as during the previous years, he was occupied in collecting materials for a Parochial History of the County, which never saw the light.

His last literary labour was a treatise on the 'Creation and the Deluge,' which contains some ingenious speculations on the nature of earthquakes and submarine upheavals. The beginning of this little work he had actually sent to the press; but a sudden and violent illness in 1771 warned him that he was overtaxing his strength, and he resolved not to go on with the publication. Within two or three months of his death he drew up a short memoir of his life, written in the third person, for his friend Huddesford, which closes in the following happy strain :

'Being now in his seventy-seventh year, very little more can be hoped for by himself or expected by others.

'Having been long accustomed to the confinement of his study, retirement and old age incessantly call upon him with the less terrour; and resignation to his increasing infirmities becomes every day easier and less irksome, till at last he now accounts it among the blessings of long life that it has quieted and extinguished every spark of ambition, and that

it enables him to withdraw more and more with some decency from the world; precluding the perhaps well-intended, though rather too frequent visits of civility, in which there is generally more dissipation at all stages of life than real compensation for the waste of time, especially in the days of age.

‘In hopes, however, of being not entirely useless as yet, whilst it pleases God to grant him life, most of his present time (as not the least of his pleasures) he allots to the instruction of a dutiful and apprehensive youth, the present companion of his retirement.’

So lived, and so, on the 31st August, 1772, peacefully died, at Ludgvan, Cornwall’s ‘Nourice of Antiquity,’ Dr. William Borlase. He was buried by the side of his wife, near the east end of his own church, on the north side of the altar; and his executor inscribed on his unpretending monument the words:

‘Perurbani, perhumani, perquam pii,  
hujusce parochiæ per annos LII.  
rectoris desideratissimi,  
in republica necnon literaria versatissimi.  
Loquuntur scripta,  
testantur posteri.’

He had six sons, only two of whom survived him, the Rev. John Borlase and the Rev. George Borlase, Casuistical Professor and Registrar of the University of Cambridge. His son Christopher, a sailor, died of a fever on the coast of Guinea in 1749, and appears to have inherited some of his father’s artistic skill.

As an illustration of Borlase's 'method,' and of his perfervid imagination when he got amongst his native granite rocks, I have thought it would be interesting to cull the following few notes from his 'Scilly Isles':

'On a Carn adjoining the Giant's Castle,' he observes, 'the floor, consisting only of one Rock, must convince us that this *Circle* was intended for a place of Worship, for it could not serve for a *Sepulchre*; but why the *Quoits* were hollowed out into *Basons* (as they are placed in a *Religious Circle*) must have been in some sort or other subservient to the purposes of the *Druid Superstition*.' As regards the 'Rock Basons,' he goes on to say, 'My opinion concerning the use of them you do not want to be informed of; I have always thought that they were designed to receive in their utmost purity the waters of the Heavens for holy uses; but in such doubtful cases let every man think for himself.' A little further on, however, the worthy Doctor's theory as to the extreme purity of the water is somewhat disturbed by his finding some of them inconveniently near the sea; but he is equal to the occasion. 'Though,' he says, 'the spray of the sea so near them on every hand might well be supposed to fill these Basons with salt water, yet I found the water in them to be quite fresh.' Some of these were actually under the sea-level!

In another place, writing of tolmens, the Doctor observes that, though their Cornish name, appropriately enough, signifies a holed stone, yet that was

not 'the true Druid name . . . . for the Druids *probably* call'd it by the name of one of their Deities as soon as it was ritually consecrated, and most likely by that of *Saturn*.'

He is in doubt whether the furrows which he noticed on certain rocks were channels on the sites of the holy fires of the Druids, made in order to enable the priests the better to collect the sacred embers, or whether they were designed to collect the blood of sacrificed victims for the purposes of divination. But he admits 'tis all mere conjecture.'

And again—a 'canopy rock' with a row of rude stone pillars before it is a 'Druid Seat of Judgment ; —in fact, on Borlase's theory, the whole of the Scilly Isles must have been thickly peopled with Druids.

But as the writer in the *Quarterly* truly observes, 'The Druids have of late years been somewhat rudely dismissed from the shade of their accustomed oaks, and the rock-basons have been proved to be simply the result of the weathering of the granite.'





*THE BOSCAWENS.*







## *THE BOSCAWENS.*



NOVEL feature presents itself in this case to the would-be historian which does not appear, at least to so great an extent, in the cases of certain other distinguished Cornish families. The Killigrews, the Arundells, the Godolphins, and the Grenvilles, for instance, all yielded more than one man of mark deserving of special notice; but this can hardly be said of the family of Boscawen: the interest centres in Admiral the Honourable Edward Boscawen, almost to the exclusion of all his ancestors, and of all his descendants. And he affords another instance, like Opie, of being doubly secure of a niche in the temple of Fame, from his own distinguished career, as well as through the wit and distinguished social qualities of his wife; who, the writer regrets to add, was not—as the majority of her husband's ancestresses, and as those of most distinguished Cornishmen were—a Cornish-woman.

It would probably be of little use now to speculate upon the causes why the Boscawens, for at least five centuries, continued to hold a well-recognised position in the county, acquiring by their judicious marriages into wealthy families vast landed interests in various parts of Cornwall, but chiefly in the vicinities of Buryan and Tregothnan and in the north-western part of the county, doubtless holding their own amongst their fellows, and doing what the world would call their 'duty;' and yet contributing, so far as I can ascertain, scarcely one person whose name is to be found in the usual records of English history until we reach the eighteenth century.

Yet it must be noted that the Boscawens are of very old standing in Cornwall. Hals indeed tells us that the first Boscawen who settled in Cornwall was an Irish gentleman;—and Hals may be right; for he had peculiar facilities for learning the early traditions of the family from the neighbourhood of Fenton-gollan (the seat of the Halses) to Tregothnan, the seat of the Boscawens; and also from the fact that one member of the family 'Hugh Boscawen, Gent., Master of Arts,' as a labour of love, taught young Hals, and many other youngsters, all that they knew of Latin and Greek in an old school-house in St. Michael Penkivel Church.\* Nor was the

\* It is somewhat singular that, notwithstanding the early and close connexion of the Boscawen family with this church, which is one of unusual interest—containing an oratory with a stone altar in the tower—though the Boscawen monuments here are numerous, yet there is no earlier example than one to Hugh, who married a lady of the Carminow family, and who died in 1559.

Master of Arts the only member of the family who dispensed information free of charge; for Hals tells us of a Charles Boscawen of Nansavallan who was a barrister-at-law, 'and who made noe further use thereof in his elder years then to councill and assist his friends in all their lawe concerns gratis.' He died in London, without issue; and was Member of Parliament for Truro,—an ancient borough, with which, as we shall see, the Boscawens were intimately connected.

At Boscawen Rose, in the parish of St. Buryan, within a few miles of the Land's End, where the name is still found attached to places in the parish, the first Boscawen is said to have exchanged his Irish patronymic for that of the place where he took up his abode, and which was probably well enough described by its Cornish name, which signifies the Valley of Elder-trees. It is interesting to notice how many of these trees (much esteemed by the old Cornish folk), and almost these alone, still are to be found near the wind-whipped shores of the Land's End.\*

I find no record of the marriages of the first two or three generations; but in the reign of Edward I. (about 1292), Henry de Boscawen married Hawise Trewoof; and some half century later (1335) John

\* Dr. Borlase mentions the high esteem in which the elder-tree was held by the Cornu-Britons, and states, with reference to the height to which it will reach under favourable circumstances, that Mr. Tonkin was informed that one of these trees, nearly fifty feet high, was blown down in Carhayes Park during a gale, about the year 1720.

de Boscawen married an heiress, Joan de Tregothnan,\* thus establishing a connexion between those two names, which has ever since been maintained; for Tregothnan, 'the place of well-wooded valleys,' is still the family seat: it is now the Cornish residence of Evelyn Boscawen, sixth Viscount Falmouth. The present house, a handsome structure, was built by the architect, W. Wilkins, jun., about the year 1815, replacing a more picturesque but smaller and less commodious building.

Intimate relations with the exquisitely wooded banks of the Fal were still further established by the marriage of the son of the aforesaid John Boscawen of Tregothnan with another heiress, named Joan, like his mother, who brought her husband the wealth of the family of Albalanda or Blanchland, in the parish of Kea, on the opposite side of the river to Tregothnan; a place where, according to Lysons, copper was first successfully worked in Cornwall. And, while on this subject, it seems not unworthy of remark that the alliances of the Boscawens and the Albalandas with the families who resided on the Fal and its tributaries were numerous. Rose Albalanda married a William

\* According to Hals, the Buryan Boscawens also transplanted their dwelling-places to Tregameer in St. Columb Major, and Trevallock in Creed, or St. Stephen's, and from thence, by marriage with the daughter and heir of Tregothnan, by Lawrence Boscawen, gentleman, attorney-at-law, temp. Henry VII., who died 1567, and lies buried in the north transept of St. Michael Penkivel Church, as is testified by a brass inscription on his gravestone, there lately extant, upon which, on a lead escutcheon, was engraved his paternal coat armour. He it was who built the towers of old Tregothnan House. .

Dangrous of Carclew, in the fifth year of Edward III.; and the heiress of Trenowith, who married Hugh Boscauwen, a great grandson of the first-named John, was herself the descendant of ancestors called after Tolverne, Trewarthenick and Tregarrick—names which still belong to places on the shores of the river, or hard by.. Nor did the Boscauwens neglect to cultivate acquaintance and to intermarry with other Cornish families who made more noise in the world than those to whom we have been referring; for they and the Albalandas also married with Arundell, Bassett, St. Aubyn, Lower, Godolphin, Carminow, and Trevanion.

He who married Elizabeth St. Aubyn for his first wife was one Richard Boscauwen, who paid a fine of five pounds rather than undergo the expensive ceremony of being made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Henry VII., possibly because he was an old man, and dreaded a long journey to the metropolis, for he died four years afterwards, in 1489. His grandson, Hugh, who by the way married Phelip, a daughter of the fine old Cornish family of Carminow, now extinct, paid a similar fine of four marks at the coronation of Queen Mary; for what reason I know not. In the 'Bayliff of Blackmore' there is a long story of his being outwitted by a family in Truro; but the course pursued by these Boscauwens, as narrated in that curious MS., was not unusual in those days. With the great-grandson of the last-named Hugh, himself bearing the same Christian name, commences, so far as I am aware,

a more particular connexion of the family with the ancient borough, now the city, of Truro, where the principal street (formerly two streets, then bearing other names, but now thrown into one) is still called after them, 'Boscawen.' He was chosen Knight of the Shire for Cornwall in 1626; and Edward, his fifth son, who represented Tregony in Parliament, was one of the leading members of the House of Commons, temp. Charles II. This Hugh, who was 'Chief of the Coat Armour' at the Heralds' Visitation of Cornwall in 1620, was likewise in that year Recorder of the Borough. He had three sons: Hugh,\* of whom nothing seems to be known except that he married a Clinton; Edward, a rich Turkey merchant, who was a Member of Parliament, temp. Charles II., and died at Trefusis, a lovely place overlooking the waters of Falmouth Harbour; and Nicholas, who joined the Parliamentary army (a rare thing, by the way, for a Cornish gentleman to do) with a troop raised from among his own tenantry. But the military career of Nicholas Boscawen (how terminated I have not been able to ascertain) must have been a short one; for, when only twenty-two years of age and unmarried, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, whence his remains were removed some fifteen years afterwards, at the Restoration, to be flung into a common pit in St. Margaret's churchyard.

We now approach that part of the family history

\* He must have been a wealthy man, for Davies Gilbert says that on Hugh Boscawen's daughter Bridget's marriage with Hugh Fortescue he gave her £100,000.



when the individual members cannot be quite so rapidly dismissed from notice.

The only son of Edward Boscawen (the Turkey merchant) and Jael Godolphin was another Hugh; who, like his father and uncles, seems to have been no friend to the Stuarts, and to have assisted in bringing to England William III. This no doubt explains his being made Captain of St. Mawes Castle, Warden of the Stannaries, Steward of the Duchy of Cornwall in the room of Francis Godolphin, Viscount Rialton; Comptroller of the Household; a Privy Councillor; and finally, in 1720, his being ennobled by the titles of Baron Boscawen Rose and Viscount Falmouth. He was also Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, a post which he resigned the year of his death. He several times, before gaining his title, sat for Cornwall in Parliament; but gave up all his appointments except that of Warden of the Stannaries, on the defeat of the Excise Scheme.

Hugh Boscawen seems to have been quite carried away by his political zeal, for he was foremost in arresting, or trying to arrest, any, even of his old friends, who were suspected of holding high monarchical principles; amongst whom may be named Sir Richard Vyvyan, of Trelowarren, and, as we have already seen,\* Mr. Basset, of Tehidy. He died of an apoplexy, at Trefusis, in 1734, having married, in 1700, Charlotte Godfrey, a niece of the great Duke of Marlborough, by whom he had eighteen children, eight sons and ten daughters.

\* Sub. *Basset*.

The second Viscount of the same name seems, though of a kind and gentle disposition, not to have possessed a very brilliant intellect. Davies Gilbert tells the story of him that he is said to have mistaken the phrase, 'Optat ephippia Bos,' for the Latin of his own name; and that he always confounded Horace Walpole with the Roman poet whose name is so familiar to us. Probably a somewhat unattractive sort of man, for his wife often threatened, so Mrs. Delany says, that she 'wou'd part with my lord.'

Yet he was not without shrewdness, and had some political influence. Votes which overthrew Sir Robert Walpole were carried against the Minister by his losing the majority of the Scotch and Cornish boroughs; the latter of which were managed by Lord Falmouth and Thomas Pitt. Indeed, the second Viscount Falmouth, like so many others of his contemporaries, was a great dealer in boroughs. It is of him that Dodington tells the story, that he went to the Minister to ask him a favour, which the latter seemed unwilling to grant; upon which Lord Falmouth said, 'Remember, sir, *we* are seven!' And Dover says that Lord Cowper resigned the Bedchamber on the 'Beefeaters' being given to Lord Falmouth:—'The latter, who is powerful in elections, insisted on having it; the other had nothing but a promise from the King, which the Ministry had already twice forced him to break.'

He was also Yeoman of the Guard to George II., and in 1745, according to Chauncey, raised a regiment at his own expense to serve against the Scotch

rebels ; and he had such influence in Cornwall that 6,387 persons joined an association, the members of which bound themselves to appear armed in the best manner they could, under his command, to defend the King and the Government. Mrs. Thomson, in her '*Memoirs of Viscountess Sandon*,' tells us how the second Viscount's wife, H. C. M. Russell, *née* Smith, was in desperate straits to get herself appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber, and wrote the most pressing letters to Mrs. Clayton on the subject. In one she says that she could not sleep a wink all night for thinking of it !

His brother Nicholas went to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, took holy orders, and on the Duke of Newcastle's visit to the University, as Chancellor, was created a D.D. He was appointed a King's Chaplain, and 'Dean' of Buryan in 1756, Rector of St. Mabyn and of St. Michael Penkivel in 1774, and a Prebendary of Westminster in 1777. The only remarkable thing about him seems to have been his appointment as 'Dean' of Buryan, the exact significance of which dignity it is difficult to discover, though it is said that this 'Deanery' had jurisdiction over three parishes, and the probate of wills therein, and that there were three prebends attached to it ; it is not uninteresting to note this tendency in a member of the Boscauwen family to 'hark back' to their early St. Buryan haunts.\* His wife, Mrs. Hatton, was, I believe, the widow of a linendraper in Newgate Street.

\* According to Lysons, the Deanery of the royal chapel of St. Burian was a dignity held immediately under the Crown, and in a Cartulary,

There was another brother, John—a Major-General in the army;—and the 4th son of the second Viscount, the Hon. George Boscawen, was another military member of the family; he was present at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, and represented Truro in Parliament from 1761 to 1764. His daughter, Mary, maid-of-honour to the Princess Charlotte, wrote a memoir of the Princess.

William Boscawen, younger son of the above General George Boscawen, was educated at Eton, where he became a great favourite of Dr. Barnard. He became a Gentleman Commoner of Exeter College, and on settling in London studied law under a Cornish lawyer, Mr. Justice Buller, about 1770, and went the Western Circuit. William Boscawen does not appear to have taken his degree at Oxford; but Wordsworth, in his '*Scholæ Academicæ*,' points out that it was not unusual during the last century, and at the commencement of the present, for gentlemen intending for the law to leave the University without taking a degree. He published two or three law treatises, was a Commissioner in Bankruptcy,

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20th Edw. I., the incumbent is called Dean of the King's Free Chapel of St. Burian. He used to exercise an independent jurisdiction in all ecclesiastical matters within the parish and its immediate dependencies. The three prebends, belonging to the church of St. Burian were Prebenda Parva, Prebenda de Respermel and Prebenda de Tirthney; though there may have possibly been a fourth, called Trethyn, a place in this parish where there was once a chapel. The first-named Prebend was in the gift of the Bishop; the two others were annexed to the Deanery of St. Burian. The 'Deanery' has, however, ceased to be; the three parishes are separated, and there are now simply Rectors of St. Buryan, St. Levan, and St. Sennen. (Cf. a paper on 'The Cornish Chantries' by Mr. H. Michell Whitley, in the Truro Diocesan Kalendar for 1882.)

and in 1785 he was made a Commissioner of the Victualling Office. By his marriage with Charlotte Ibbetson he had five daughters. He was much attached to literary pursuits, and translated, first the 'Odes,' 'Epodes,' and 'Carmen Seculare' of Horace, then the 'Satires,' 'Epistles,' and 'Art of Poetry';—and in many respects his translation was considered superior to Francis's. He was much indebted for his 'notes' to Dr. Foster, of Eton College. In 1801, he published some original poems and other works. A friend who met him in the Strand a few days before his death noticed that he was looking very ill; and on the 8th May, 1811, he died of asthma, at Little Chelsea. He was of an affectionate and benevolent disposition; and the Literary Fund he considered almost as his own child, writing the annual verses for it till within five years of his death.

A contemporary critic says of his literary productions, that if in them 'he does not take a lead among his contemporaries, he at least discovers an elegant taste, a poetical mind, and a correct versification.' 'Could his character be truly drawn, it would exhibit a consummate picture of everything that is amiable and estimable in human nature.' 'Incapable of *being* an enemy, it was never known that he had one; and his friends were as numerous as his virtues.'

As a specimen of his powers as a translator, his rendering of the well-known fifth ode of the 1st Book of Horace, will, I venture to think, compare, not altogether unfavourably, with the productions of his mightier predecessors in the task—Milton and Cowley.

'What youth bedew'd with moist perfume  
Courts thee, O Pyrrha! graceful maid,  
With neat simplicity array'd  
In the sweet bower where roses bloom?

'For whom dost thou in ringlets form  
Thy golden locks?—Oft shall he wail  
Thy truth, swift changing as the gale,  
View the wild waves, and shudder at the storm.

'Who now, all credulous and gay,  
Enjoys thy smile? on whose vain pride  
Thy fickle favour shines untry'd,  
And soft, deceitful breezes play?

'My fate the pictur'd wreck displays;  
The dripping garments that remain  
In mighty Neptune's sacred fane  
Record my glad escape, my grateful praise.'

But a third brother of the second Viscount—Edward, the Admiral—was destined to live in the pages of history; and of him I propose to treat more at length at the conclusion of this brief sketch of the family generally, which now draws rapidly to a close.

George Evelyn, the Admiral's youngest son, was the third Viscount, issue having failed through his two uncles, and George Evelyn's brothers having died before the death of their uncle, the second Viscount. Of these brothers it may be observed, that Edward Hugh,\* the eldest, who was M.P. for Truro, died abroad in 1774; and that William Glanville, a youth of great promise, and an officer in the navy, was drowned when eighteen years of age, in 1769, whilst bathing at Port Royal, Jamaica. In

\* His medallion portrait on his monument at St. Michael Penkivel, was designed by his mother, and was sculptured by Nollekens.



him, said Mrs. Delany, 'his father's (the Admiral's) merit revived,' and he was 'the delight and glory of the lives of his mother and sisters.' I hardly know whether the following lines on his death are from Mrs. Delany's pen, or from his mother's :

- ' Ah, William ! till thy hapless hour  
Shall fade on mem'ry's pensive eye  
The muse on Fate shall curses shower,  
That doomed a youth like thee to die.
- ' Though lost, alas ! thy lovely name  
With incense shall the skies perfume ;  
And ev'ry flower of fairest fame  
Shall wish where William sleeps, to bloom.
- ' Till Virtue seek her native sphere,  
Till honour cease below to shine,  
For thee shall Virtue drop the tear,  
And Honour's envied praise be thine.'

There can, however, be little doubt that it was a mother's pen which described him, on his cenotaph, as that 'most lovely, most beloved youth.'

But to return to the surviving and youngest brother, George Evelyn, who was destined to perpetuate the title. He is said to have been very like his mother, who describes herself as 'a little personage;' and he must have inherited the talents of both his parents, for he did remarkably well at Winchester, and very early showed a determination to follow in his illustrious father's footsteps by fighting against the enemies of his country, notwithstanding the wishes of his family to the contrary. For the sum of £400 his mother at last unwillingly procured for her 'poor little soldier,' as she termed



him, an ensigncy in the 4th or King's Own Regiment of Foot; and he, proceeding forthwith to America, was soon after present at the battle of Lexington. When Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., came into Falmouth harbour in the *Hebe* in 1785, he was entertained at Tregothnan, and thence, under Viscount Falmouth's guidance, visited all the Cornish 'lions.' On 25th October, 1787, Mrs. Boscawen writes thus to Mrs. Delany: 'My son has been a peacemaker in Cornwall, and was happy enough to pacify near a thousand angry miners, who were marching into Truro to pull their houses about their ears;' and here it may be noted that one of his ancestors had performed a similar valuable public service when the Hon. Hugh Boscawen, Lord-Warden of the Stannaries of Cornwall and Devon, presided over the Convocation of the twenty-four Stannators, 20th February to 20th April, 1710, held in the Coinage Hall, Truro; on which occasion, by a judicious speech, he dispersed a mob of some 5,000 or 6,000 men, tinnerns and others, led by one Charles Tregea, who had assembled to intimidate the Convocation, and 'force them to a farm.' The object of this Convocation was 'to keep up the price of tin, and to confirm the laws, customs, and constitutions of the Stannaries;' but it led to no satisfactory result.

The third Viscount's two sisters married well—one, Frances, gained for her husband the Hon. John Leveson Gower, Secretary to the Admiralty; and the other, Elizabeth, secured Henry, fifth Duke of Beaufort—an affair which does not seem to have

altogether satisfied that family. Her mother writes to Mrs. Delany, that the Beauforts were not particularly well pleased with the match;—‘And yet, my dear madam,’ says the sprightly Admiral’s widow, ‘does not Admiral Boscawen’s daughter, with £10,000 now, and at least 5 (*i.e.* £5,000) more by-and-by, with many excellent wife-like qualities, and no faults that ever they heard of, deserve some gentler welcome, *especially as nobody asks anything of them?*’ The Duke seems to have made the Cornish lassie a most devoted and affectionate husband.

George Evelyn Boscawen was succeeded in the title by his son, Edward, fourth Viscount and first Earl of Falmouth. He was an officer in the Coldstream Guards, and, like so many other members of his family, Recorder of Truro—the last who filled that office. He was the second of Lord Winchelsea in his famous duel with the Duke of Wellington, fought on Wimbledon Common in March, 1829, when the Duke fired and missed, and Lord Winchelsea then fired in the air and apologized. This nobleman rebuilt Tregothnan House, near the site of an older and picturesque mansion, in which might have been seen many carved stones from the old tower and chapel at Fentongollan; and he made the famous drive to it from Tresilian Bridge, an undertaking the result of which he is said to have always contemplated with much satisfaction. His son, George Henry, fifth Viscount, and second and last Earl, died unmarried in 1852, fourteen years after his father. He was a man of considerable ability, taking, in 1832, a first-

class at Oxford; and he was one of the best amateur violinists of his day. As we have said, with him the earldom lapsed. His cousin Evelyn succeeded him as sixth Viscount, and has been one of the most distinguished patrons of the turf, as well as a most fortunate owner of race-horses, having, as I am informed, won the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Two Thousand Guineas twice, and the Oaks and the One Thousand Guineas four times each; besides other important races.

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*ADMIRAL THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD  
BOSCAWEN.*

‘My lov’d Boscawen dead! ’tis all a lye—  
Fame’s trumpet sounds “He cannot, shall not die—  
At Lagos still triumphant he survives,  
And still at Louisbourg immortal lives.”’

*Gentleman’s Magazine, Jan., 1761.*

‘A great Admiral.’

PITT.

THE foregoing sketch of the history of the Boscawens seemed desirable in order to give the reader some idea of the sources from which Pitt’s ‘great Admiral’ sprang, and to serve as a background to the family picture in which his figure is the most prominent. We have seen that the Boscawens were an ancient, wealthy, and not altogether undistinguished group of Cornishmen; and have noted that their seat had for ages been on the banks of that sylvan river which empties its waters into the once

renowned Falmouth Haven. Here Edward Boscawen, third son of the first Viscount, was born on the 19th August, 1711; and, notwithstanding the absence (so far as I am aware) of any published details concerning the childhood and youth of the illustrious sailor, except the fact of his quaint humour in imitating the gestures of an old servant till he himself contracted a constant habit of carrying his head slightly on one side\*—there can be little doubt, I think, that a good deal of the young sea-dog's leisure was spent on, or in, the Fal, which washes the shores of his ancestral woods and glades. We know, indeed, that he entered the navy whilst *very young* (when only twelve years old, so Campbell says), and this suggests the idea that the future 'old Dreadnought' may have found the limits of the sequestered Tregothnan estate and the quiet life led there incompatible with the high spirits which a lad of his quality must undoubtedly have possessed. In other words, we can but believe that he was a born sailor, and that he merited, from the first, another of his sobriquets,—derived from the heroic contempt of danger which he manifested throughout his life—'the brave Boscawen.' He no doubt expected that, in accordance with the practice of a century and a half ago, through family interest he would very shortly obtain his lieutenancy, when an order was suddenly and unexpectedly issued, subjecting all

\* He is so depicted in his portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds in our National Portrait Gallery. There are numerous engraved portraits of him in the Print Room of the British Museum.

midshipmen to at least six years' service. 'To this order,' Boscawen used to say, 'I owe all my knowledge of seamanship.' At any rate, the new regulation did not change his views, nor prevent many other Cornish youngsters from entering the navy and serving under an officer who was as fond of having them about him as they were of sailing under his command. Amongst such may be named the Hon. George Edgcumbe,\* afterwards Admiral of the White, who commanded the *Lancaster* of seventy guns at the famous siege of Louisbourg (of which we shall hear more by-and-by); and Admiral Sir Richard Spry, who commanded a similar ship, the *Oxford*, on that occasion.

And here it should be remembered how different in many respects is the position of the modern British sailor—true Briton as he still is, and is proving himself to be at Alexandria even whilst I write these lines—from the traditional sailor of Boscawen's days. Now, most of the sailors' work in our steam iron-clads is done on deck or below; but, at the period of which we are about to consider some episodes, the larger proportion—certainly the more difficult—was performed aloft. In weather of all sorts 'there were dead-eyes to turn in, there were chafing gear to look after, reef-points to knot, masts to stay, studding-sail gear to reeve, and the like.' Then the wild excitement of going aloft to shorten sail in stormy weather! The old songs at the reef-tackles, the flapping of the canvas, the springing into the

\* Edgcumbe took home the Admiral's despatches in the *Shannon*.

shrouds, and the helter-skelter race for the weather-easing—unless, indeed, the iron-hard pressure of the gale pinned you against the shrouds as if you had been a spread-eagle. In work of this sort the English tars were always pre-eminent, and one can easily believe that the Admiral accordingly had a thoroughly hearty contempt for the unsailor-like character of the French crews. Of one he said he ‘never saw so bad a crew on salt water before; there were not twenty men on board who could go aloft.’\* Those, too, were days not only of rough work, but also of rough-and-ready fighting; and Boscawen’s motto, like that of Hawke,† his illustrious contemporary and rival, was always, ‘Strike.’ One night Boscawen’s lieutenant came to him, and awoke him, saying that they had fallen in with three ships of the enemy. ‘What shall we do?’ ‘Why, fight ’em, to be sure!’ said Boscawen; and, dashing up on deck in his night shirt, he soon com-

\* Yet the French *ships* were in many respects better than the English; Professor Montagu Burrows (Captain R.N.) considers that an English 70-gun ship of the line was then not more than equal to a French 52. Many of the vessels were absolutely rotten, and the provisioning was grossly mismanaged. The officers too, it is said, were often found combining prudence with valour in somewhat un-English proportions.

† ‘Hawke’s grandfather (says Professor Burrows), a London merchant, had, like his ancestors for many generations, been settled at Treriven or Treraven (? Raven on the one-inch ordnance map, near the interesting old house of Trebasil), in the parish of St. Cleather, in Cornwall, about half-way between Launceston and Tintagel Head. Cornwall thus has the honour of having produced the two greatest admirals of the period, Hawke and Boscawen.’ I did not myself venture to claim Hawke as a Cornishman, inasmuch as his father, a barrister of Lincoln’s Inn, settled at Bocking in Norfolk.



pelled the enemy to sheer off. It was from this action that he is said to have acquired the name of Old Dreadnought. On another occasion he took off his wig, and with it stopped a leak in his boat, which was rapidly sinking.

As we have seen, he was the third son of the first Viscount Falmouth, and was called Edward after his grandfather. His grandmother, Jael, was of the fine old Cornish stock of Godolphin, and his mother was Charlotte Godfrey, a niece of the great Duke of Marlborough, not a natural daughter (as Hals says) of James II., by Arabella Churchill, but her eldest daughter, by Colonel Charles Godfrey, Master of the Jewel Office, whom she had subsequently married;—so that he seems to have had royal as well as good fighting blood in his veins, some of which he was destined to shed for his country. I do not know at what date he received his lieutenant's commission; probably it was on being appointed to the *Hector* in 1732; but on the 12th March, 1737, when not quite twenty-six years old, he was appointed captain of the *Leopard*, a fourth-rate of fifty guns. On the outbreak of the war with Spain, he was transferred to the *Shoreham* of twenty guns, and was sent to cruise off Jamaica. Unfortunately, when Admiral Vernon determined, in November, 1740, on attacking Porto Bello (a place which Columbus had discovered and named in 1562, and which had once before succumbed to a British Admiral, Sir Francis Drake, in 1596), the *Shoreham* was found to be unfit for action; but Boscawen



would not be deprived of this chance of seeing some active service, so he sailed as a volunteer, and so far distinguished himself at the easy capture of the place—for the garrison was on a peace footing, and the British lost only seven men—that he was entrusted with the duty of superintending the demolition of the fortifications.

Rejoining the *Shoreham*, which had now been thoroughly overhauled, we next hear of him, in March, 1740-41, at the siege of Carthagena, the chief port in New Granada, again under Admiral Vernon, who is described as a man of fair abilities, but of harsh overbearing temper;—one of those naval heroes of whom Byron sourly says in his ‘Don Juan:’

‘They filled their sign-posts then like Wellesley now.’

Here again he gathered laurels, and attracted considerable notice by what Campbell describes as his ‘quick-sighted judgment and intrepid valour,’ commanding a detachment of 300 sailors and 200 soldiers, and storming a fascine battery on Boca Chica, which had much galled General Wentworth, and held our forces in check.

Campbell thus describes Boscawen’s part in the affair, which reminds us of the recent gallant rush on Tel-el-Kebir:\*

‘Pushing forward with a strength equal to their

\* It is extremely gratifying to record that on that glorious morning scions of distinguished Cornish families were present—a Boscawen and a St. Aubyn—viz., the eldest son of the present Viscount Falmouth, and the second son of the present Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart.

animation, they soon climbed the entrenchments, and entering the embrasures in the face of a continued fire, and on the very muzzles of the guns, they drove the enemy from the works with considerable slaughter; and after spiking the cannon and burning the platforms, together with the gun-carriages, guard-house, and magazine, Boscawen led off his detachment in order, and returned to the fleet with six wounded prisoners. The Spaniards, fully sensible of the support which this battery had afforded them, were indefatigable in their endeavours to repair it; and having in a few days so far succeeded as to be able to bring six guns to bear upon the English fleet, Boscawen was again ordered to reduce it, but in a manner which exposed him less to personal danger than in the service in which it was before deemed expedient to employ him. He was directed to proceed with his own ship, the *Shorcham*, together with the *Princess Amelia* and the *Lichfield*, as close inshore as the depth of the water would admit them (a dangerous enterprise in consequence of the difficulties of the navigation here), to anchor abreast of the battery, and to bring the ships' broadsides to bear upon it; whilst, on the other hand, a detachment of seamen, under the command of Captains Watson, Cotes, and Dennis, were at the same time to storm it. These measures, taken with so much skill and prudence, would in all probability have ensured the success of the attack; but the Spaniards, intimidated by the formidable appearance

of the assailants, *abandoned the battery without firing a shot.*'

But the place was too strongly fortified; and the siege of Carthagera was soon after raised (a circumstance which, by the way, tended to hasten the fall of Walpole). Yet before Boscawen left he was again employed, as at Porto Bello, to rase the different forts which the English had taken on the neighbouring coast; and, whilst engaged on this service, was appointed to the *Prince Frederick*, of 70 guns, on the death of Lord Aubrey Beauclerk, who gallantly fell at Boca Chica.

Clinton observes that the siege lasted from January to 24th April, 1741; and that as the surf prevented a bombardment from the sea, it was determined to make a lodging on Boca Chica, in order to reduce the fort there. The long-standing jealousy between the navy and the army was, he thinks, the cause of the failure of the siege. However that may be, three thousand men were lost by assaults and sickness; and the fleet returned to Jamaica.

On the 14th May, 1742, Boscawen reached home, or rather St. Helen's, Isle of Wight, bringing advices of Admiral Vernon's having sailed on a fresh expedition, which unfortunately proved abortive. But this year was memorable in his life for other than warlike exploits; for its close witnessed his marriage with the graceful, sprightly, and accomplished Frances Evelyn Glanville, of St. Clere, Kent; a lady sufficiently distinguished in her day to claim, as a Cornishman's wife, the notice which I have ventured

to append to this sketch of the Admiral, her husband,—whose epitaph, glowing with eloquence, she was destined to write.

In the year that he married he was elected Member for Truro. And here it may be observed that the gallant naval officer was always extremely popular in his native county. One account states that he was 'positively adored' by the people, and that they insisted on sending him to Parliament as their representative, notwithstanding his reluctance to serve, on account of one member of his family being already there—namely, his father—in the House of Peers. Again, in 1747 he was elected for both Saltash (another old Cornish borough) and Truro; but he decided on maintaining his political connexion with the latter.

The next few months of his life would seem to have passed without any events of public interest occurring; but, early in 1744, war, arising out of the assistance given by the French to the Young Pretender's ill-starred descent upon England, broke out with France; and Boscawen was made Captain of the *Dreadnought*, of 60 guns. With her he very soon after captured the *Medea*, a French frigate of 26 guns and 240 men, commanded by a M. Hocquart—whom in the course of our history we shall twice meet again as Boscawen's prisoner. This was the first prize taken in the war. For some time he continued doing what may be called home duty—cruising in the Channel, sitting on courts-martial, and acting as Commodore on board the *Royal Sovereign*, at the

Nore. Whilst acting in the latter capacity it fell within his province to send out several of the newly-pressed men as they were brought to him in company with some experienced seamen, in frigates and small vessels, to guard the mouths of many of the minor creeks and rivers along the shores of Kent and Sussex.

In January, 1746, he was appointed to the *Namur*, formerly of 90 guns, but afterwards reduced to a third-rate; and in November of that year, being in command of a small squadron at the mouth of the Channel, he captured two prizes—one a large privateer from St. Malo, the other a despatch-boat from M. De Jonquiere (the commander of the French fleet on the American station), with advices of the death of the Duc D'Anville, and of the consequent failure of the expedition under that officer's command.

We now approach the time when he was to receive his first wound of consequence, and to perform one of the most gallant and self-denying exploits of his brave career—a deed so daring and so brilliantly successful as to excite the jealousy of Anson, his superior officer, and thus to lay the foundation of an ill-feeling between those two gallant seamen which, it is to be feared, can be traced throughout their lives.

In 1747, whilst commanding a line-of-battle ship in the fleet intended for America, under Admirals Anson and Vernon, he was present at the gallant action of the 3rd May, off Cape Finisterre. 'Here,' says Campbell, 'Boscawen signalized himself equally

by his heroism and his judgment. The French fleet, having got the weather-gage, kept up a constant and well-directed fire on the English ships as they turned to windward to form the line abreast of the enemy. But Boscawen, perceiving that our ships would thereby be disabled before their guns could be brought to bear upon the French line, and his ship being a very superior sailer to any of the rest, and being, besides, the leading ship of the van, pressed forward with a crowd of sail, received himself the greatest part of the enemy's fire, and singly maintained the conflict until the remainder of the fleet came up to his support; by which daring but judicious manœuvre *he principally contributed* to the success with which on that day the British arms were crowned.\* On this occasion he was severely wounded in the shoulder by a musket-ball. His country, however, was not long deprived of his services by this misfortune, from the effects of which he recovered in a few weeks.' At Finisterre all the French ships, ten in number, were taken, including the *Diamant*, of 56 tons, commanded by M. Hocquart, who thus became, for the second time, Boscawen's prisoner.

Shortly after being made Rear-Admiral of the Blue, he was invested with a command which shows the remarkable estimation in which he was held by the

\* Walpole has pointed out, in his 'Memoirs of the last Ten Years of George II.,' how the reserved and proud Anson, 'who had been round the world, but never in it,' had carried off all the glory of the victory at Cape Finisterre, though Boscawen had done the service. In this view Professor Burrows concurs.



Government, receiving, as he did, a commission from the King as Admiral and Commandant of a squadron of six ships of the line and five frigates, with 2,000 soldiers on board, ordered for the East Indies; and also as General and Commander-in-Chief of the land forces employed in the expedition—‘the only instance, except that of the Earl of Peterborough, of any officer having received such a command since the reign of Charles II.’ Yet, such were his tact and personal character, that no ill-feeling arose on the part of the troops thus placed under his command—in fact, as an officer, quoted by Campbell, quaintly says, ‘the Admiral, by his genteel behaviour, gained the love of the land officers, and never was greater harmony among all degrees of men than in this expedition;’ notwithstanding which it failed in effecting the main objects which it had in view, viz. the capture of Pondicherry, and the attack on Port Louis, Mauritius; *en route* thither. He sailed from St. Helen’s on the 4th November, 1747; but owing to bad weather and contrary winds, did not reach the Cape of Good Hope till the 29th March, 1748; and here he remained a short time to refresh his jaded crews.

The difficulties of the landing at Port Louis, and the strength of the batteries by which it was defended, were such as to triumph over even the genius and courage of Boscawen; and after vain though most strenuous search for a practicable landing-place, the Admiral called a council of war, at which it was determined that a small boat-party should land



during the night with a view to capturing (if possible) at least one man of the enemy, from whom they might obtain information as to the numbers and situation of the French forces. This ingenious attempt, however, failed; and at a second council of war it was agreed that the attack on Port Louis, even if it succeeded (which was doubtful), would necessitate the leaving behind so large a force to occupy the place, that it would imperil the chances of capturing Pondicherry, the principal object of the expedition; and to this it may be added that Boscawen had lost many of his men from their eating a poisonous fish called the *vielle*, at the island of Roderique.

They accordingly sailed at once for Fort St. David, near Pondicherry, which place they reached on the 29th July; and here Boscawen took over the command, from Admiral Griffin, of what had now become the largest 'marine force belonging to any one European nation that had ever been seen in the Indian seas.' Boscawen marched forward with his army on the 8th of August, and opened the trenches on the 27th. But his men rapidly grew sick in that unwholesome climate; his chief engineer was killed; the monsoons were shortly expected. It was found that the garrison far outnumbered the besiegers, and, 'everything having been done which gallantry and perseverance could perform,' writes Walpole, on the 6th October it was finally determined to raise the siege.\* And a gale, on 14th April, 1749, arose,

\* Pondicherry (or Puducheri) as it is called by the natives, seems to have had a somewhat chequered history. It was purchased by the

which seems to have been the main cause of the unsuccessful termination of the whole expedition—the Admiral's flag-ship, the *Namur*, foundered; the *Pembroke* and the *Apollo* (hospital ship) were also lost, together with a very large proportion of their crews. Providentially, our Admiral and General was on shore at the time.

Not long afterwards peace was declared at Aix-la-Chapelle, and Boscawen had, at least, the gratification of having Madras delivered up to him.

In April, 1750, he returned to England in the *Exeter*, to find that during his absence he had been appointed Rear-Admiral of the White; and additional honours soon after fell to his lot. In 1751 he was made a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, and at the Board's meetings found many opportunities of falling foul of his old foe, Anson, whom he always suspected, perhaps without sufficient cause, of having sent him on what the former knew from the beginning would be the fruitless expedition to Pondicherry. This suspicion, however, would seem to be confirmed by a letter from Walpole to Mann, dated 31st January, 1750, in which the writer says that Boscawen was unfortunate during the

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French, from the King of Benjapore, in 1672; it was taken from them by the Dutch in 1693, who considerably enlarged the town and fortifications. At the Treaty of Ryswick it was restored to France; in 1748 it was, as we have seen, unsuccessfully besieged by Boscawen; but in 1761, after a long, tedious blockade, it was captured by Coote. At the Peace of 1763 it was again restored to France; in 1778 it was once more surrendered to England, and finally it was delivered up to France in 1783, to become the capital of the French Settlements in India.

whole expedition (East Indies), and that Anson sent him upon it 'on purpose to ruin him . . . upon slight intelligence, and upon improbable views.' A jealousy, as we have seen, had previously arisen between the two Admirals over the Cape Finisterre affair, when Boscawen complained loudly of Anson's behaviour. In July, 1751, he was made an Elder Brother of the Trinity House; and in May, 1754, he was, for the third time, chosen to represent in the House of Commons his old borough of Truro, between which and himself there had existed so long and friendly a connexion;—and now, 'for want of something better to do,' as one of his biographers insinuates, he became a zealous politician.

In 1755 he was made Vice-Admiral of the Blue; and, the French beginning to display ambitious projects in America, Boscawen was despatched from Spithead on 19th April, with a strong fleet, to frustrate their designs. The French Admiral was M. Bois de la Motte, and he had a large and powerful armament of twenty-five ships of the line, and other vessels, together with a train of artillery, etc., etc. Boscawen's force consisted of eleven sail and a frigate, together with two regiments of infantry. He was, however, afterwards reinforced by six ships of the line and another frigate under the command of Rear-Admiral Holbourne. The English ships waited for the Frenchmen off Cape Ray, Newfoundland; but in a fog the French Admiral eluded his antagonists, and contrived to get his ships (with two exceptions) into harbour. These two ships Boscawen cap-

tured on the 10th June, after a gallant engagement of five hours. They contained £80,000 in specie, a large number of French officers, and altogether 1,500 prisoners. The two French ships were the *Alcide* and *Lys* (each of 64 guns), which were taken by the *Defiance* and the *Dunkirk*. Again Boscawen took the first French ships during the war; and again found his old acquaintance, M. Hocquart, on board one of them, who thus for the third time became the British Admiral's prisoner of war. The story of the action is thus graphically told by Lord Mahon :

‘ Only the day before King George III. embarked at Harwich (for his usual summer residence at his beloved Hanover, notwithstanding the strong feeling which existed against his leaving the kingdom at so critical a time) Admiral Boscawen, with eleven ships of the line and two regiments on board, set sail from Portsmouth. His orders were to follow a large French armament which had recently been equipped at Brest, and to attack it if designed for the Bay of St. Lawrence. A thick fog off Newfoundland concealed the rival fleets from each other; but two English ships, the first commanded by Captain (afterwards Lord) Howe, came within speech of two French ships. The foreign commandant inquired if it was war or peace. Howe replied that he must wait for his Admiral's signal, but that he advised the Frenchman to prepare for war. Ere long appeared Boscawen's signal for engaging; Howe attacked, and after an engagement, in which he

displayed equal skill and intrepidity, succeeded in taking the two French ships—the *Alcide* and the *Lys*. The rest of the French armament—eight or nine ships of the line—got safe into the harbour of Louisbourg; and their safety caused as great disappointment in England as the capture of their consorts irritation in France. The French Ambassador in London, M. de Mirepoix, was recalled at these tidings, yet still there was not on either side a formal declaration of war.’

On the 15th November, Boscawen returned to England with his prizes and his prisoners, and anchored at Spithead.

In the following year, 1756, he commanded the squadron in the Bay of Quiberon, stationed there for the purpose of watching the French fleet; but, so far as I am aware, was engaged in no important active service on that occasion. His leisure, however, gave him an opportunity of showing the interest he took in the welfare of his men, as well as his resource in alleviating the tedium of their unoccupied time, by setting them to work to cultivate a barren island, and converting it into a fruitful garden, whose produce was an extremely welcome adjunct to the invariable salt junk and biscuit of those days. Promotions, however, came, and he was made, at short intervals, successively Vice-Admiral of the White and of the Red.

But the year 1758 proved more eventful for our hero; and is perhaps the most memorable in his

annals, for it witnessed his gallant attack and capture of Louisbourg—‘once mistress of the seas,’ and ‘the key to French America,’ but now consisting of a few fishermen’s huts and some moss-covered ruins. This event directly led to the conquest of Canada.

On the 28th of May, being now full Admiral, he sailed from his old starting-point, St. Helen’s. And here it may be well, in order to understand the importance of the service on which Boscawen was now engaged, to take a rapid glance at the general position of affairs.

In 1758 there was war in each of the four quarters of the globe. England was triumphing over the Gallic power in India, and over its settlements on the western shores of Africa. And Pitt, having decided on dealing a blow at the French in North America, planned an expedition for the conquest of Cape Breton and St. John’s. Disregarding the old principles of selecting for the command officers whose chief recommendation was their family connexions or their political influence, he selected General (afterwards Lord) Amherst to command the army, and Boscawen to be the head of the fleet. The armament (says Lord Mahon) assembled at Halifax, and consisted of 150 sail and 12,000 soldiers. On 2nd June it came to anchor within seven miles of Louisbourg, the capital of Cape Breton. The land-defences of this place had been carefully strengthened by the French, in expectation of the attack; five ships of the line were drawn up in the harbour, and the garrison,



soldiers and marines together, exceeded 6,000 men. It was with much difficulty, and after stout resistance, that the English effected their landing. Wolfe (who had attracted Pitt's notice by his behaviour before Rochefort) was the first to spring from the boats into the raging surf, and cheer on his soldiers to the charge. During the whole siege his ardour and activity were equally conspicuous.\* The conduct of General Amherst also deserves high praise; and the most cordial co-operation—another proof how judiciously the chiefs had been chosen—prevailed between himself and Admiral Boscawen. For the besieged, they kept up their fire with much spirit, and attempted several sallies; but before the close of July, many of their cannon being dismounted, and divers practicable breaches made in the walls, they were compelled to capitulate. The garrison became prisoners of war, and were transported to England. Besides the ships captured in the harbour, a large amount of stores and ammunition was found in the place. Wolfe was on this occasion second in command to Amherst; and Clinton, too, notes that 'for almost the first time in a mixed expedition there was perfect accord between all ranks of both services: Boscawen, Amherst, and Wolfe concerted all measures without jealousy, and an eye-witness records that "the soldiers worked like horses, making the roads, and drawing up the cannon, while the sailors went and lent a hand to build up the batteries."' The whole island of Cape Breton sub-

\* Here, too, Cook, the circumnavigator, won his first laurels.



mitted, on the fall of its capital; and the island of St. John's followed the fate of Cape Breton, being occupied by Colonel Lord Rollo with a detachment of troops. Eleven pairs of French colours taken during the siege were, by his Majesty's command, carried in procession, with kettle-drums and trumpets sounding, from Kensington Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral, and deposited there amidst a salute of cannon and other public demonstrations of triumph. They were received by the Dean and Chapter, and put up near the west door of the Cathedral, whilst the guns of the Tower and St. James's Park thundered out their victorious salutes. Sir Henry Ellis, in his edition (1818) of Dugdale's '*St. Paul's*,' says that, of the flags and banners hung inside the nave and round the dome, the oldest were those taken at Louisbourg. Nor were the rejoicings confined to London; a great number of other towns and corporations lighted bonfires in the streets, and sent addresses of congratulation to the King; and a form of prayer and thanksgiving for the victory was read in all the churches in England.

Among the many brilliant exploits of the British navy during the year 1758—during which period we captured or destroyed 16 French men-of-war, 49 privateers, and 104 merchant ships, besides 176 neutral ships seized as laden with French colonial produce or military stores—Boscawen's share was as we have seen, conspicuous.

It was not until the 1st of November that our

Admiral returned, with four of his ships, to St. Helen's, having, on the way home, fallen in with six French ships off the Scilly Islands, of which, however, he was unable to give his usual good account, as they sailed much faster than his. He nevertheless managed to disable one of them, the *Bellicieux*, and drove her up the Bristol Channel, where she was secured by the *Antelope*.

The following 6th of December was a proud day for the victorious naval hero; for, in his place in Parliament, he received the thanks of the House of Commons. In the course of Speaker Onslow's address conveying the thanks of the House, he declared himself 'unable to enumerate and set forth the great and extensive advantages accruing to this nation from the conquest of Louisbourg, with the islands of Cape Breton and St. John,' and described the vote of thanks as 'a national honour from a free people, ever cautiously conferred, in order to be the more esteemed, and the greater reward; a reward which ought to be reserved for the most signal services to the State, as well as for the most approved merit in it.' Boscawen's reply was characteristically short, modest, and sailor-like. He said, from his place, 'Mr. Speaker, I am happy in having been able to do my duty; but have not words to express my sense of the distinguished reward that has been conferred upon me by this House; nor can I enough thank you, sir, for the polite and elegant manner in which you have been pleased to convey to me the Resolution.'

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1758, gives a long and (to military men at least) an interesting journal of this important siege, of which the following is a *résumé*\* :

Owing to the violence of the surf, great difficulties appear to have existed in landing the troops and *matériel* for the operations ; and, on the 23rd June, Boscawen had to inform his colleague that no less than 100 boats had, up to that time, been lost in the various attempts which had been made. Nor was this the only way in which the naval commander endeavoured to contribute to the success of the undertaking, for on the 26th June, with 200 marines, the Admiral took the French post of Kennington Cove, which proved, as General Amherst said, 'a great ease to the army.' To add to the difficulties of the undertaking small-pox broke out, and proved fatal in a great many cases—2,000 men dying from this and other causes during the expedition ; whilst dense fogs and stormy weather also frequently hindered the progress of their operations ; yet, in spite of a host of similar discouraging circumstances, the work was pushed on with truly British vigour and tenacity. On the 25th of July, Boscawen sent in boats with 600 men into the harbour, and took two French ships—the *Prudent*, of 74 guns, and the *Bienfaisant*, of 64 guns—whose fire had terribly galled the besiegers. The former vessel was burnt, as she was aground ; but the *Bienfaisant* was captured and

\* A still more complete and detailed account, illustrated by a map, will be found in R. Brown's 'History of Cape Breton.'

towed into the north-east harbour. Boscawen, in his letter to Pitt of 28th July, 1758, refers to this as 'a particular gallant action' on the part of his captains. A similar operation was to have been attempted on the following day, but the French had by this time had enough of it; an offer of capitulation was made by the Governor, and articles were agreed upon, including the surrender of the garrison—over 3,000 men—as prisoners of war, together with sailors and naval officers to the number of 2,606. A vast number of mortars and cannon, etc., were also taken. Thus the strong fortress of Louisbourg fell, the islands of Cape Breton and St. John thereupon surrendered, and a deadly blow was inflicted on the French arms.\* The insurance on vessels to America at once fell from 25 or 30 to 12 per cent., and on the 26th August the Lord Mayor of London, with many of the principal citizens, waited on the King to congratulate him upon the victory. In the course of their address occurs the following passage, which I quote as illustrative of the importance which the City attached to the event, and of the strong anti-Gallic feeling which prevailed at that time:

'May these valuable acquisitions, so gloriously obtained, ever continue a part of the British Empire, as an effectual check to the perfidy and ambition of a nation whose repeated insults and usurpations obliged your Majesty to enter into this just and necessary war. And may these instances of the

\* The year after Boscawen expelled the French from Cape Breton, Wolfe and Saunders drove them out of Canada.

wisdom of your Majesty's councils, of the conduct and resolution of your commanders, and of the intrepidity of your fleets and armies, convince the world of the innate strength and resources of your kingdoms, and dispose your Majesty's enemies to yield to a safe and honourable peace.'

Exeter, Cambridge, and other important places followed suit.

Boscawen had surely now received

' Praise enough  
To fill the ambition of a private man ;'

but his career was not to close without his having at least one more opportunity of distinguishing himself. In the following year, on the 14th April, 1759, he was again afloat ; on this occasion appointed to the command in the Mediterranean, with a view to overmastering the French fleet. Having vainly endeavoured to entice the enemy out of their harbour at Toulon, the British Admiral withdrew to Gibraltar to refit ; and whilst here, having ascertained that the French ships under M. De la Clue had somehow contrived to pass the Straits without his being able to prevent them, he came to the conclusion that their object was to effect a junction with the Brest fleet—a consummation which of course Boscawen was bound to prevent. At once he gave the order for pursuit, and slipping his war-hounds from the leash, he came up with the enemy in Lagos Bay, some 150 sea miles north-west of Gibraltar Straits. He

had pursued the Frenchmen all night, and came up with them at 2 p.m. on the following day, when, after a furious engagement which lasted some hours, he captured or destroyed nearly half the enemy's ships, and thus 'effectually defeated the magnificent scheme of invading England, with which the French Minister had for some time amused the military ardour and romantic spirit of his countrymen.' It is worth while to give Boscawen's account to the Admiralty of the memorable action in his own words:

'I acquainted you in my last of my return to Gibraltar to refit. As soon as the ships were near ready, I ordered the *Lyme* and *Gibraltar*, the only frigates ready, the first to cruise off Malaga, the last from Estepona to Ceuta Point, to look out, and give me timely notice of the enemy's approach.

'On the 17th, at eight in the evening, the *Gibraltar* made the signal of their appearance, fourteen sail, on the Barbary shore, to the eastward of Ceuta. I got under sail as fast as possible, and was out of the bay before ten, with fourteen sail of the line, the *Shannon* frigate, and *Ætna* fireship. At daylight I saw the *Gibraltar*, and soon after seven large ships lying to; but on our not answering their signals, they made sail from us. We had a fresh gale that brought us up with them fast till about noon, when it fell little wind. About half an hour past two, some of the headmost ships began to engage, but I could not get up to the *Ocean* till near four. In about half an hour the *Namur*'s mizzen-mast and both topsail-yards were shot away. The enemy then made all the sail



they could. I shifted my flag to the *Newark*, and soon after the *Centaur*, of 74 guns, struck.\*

'I pursued all night, and in the morning of the 19th saw only four sail standing in for the land, two of the best sailers having altered their course in the night; we were not above three miles from them, and not above five leagues from the shore, with very little wind. About nine the *Ocean* ran among the breakers, and the three others anchored. I sent the *Intrepid* and the *America* to destroy the *Ocean*. Captain Pratten having anchored, could not get in; but Captain Kirke performed that service alone. On his first firing at the *Ocean* she struck, and Captain Kirke sent his officers on board. M. De la Clue, having one leg broke and the other wounded, had been landed about half an hour; but they found the captain, M. le Compte de Carnes, and several officers and men, on board. Captain Kirke, after taking them out, finding it impossible to bring the ship off, set her on fire. Captain Bently, of the *Warspight*, was ordered against the *Temeraire*, of 74 guns, and brought her off with little damage, the officers and men all on board. At the same time, Vice-Admiral Broderick, with his division, burnt the *Redoubtable*, her officers and men having quitted her, being bulged; they brought the *Modeste*, of 64 guns, off, very little damaged.

\* His tactics were to get to windward of his opponents, notwithstanding the advantage that gave their gunnery at first, whilst waiting to leeward for the attack; but the British crews were not given to flinching under fire, and when once Boscawen got within half musket-shot of the enemy he 'hammered away into his antagonists' hulls, and it was soon all over with them.'



‘I have the pleasure to acquaint their lordships, that most of his Majesty’s ships under my command sailed better than those of the enemy.

‘Enclosed I send you a list of the French squadron, found on board the *Modeste*.\*

‘Herewith you will also receive the number of the killed and wounded on board his Majesty’s ships (56 killed and 196 wounded), referring their lordships for further particulars to Captain Buckle.’

Well might even the gentle poet Cowper say of so brilliant and important an exploit as this was : ‘When poor Bob White brought in the news of Boscawen’s success off the Coast of Portugal, how did I leap for joy!’

As part of the results of his victory Boscawen took three large ships and burnt two ; and on the 15th of September reached Spithead with his prizes and 2,000 prisoners. Unfortunately the victory involved us in a protracted negotiation with the Portuguese, who complained, not without reason, that the neutrality of their coasts had been violated. It was on this occasion that Pitt, in giving, in his letter to Mr. Hay, then British Minister at Lisbon, his directions for the conduct of the negotiations, loftily writes on the

\* The French Admiral’s ship, the *Ocean*, carried 80 guns ; besides her, the fleet comprised five ships of 74 guns, three of 64 guns, two of 50 guns, one of 26 guns, and two of 24 guns. Admiral Ekins could never sufficiently admire Admiral Boscawen’s action in shifting his flag to the *Newark*, during the fight with De la Clue, observing that we have had but one example since Boscawen’s time of this being done ; viz., by Commodore Nelson on 14th February. Ekins gives a capital account of this engagement, by a midshipman who was present.

12th September, 1759: 'You will be particularly attentive not to employ any favourable circumstances to justify what the Law of Nations condemns!' Yet the great Minister was careful to add in his P.S. that 'any personal mark on a great Admiral who has done so essential a service to his country, or on any one under his command, *is totally inadmissible*; as well as the idea of restoring the ships of war taken.' The delicate political considerations involved in this transaction may perhaps account for Boscawen's not again receiving the thanks of the House; but that the enormous value of the service which he had rendered was not unperceived, may be seen from the fact that the City of Edinburgh embraced this opportunity of presenting the Admiral with its 'freedom.' After a while, however, more substantial rewards followed. He was made a Privy Councillor; and, on 8th December, 1760, a General of Marines, with a salary of £3,000 a year. It may be a matter of surprise with some that no title was conferred upon Boscawen; but, as a public writer has recently observed: 'Naval services have been by no means so frequently rewarded by peerages as military services, especially of late years; as may be gathered from the fact that while the Queen has already created thirteen military peers, she has created only two naval peers—namely, the late Sir Edmund Lyons, made Baron Lyons after the Crimean War in 1856, and Lord Alcester. Before that the latest naval peerage was the Barony of De Saumarez conferred on Sir James Saumarez in 1831 by William IV.; and before that, again, the

Viscounty of Exmouth, conferred on the Cornish Admiral Sir Edward Pellew in 1816 by the Prince Regent. And, even from the age of the great French War of the end of last and the beginning of the current century, the titles remaining in the peerage are far from numerous: Nelson, Bridport, Camperdown, Gardner, Graves, Hood, Howe, Rodney, and St. Vincent, nearly or quite exhausting the list.' In the present instance there was probably the further consideration that our Admiral's brother was already a Viscount, whilst his own son was heir apparent to that title.

We now come to Boscawen's last service—once more in the Bay of Quiberon—where he was posted with a view to his following up Conflans after his defeat by Hawke. In this command he was relieved on the 26th August; and little remains to be told except the final record that, on the 10th January, 1761, this thoroughbred seaman and gentleman died of a bilious fever, when only fifty years of age, at his seat, Hatchlands Park, near Guildford, Surrey. But his body was laid amongst those of his ancestors in the remote and quiet little church of St. Michael Penkivel—'*grata quies patriæ*'—where no more warlike cannonade was destined to disturb his repose than the sunset and sunrise gun from Pendennis or St. Mawes Castles, or from the guard-ship stationed in the adjacent harbour of Falmouth.\*

His monument, of white marble, is an imposing

\* There is a local tradition that the Admiral caused the tower of this church to be lowered, lest it should serve as a landmark to the enemy!

piece of statuary, the most prominent part of which is a bust designed by Adam, and executed by Rysbrack, which well displays the bluff, portly, and determined features of one of England's bravest and ablest sons. But, to my mind, the best and loveliest part of that trophied memorial is the following inscription from the pen of the well-beloved partner of all his joys and sorrows :

*' Satis Gloriæ sed haud satis Reipublicæ :*

' Here lies the Right Honourable Edward Boscawen, Admiral of the Blue, General of Marines, Lord of the Admiralty and one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. His birth tho' noble, his titles tho' illustrious, were but incidental additions to his greatness.

' History, in more expressive and more indelible characters, will inform latest posterity with what ardent zeal, with what successful valour, he served his country, and taught her enemies to dread her naval power.

' In command he was equal to every emergency—superior to ev'ry difficulty. In his high departments masterly and upright, His example form'd while his patronage rewarded merit.

' With the highest exertions of Military greatness he united the gentlest offices of humanity.

' His concern for the interest and unwearied attention to the health of all under his command softened the necessary exactions of duty and the rigors of discipline by the care of a guardian and the tenderness of a father.

' Thus belov'd and rever'd, amiable in private life as illustrious in public, this gallant and profitable servant of his country, when he was beginning to reap the harvest of his toils and dangers, in the full meridian of years and glory, after having been providentially preserved from every peril incident to his profession, died of a fever on the 10th of Jany. in the year 1761, the 50th of his age, at Hatchlands Park in Surrey, a seat he had just finished at the expense of the enemies of his country, and (amidst the groans and tears of his beloved Cornishmen) was here deposited.

' His once happy wife inscribes this marble—an unequal testimony of his worth, and of her affection.'

Here perhaps it may conveniently be added that

his name is still honourably remembered in the Navy, for the *Boscawen*, of 101 guns, was one of the Baltic fleet in 1854; and there is a ship of that name, now stationed at Weymouth, used as a naval training-ship for boys.

The career of Admiral Boscawen depicts his character. It was that of a brave, blunt, determined sailor of the old school. He could not look at a French ship without desiring to fight her; and his determination, according to his enemies, amounted to obstinacy. Walpole tells us how the Admiral in 1757 is said to have been recalled from his then station to serve under Hawke, which he declined to do, 'and his Boscawenhood is now much more Boscawened; that is surly in the deepest shade;' and the same writer says, in another place, that he was 'the most obstinate man of an obstinate family.' Yet even Walpole is compelled to pay this somewhat unwilling tribute to the Admiral's worth during the perilous time when he served his country so well: 'Never did the bravery of the English and the want of spirit in the French appear in greater opposition; the former making their attacks on spots which the French deemed impregnable, threw them into utter dismay; and dictated a very quick and unjustifiable submission—Boscawen's rough courage was fully known before.' And a recent critic, who has already been quoted more than once (himself a naval officer), thus sums up our hero's character: 'He was virtuous like Anson and Hawke, and as

brave and eager for employment and distinction as Nelson himself.'

But the prize which the Cornish hero must have valued most must have been the eulogium which Chatham, when Prime Minister, addressed to him—words with which I may not inaptly close this imperfect sketch of his life and actions:

'When I apply to other officers respecting any expedition I may chance to project, they always raise difficulties; *you* always find expedients.'

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### *MRS. BOSCAWEN.*

It is not too much to say of the Admiral's wife that she was worthy of him, and that she was duly proud of his name and reputation. We have seen how she thought her daughter Elizabeth was no unfit match for a duke, remarking that she was '*Admiral Boscawen's* daughter;' and she was dearly fond of the sea, 'delighting in it (as she used to say) beyond all sights and all objects whatever,' until the mournful day came when he for whose sake she had loved it so dearly had ended his connexion with it for ever; and then she spoke of it as that sea whose memories 'had cost her so many tears.' She was the only daughter of William Evelyn Glanville, Esq., of St. Clere near Ightham, Kent, and was of the family of the celebrated John Evelyn, whom she was fond of calling her 'good, old uncle;' and she took immense



interest accordingly in the production of Dr. Hunter's new edition of the 'Sylva.'\*

When twenty-four years of age she was married, in December, 1742, to Admiral Boscawen, seven years her senior, and they seem to have been a well-suited, happy couple. Her character is perhaps best seen in the interesting gossiping letters which she and Mrs. Delany (a Grenville of Stow) interchanged. She was also a correspondent of Hannah More and Mrs. Chapone.

Hannah More, in her 'Sensibility,' writes thus of her:

'Accept, Boscawen ! these unpolish'd lays,  
Nor blame too much the verse you cannot praise.  
For you far other bards have wak'd the string ;  
Far other bards for you were wont to sing.

\* \* \* \* \*

You heard the lyres of Lyttelton and Young ;  
And this a Grace, and that a Seraph strung.'

And in another place she adds :

‘On you, Boscawen, when you fondly melt  
In raptures none but mothers ever felt,  
And view, enamour’d, in your beauteous race,  
All Leveson’s sweetness, and all Beaufort’s grace!  
Yet think *what dangers* each lov’d child may share,  
The youth *if valiant*, and the maid *if fair*?’

The reason for dedicating this poem of '*Sensibility*' to Mrs. Boscawen is glanced at in the following couplet :

'Tis *this*, whose charms the soul resistless seize,  
And gives Boscawen half her pow'r to please.'

\* Luttrell (v. 594) says that (Sept., 1705) John Evelyn, Esq., was married to Mrs. Boscawen, niece to the Lord Treasurer (? Godolphin).



On the death of her husband, Dr. Young thus addressed her, in a postscript to his poem 'Resignation,'

'Why mourn the dead? You wrong the grave,  
From storms that safe resort;  
We still are tossing out at sea—  
Our *Admiral's* in port.'

As another illustration of her intimacy with literary people, and of her fondness for their pursuits, it may be mentioned that Mrs. Boscawen was one of the society of 'eminent friends, both ladies and gentlemen,' who used to meet at Mrs. Montagu's, where she made herself welcome, says Dr. Doran, by 'the strength of her understanding, the poignancy of her humour, and the brilliancy of her wit.' A Mr. Stillingfleet, one of the coterie, was rather slovenly in his costume, and, amongst other delinquencies, wore *grey* stockings, which caused Admiral Boscawen humorously to affix to the whole party a name which has now become a household word—'The Blue Stockings.'

After they had been dining together on the 29th April, 1778, at Allan Ramsay's—when Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds had been of the party—Boswell wrote of Mrs. Boscawen, 'If it be not presumptuous in me to praise her, let me say that her manners were the most agreeable, and her conversation the best of any lady of our party with whom I had the happiness of being acquainted.' Tender-hearted and sprightly she undoubtedly was; and, as an instance of her vivacity, I may perhaps be excused for quoting a passage in one of her

letters to Mrs. Delany which Lady Llanover has given in those well-known 'Memoirs' of her ancestress, to which I have already more than once referred. 'The first time,' writes Mrs. Boscawen, 'I experienced the pains of child-bearing, I concluded that no woman had ever endured the like upon the like occasion, and that I could not possibly recover it; whereas I danced a minuet about my room in ten days, to insult my nurse-keeper and set her a scolding for my diversion!'

But she was something more than a vivacious letter-writer and a dilettante, for she dabbled too in political affairs, especially in the Cornish elections, giving her interest to 'the old members' rather than to Sir William Lemon in 1774. She took, of course, great interest in the warlike views of the day; and on returning to her inn one evening whilst she was travelling through the country, on hearing of the retaking of Long Island, 'made a most agreeable supper and drank health to the noble brothers'—the two Howes. When her son-in-law, Mr. Leveson, had the command of the *Valiant*, man-of-war, conferred upon him in November, 1776, she set to work for him 'with great alacrity,' as she says, to raise a crew of fishermen in Cornwall. In fact, throughout her life her correspondence shows that she took the keenest possible interest in the doings of our army and navy. As an illustration of the warlike spirit which at this time pervaded even the bosoms of the gentler sex, Walpole thus writes in May, 1778: 'The Parliament is only to have short

adjournments; and our senators, instead of retiring to horse-races (*their* plough), are all turned soldiers, and disciplining militia. Camps everywhere, and the ladies in the uniforms of their husbands.' 'It is said,' writes Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany, 'that the Duchess of Devonshire marched through Islington at the head of the Derbyshire Militia, dressed in the uniform of that regiment!'

Her residence when in London seems to have been generally in Audley Street; but she also had a pretty place at Enfield, and a small house at Colney Hatch which she used to call her 'nut-shell.'

When about eighty years of age she was living at Rosedale, a place near the entrance to Richmond from Kew, which was formerly occupied by the poet Thomson, whose table, cane, and chair were long preserved in the house; and whilst residing here a little poetical correspondence took place which may be worth recording, not only as an illustration of the courtly politeness of the time, and of the respect in which the good old lady was evidently held by her contemporaries, but also because Mrs. Boscawen's letter, written in a firm, almost manly hand, notwithstanding her advanced age, is still preserved in the British Museum, where it will be found in the Additional MSS. Pye, the Poet Laureate, had written a sonnet on Rosedale, which he communicated to the Rev. W. Butler, who sent it on to Mrs. Boscawen. The lines, by no means remarkable for vigour or originality, conclude thus:

‘Still Fancy’s Train your verdant Paths shall Trace,  
 Tho’ clos’d her fav’rite Votary’s dulcet lay;  
 Each wonted Haunt their footsteps still shall grace,  
 Still Genius thro’ your green Retreats shall stray:  
 For, from the Scene BOSCAWEN loves to grace,  
 Th’ Attendant Muse shall ne’er be long away.’

The lady graciously acknowledged the compliment conveyed to her in the last two lines, and thus replied on the 26th June, 1797:

‘SIR,

‘I am sure I ought to return you my gratefull acknowledgm<sup>ts</sup> for the obliging Present you have made me of some sweet Stanzas on this spot,—and my two Predecessors. Mr. Ross was certainly an Admirer of His, & paid that Respect to his Memory as to retain the little Parlour where Mr. Thomson liv’d, tho’ he rebuilt every other Part of the House, extending it very much.

‘The little Rustick Seat w<sup>ch</sup> inspir’d your poetick Dialogue I found in such a State of decay that I was oblig’d to take it down, *but, reserving all the Materials*, I have replac’d it in a retir’d part of the Garden much enlarg’d and hung round with votive Tablets or Inscriptions in Honour of your admir’d Poet. His Bust is on the Pedament of the Seat, and in front is written

“Here Thomson sung  
 The Seasons & their Change.”

In the Alcove is a little old Table, w<sup>h</sup> I am assur’d belonged to Him, but Sir, if ever you sh<sup>d</sup> have leisure

to pay another Visit to your *matchless Favourite*, You  
will I hope find Him honour'd by

‘Your most humble Servt,

‘F. BOSCAWEN.’

After surviving her husband for forty-four years, and never marrying again, the Honourable Frances Evelyn Boscawen closed her long and amiable life at her house in Audley Street, in March, 1805, at the venerable age of eighty-six; and was buried in the same vault with her husband at St. Michael Penkivel, where a monument designed by her son, George Evelyn, third Viscount Falmouth, and executed by Nollekens, was erected to her memory. An epitaph does her no more than justice.





*DAVY,*  
THE MAN OF SCIENCE.







*DAVY,*  
THE MAN OF SCIENCE.

‘*Ignē constrictō, vitā securā.*’

*Davy’s Motto.*



HE pretty little homestead—or as it is called in Cornwall, the ‘town-place’—of Varfel, (or Barfell as it was sometimes spelt) in Ludgvan, lies on a southern slope, about two and a half miles N.E. of Penzance, and is a somewhat less distance from St. Michael’s Mount, a view of which, as well as of the famous Mount’s Bay and of the Lizard district, it commands. Varfel seems to have belonged from an early period to the Davy family, some of whose monuments in Ludgvan Church are nearly 300 years old. Either here, on the ‘paternal acres,’ or in the town of Penzance, on 17th December, 1778, at 5 a.m., was born to ‘Carver’ Robert Davy (so called from his proficiency in his trade as a wood-carver and gilder) and his wife Grace Millett, their eldest son,\* who was

\* He was one of five children, two of whom were boys and three girls.

destined to emerge from this remote and obscure corner of England, and become President of the Royal Society—a man of science so distinguished that Brande, in his celebrated ‘History of Chemistry,’ spoke of Davy’s death as nothing less than ‘a serious national calamity.’

The district of Penwith, with its wild furze-clad granite moors, its rugged cliffs, and emerald bays, proved

‘Fit nurse for a poetic child ;’

and the imaginative faculties of the future illustrious chemist were not nursed in vain. Like Pope, he ‘lisp’d in numbers,’ reciting, when only five years old, his own rhymes at some Christmas gambols; and his poetic vein never left him, even in the laboratory or in the lecture-room, compelling the aristocratic idlers of London to love Science, because, as they were constrained to confess, under his magic guidance, Science was made beautiful, and was attired by the Graces. It was said by Coleridge that had Davy not devoted himself to Science, he would have shone with the highest lustre as a poet; and the following youthful lines, full of true local colour, certainly show, as indeed did his whole life, that he had drunk of ‘the fount of Helicon :’

‘TO THE LAND’S END.

‘On the Sea

The sunbeams tremble ; and the purple light  
 Illumes the dark Bolerium, seat of Storms !  
 Drear are his granite wilds, his schistine rocks

---

Encircled by the wave, where to the gale  
The haggard cormorant shrieks; and, far beyond,  
Where the great ocean mingles with the sky,  
Behold the cloud-like islands\* grey in mist.'

It was this poetic temperament, derived (as his brother, Dr. Davy, thinks) from their grandmother, which induced the gifted Dr. Henry, F.R.S., thus to refer to the subject of this memoir :

' Bold, ardent, enthusiastic, Davy soared to greatest heights ; he commanded a wide horizon, and his keen vision penetrated to its utmost boundaries. His imagination, in the highest degree fertile and inventive, took a rapid and extensive range in pursuit of conjectural analogies, which he submitted to close and patient comparison with known facts, and tried by an appeal to ingenious and conclusive experiments. He was imbued with the spirit and was master in the practice of inductive logic ; and he has left us some of the noblest examples of the efficacy of that great instrument of human reason in the discovery of truth. He applied it, not only to connect classes of facts of more limited extent and importance, but to develop great and comprehensive laws, which embrace phenomena that are almost universal to the natural world. In explaining those laws he cast upon them the illumination of his own clear and vivid conceptions ; he felt an intense admiration of the beauty, order, and harmony which are conspicuous in the perfect *Chemistry of Nature* ; and he expressed those feelings with a force and eloquence

\* The Scilly Isles.

which could issue only from a mind of the highest powers and of the finest sensibilities.'

Davy's first school was at Penzance, his first schoolmaster a Mr. Bushell; his next, the Rev. Mr. Coryton, seems to have been one of the old rough sort, determined that his pupils should not lack correction, even if they did not profit by his instruction. He used to address the little boy in the following doggrel, whenever he thought he saw an opportunity of administering castigation :

'Now, Master Davy,  
Now, sir ! I have 'ee !  
No one shall save 'ee—  
Good Master Davy !'

But neither Mr. Coryton, nor Dr. Cardew, the excellent master of the Truro Grammar School, to which place Davy was for a short period removed, when fourteen years old, seems to have perceived any remarkable genius in the scholar—except that the latter discerned at least his taste and skill in poetry, and in his translations from the classics into English verse. One of the efforts of his muse was an epic poem, 'The Tydidiad,' written when he was twelve years old. In truth Davy, when a schoolboy, was generally composing either ballads or valentines (in Latin or English) for his school-fellows, in making fireworks, or in fishing or shooting, thus proving—what has been so often proved before—that 'the boy is father to the man.' His oratorical displays—sometimes addressed to a crowd of juveniles assembled in

front of the Star Inn at Penzance, sometimes to a row of empty chairs in his own bedroom—and his turnip-lantern exhibitions (which afterwards developed into the wonderful mimic volcanoes with which he astonished and delighted his audience at the Royal Institution) were highly popular; the price of admission to the turnip-lantern shows is said to have been paid in an extremely low currency—pins. It would moreover appear from an entry of his in the blank page of his Schrevelius that Harlequin was his favourite part in a pantomime. Of his youth, which all accounts agree in representing as genial and amiable, little more remains to be said, but that he was very awkward with his hands (often blotting out an error in his MS. by dipping his fingers into the ink-bottle)—could never get out of the ‘awkward squad’ in the Volunteer Corps which he joined—that he was round-shouldered and clumsy—had no taste or ear for music, and possessed a singularly inharmonious voice. Clearly, the outward gifts of our hero were not such as were likely to help him forward on his way through life. To judge what a change the fire of genius, years of study, and the advantages of moving amongst cultured and refined society can accomplish, his portrait, when he was about thirty-three years old, by Lawrence,\* prefixed

\* Presented to the Royal Society by Lady Davy, after her husband's decease. This picture had a narrow escape from being lost; it was, however, discovered by Mr. Davies Gilbert in the garret of a man named Newton, who was to have engraved it, and was rescued at the cost of £10, paid to the landlady, who was unable to get her rent from her impetunious lodger. There are other portraits of him by Lonsdale, as P.R.S.;

to Dr. Paris's 'Life'—or perhaps rather that by Phillips, R.A., which will be found in Polwhele's now rare little volumes the 'Biographical Sketches,' and in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1829, should be examined.

As he grew up he is described as being of about the middle height, of remarkably active frame, and with a mobile countenance, which, though the features were not regular, was full of expression and vivacity. He had bright, wavy, brown hair, and eyes 'tremulous with light;' and his voice so improved by cultivation and experience that it became remarkably melodious. When to this are added his wonderful talents, his grand discoveries, and his eloquence, his sanguine temperament, his purpose firm, his spirits singularly cheerful and elastic, and his disposition ever philanthropic, it will easily be believed that his society was sought by all classes; and it is not to be wondered at if the attractions which such opportunities presented laid him open to the charge (from some quarters) of cultivating too much the wealthy and the powerful.\* Davy, however, was too wise not to perceive the advantage of interesting

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by Howard (when Davy was twenty-three); by Jackson (when he was forty-five); a bust; and the statue erected in December, 1878 (after the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in front of the Market-house, Penzance, near Davy's old house in Market Jew Street, (now rebuilt,) and about half-way between it and the Star Inn. He also appears in the print of the Woburn Sheep-shearing, published by Garrard in 1811.

\* More than enough has been made by Davy's critics of his admiration for the aristocracy; but 'it is not true' (as George Eliot observed) 'that a man's intellectual power is, like the strength of a timber beam, to be measured by its weakest point.'



such persons in the pursuits to which he was himself through life devoted. But he was really fond of intelligence in all classes, whenever and wherever he met with it; and there is an amusing story told of one of his street acquaintances, who showed the moon through a telescope, and who always refused to take Davy's penny, because, as the man said, of their being 'brother philosophers.'

But, to return to his youthful days. Davy's schooling probably did not cost his parents much, for in Dr. Cardew's time the charges were only £18 a year for board, and £4 for teaching, and perhaps some of these were paid by a very kind friend of the family, Mr. John Tonkin of Penzance. He 'put on harness' in 1793, when little more than fourteen years old (the year before his father died), by being articled on 16th February, to Dr. J. B. Borlase of Penzance, a gentleman who seems to have taken a kind and appreciative interest in the welfare of the lad.

Davy seems to have bestowed a fair amount of attention upon the studies pertaining to his profession, and is said to have been particularly kind and attentive to his master's patients, especially those of the poorer classes; but 'nourishing a youth sublime' on the preparation of pills and potions was out of the question; and we gladly find that, ere long, a more intellectual banquet was to be laid before him. He was at this time passionately fond of fishing and shooting, the former of which pursuits he dearly loved to the last: casting longing looks, even within

a few days of his death, on the waters of Lake Leman on which he had often in earlier days thrown a fly. His charming book '*Salmonia*' (*pace* the shade of Christopher North) shows what a deep interest he always took in fishing, and, indeed, in Natural History generally. It is amusing to note here, that in later years his costume, hat included, when he went fishing, was, for purposes of concealment, *green*; when, however, he went shooting he adopted scarlet garments for distinction, having a great dread of being shot. Declamations by the shores of Mount's Bay were also a source of great pleasure to him, when a boy, and many a time did he harangue the waves, when he could not secure a human auditory.

We may be sure that chemistry was not omitted; and, in the attic of a house belonging to that worthy friend of the family—Mr. Tonkin—such apparatus as Davy could muster might have been found: phials, wine-glasses, teacups, and tobacco-pipes, and a few acids and alkalies were amongst the principal items, and—most treasured of all—an old clyster-pipe, washed ashore from a wreck, out of which he had contrived to manufacture an air-pump!

The crisis of Davy's life at length arrived. Mr. Davies Gilbert (then named Giddy) a Cornish gentleman eminent for his attainments, had his attention called to the youngster's scientific knowledge, and became his friend and patron—little thinking at the time that he was hereafter to become Treasurer of the Royal Society under Davy, and at length to

succeed his *protégé* as a President. It is noteworthy here—that Trelissick House, on the Fal, built by Davy's grandfather, for Mr. Daniell, became afterwards the property of Mr. Gilbert, and is now one of the seats of his grandson, Carew Davies Gilbert, Esq. Davies Gilbert also brought into public notice the Rev. Malachi Hitchins, once a miner, afterwards the principal calculator of the Nautical Almanac, and (conjointly with Samuel Drew) an historian of Cornwall; also the Rev. John Hellins, many years assistant to Dr. Maskelyne. He was moreover an early friend and adviser of Richard Trevithick (*q.v.*).

It is said that when the boy Davy first saw Mr. Davies Gilbert's laboratory his tumultuous delight knew no bounds. Other appreciative friends now came forward; amongst them Dr. Edwards of Hayle Copper House, and Professor Hailstone, and Dr. Beddoes, representatives of the rival geological schools of Neptunists and Plutonists, as they were then called, to both of whom Davy was able to render valuable information; though he himself, with his usual sagacity, sided with the Plutonists. Gregory Watt, the youngest son of the renowned James Watt, was another of Davy's early acquaintances at Penzance; and from Watt the youth derived much valuable information and advice.

One result was the offer of an appointment, when he was about nineteen years old, as assistant in Dr. Beddoes's Pneumatic Hospital, at Dowry Square, Clifton,\*—an establishment founded for the purpose

\* The house was in the corner which formed the north angle of the square.

of investigating the nature of the gases, with especial reference to their remedial influences.

This was an appointment after the young chemist's own heart. The salary was sufficient for his modest wants, and he forthwith renounced all claims to his share of the small family property, in favour of his mother and sisters. He threw himself at once with ardour into his work, and originated those celebrated but highly dangerous experiments on the effects of nitrous oxide, which indeed nearly cost him his own life, but which in their result have alleviated the sufferings of tens of thousands of his fellow-creatures. The description of one of the 'séances,' when experiments were tried on many different persons—including Southey, then Poet Laureate—were described by Davy in an amusing little poem.

The friendship with Southey was not only on a scientific basis;—the Poet recognised his brother-poet's faculty: and accordingly Southey submitted to Davy the proofs of his mystic poem 'Thalaba,' for criticism; whilst the younger bard contributed to the 'Anthology' of the elder. And while on this subject it may be added that Coleridge (another of his Clifton acquaintances), who often referred to Davy's enchanting manners, used to say, so Barrow tells us, that he was in the habit of attending Davy's lectures at the Royal Institution, 'in order to increase his stock of metaphors.' On another occasion Coleridge remarked: 'There is an energy and elasticity in Davy's mind which enables him to seize on and analyze all questions, pushing them to their legitimate

consequences. Every subject in Davy's mind has the principle of vitality—living thoughts spring up, like the turf under his feet.' And Davy, of course, could not fail to admire the genius of Coleridge—it was he who persuaded the dreamy poet to give his well-known series of eighteen lectures on Shakespeare at the Royal Institution in 1808. Horne Tooke was another of Davy's admirers, and was so enchanted with him early in his career that he engaged Chantry to make a bust of the Cornish philosopher.

It is further evident that Southey had the highest possible opinion of Davy's talents, for he wrote thus to Taylor:

'Davy is proceeding in his chemical career with the same giant strides as at his outset. His book upon the nitrous oxyd will form an epoch in the science. I never witnessed such indefatigable activity in any other man, nor ardour so regulated by cool judgment.'

In fact our poet-chemist must have been altogether a most fascinating man. An old personal acquaintance of his writes in the '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' 1845, that 'when Davy is at ease, and excited in conversation, his splendid eyes irradiate his whole countenance, and he looks almost inspired.' But perhaps the best analysis of Davy's powers is that given in *Good Words* for 1879, by Professor Ferguson, who has also written by far the most generally interesting account of the great chemist's discoveries:

‘Davy’s mind,’ he says, ‘presents so many characteristics, that one cannot help thinking of it when perusing the narrative of his life and discoveries. It is that of the highest type of experimentalists. There is never any straining after either facts or laws. If there was a practical problem to solve, there was an instinctive perception required of the means to be employed. He asked his questions; Nature replied gently, kindly. How could she keep silent when the being she had made to learn from her inquired? There was never anything superfluous, for he always saw the aim of the replies no less than of the questions, and knew what to do next.

‘Was it a question in science? the same instinct guided him to the means.’ The intensest perception of real analogies led either to the discovery of new bodies, and to the unravelling of obscure and perplexed phenomena, or to the enunciation of views of general action, which are only now adopted in all their extent and recognised as true. It was thus that he declared against the oxygen theory of acids—that he was never a devoted convert to Dalton’s atomic views—and that he was so thoroughly a dynamician in a science which is still almost entirely statical. The laboratory, rather than the study, was the scene of his triumphs; it was there where his strength lay. No phenomenon was too minute to escape him; no consequence too improbable not to be brought into connection with the premises; no law too wide to be grasped in its known entirety. In all his work, in all his thinking, there is a magnifi-



cence, an ever-burning light which makes us lift up the head and gaze with purified vision upon the world, and a wild freshness, a provocative thought which, while we recur to it again and again, and are never sent away empty, are no less proofs of this man's vivid and enduring individuality.'

Davy's note-books now became rapidly filled with the Results of his studies, with Reflexions, with Resolutions, and with the most ambitious prospectuses of his future labours. Dr. Davy gives, in his 'Life' of his brother, an interesting specimen, written in 1799, when Davy had taken a house in Dowry Square, Clifton. Two hours before breakfast were to be devoted to his 'Lover of Nature,' or the 'Feelings of Eldon'—the five hours from nine to two to experiments—the time from four to six was to be spent in reading, and from seven to ten p.m. in the study of metaphysics. So passed the time away at Clifton, amidst the most congenial pursuits, thoroughly sympathetic friends, and in the enjoyment of an income which, modest as it was, enabled him to assist his mother in the education of his younger brother. But for one thing he bargained—John was *not* to be placed under Mr. Coryton.

Clifton, however, ere long became too small a sphere for Davy; and in 1801 an appointment as Assistant Editor of the Journals, Director of the Laboratory, and Assistant Lecturer (with a view to his ultimately becoming the Professor of Chemistry) to the then newly-founded Royal Institution, in London,



was joyfully accepted; his salary being fixed at 100 guineas a year, with a room, and coals, and candles. The Duchess of Gordon, amongst other leaders of fashion, attracted by his youth and simplicity, as well as by his enthusiasm and eloquence, took him by the hand; and his success became assured. Compliments, invitations, and presents, Dr. Paris tells us, were showered upon him from all quarters; his society was courted by everybody, and all were proud of his acquaintance. In 1802 he commenced a long series of lectures before the Board of Agriculture, on the connexion of Chemistry with Vegetable Physiology, which have been translated into almost every European language: in fact, Sir Humphry has been well named the father of Agricultural Chemistry.\* In 1803 he obtained the enviable distinction of being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and two years afterwards, having become a Member of the Royal Irish Academy, he found himself a correspondent of all the chief scientific men of the day.

Davy's *début* as a lecturer at the Royal Institution appears to have been highly successful; 'the sparkling intelligence of his eye,† his animated manner,' according to one critic, and 'his youth, his natural eloquence, his chemical knowledge, his happy illustrations, and well-conducted experiments, excited universal attention and unbounded applause.' It has

\* Just as another Cornishman—Richard Trevithick—was the first who applied steam to agriculture.

† Becker tells us how the ladies so admired his handsome eyes that they vowed they were 'made for something besides poring over crucibles.'

been well said that 'under his touch the coldest realities blossomed into poetry.' But the real secret of his success was this—that he was master of his subject; and that his whole heart was in his work. His mode of life, his brother tells us, was at this time extremely simple, his fare frugal, his rooms slightly furnished, and the only 'thing of beauty' which they contained was an exquisite little porcelain Venus, the gift of his early friend Wedgwood, with whom he was associated in some of the very first attempts made in this country in the art of photography.

In 1806 and 1807 he was selected to deliver the Bakerian Lecture (the subject chosen being the 'Chemical Agencies of Electricity')—an honourable distinction—leading, as it probably did, to his promotion in the latter year to the posts of Secretary to the Royal Society, and Member of the Council. Of this paper Dr. Whewell said, 'It was a great event—perhaps the most important event of the epoch under review,' and as such 'it was recognised at once all over Europe.' Probably no man's life was happier than Davy's at this period; his income was ample, his work was his pleasure, and his disposition was happy and sanguine. Whilst holding constant and friendly intercourse with his brother philosophers at home and abroad,\* he had also plenty of time for relaxation; and made several pleasant excursions to

\* Amongst the former of whom may be mentioned De Quincey, Godwin, and Coleridge, who used frequently to meet at the miserable rooms of the latter, then at the office of the *Courier* newspaper, in the Strand.

Scotland\* and Ireland; everywhere sketching, making notes, fishing, or pursuing his inquiries amongst the natives with a vivid pertinacity and good-nature which at once astonished and delighted them. His brother (who used occasionally to occupy an adjoining bedroom at the Royal Institution) tells how Humphry might frequently have been heard during the night addressing in fervid tones some imaginary audience, or humming aloud an angler's song. Indeed, it might almost be said that during this period one cloud only darkened his horizon. He was seized with typhus fever, caught during an inspection of Newgate Prison, which he visited with a view to arranging for its disinfection; but, as Dr. Dibdin remarked in his introductory lecture to the Institution:

‘——Death his dart  
Shook, but delayed to strike.’

During Davy's visits to Ireland in 1810 and 1811 he lectured before the Dublin Society, and whilst in the Irish metropolis had conferred upon him by Trinity College the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. During the first week 550 tickets for his lectures were sold at 2 guineas each, and the price ultimately rose to from 10 to 20 guineas. His own pecuniary remuneration was also handsome; in the former year he received 500 guineas, and in the latter £750.

The result of his researches during the eleven years

\* It was on one of these occasions that Davy, when out shooting partridges one day at Rokeby, persuaded Roderick Murchison to come up to town, and ‘set to at science.’

whilst he was officially connected with the Royal Institution may, Dr. Davy thinks, be conveniently divided into two portions, viz., the *earlier one*, terminating with his great discovery of the decomposition and recomposition of the fixed alkalies, by the aid of an enormously powerful voltaic pile which he had specially constructed for him, and the cost of which was defrayed by subscription—the reward of his triumphant and all-important electro-chemical researches; and the *later period*, which re-established the simple nature of chlorine. His views on these subjects were adopted by all the leading chemists of the age; and, with few exceptions, were after a short time promulgated in the schools. To the theory of tanning he also gave much attention, experimentally wearing for some time one shoe tanned with oak bark, and the other with catechu. He published the results of his inquiries in the ‘Philosophical Transactions’ for 1803.

It is not uninteresting here to note that Davy, on becoming connected with the Royal Society, did not entirely relinquish his intentions of prosecuting—what might probably have been a more lucrative career—his original profession of medicine. But not even such a prospect—nor even that of an illustrious career in the Church—(to which it is said the Bishop of Durham and others, charmed by his eloquence as a lecturer, urged him)—could draw away his affection from science. And he was not without his reward; for he had the satisfaction of reading in Cuvier’s address to the French Institute,

whose members were of course rival scientists, that — ‘Davy, not yet thirty-two, in the opinion of all who could judge of his labours, held the first rank among the chemists of this or of any other age.’

The month of April, 1812, was an eventful one in Davy’s life. It saw his retirement from the post of Secretary to the Royal Society; it saw him receive the honour of Knighthood, then rarely bestowed upon men of science;\* and last, but not least, it saw him married to Mrs. Apreece, whose maiden name was Jane Kerr (of Kelso), a wealthy, amiable, and intellectual widow, to whom he appears to have been devotedly attached: he described her, in a letter to his mother, announcing the intended marriage, as ‘a woman equally distinguished for virtues, talents, and accomplishments;’ and to his brother as ‘the most amiable and intellectual woman I have ever known.’ To this tribute to her worth it may be added that, when Scott went on his tour to the Hebrides, his ‘dear friend and distant relation,’ Mrs. Apreece (afterwards Lady Davy), went with the family party: she had been, Scott says in one of his letters, ‘a lioness of the first magnitude in Edinburgh’ during the preceding winter. And when writing to Byron, inviting him to Abbotsford, Sir Walter mentions as one of the visitors who made his home attractive: ‘The fair, or shall I say the sage, Apreece that was, Lady Davy that is, who is soon to show us how much science she leads captive in Sir Humphry.’

\* On 20th October, 1818, he was made a Baronet.

But there are 'cabinet' portraits of the lady and her husband in 'The Life of George Ticknor' (p. 57, vol. i.) which may be introduced here.

'1815, *June* 13.—I breakfasted this morning with Sir H. Davy, of whom we have heard so much in America. He is now about thirty-three, but with all the freshness and bloom of twenty-five, and one of the handsomest men I have seen in England. He has a great deal of vivacity—talks rapidly, though with great precision—and is so much interested in conversation that his excitement amounts to nervous impatience, and keeps him in constant motion. He has just returned from Italy, and delights to talk of it; thinks it, next to England, the finest country in the world, and the society of Rome surpassed only by that of London, and says he should not die contented without going there again.

'It seemed singular that his taste in this should be so acute, when his professional eminence is in a province so different and remote; but I was much more surprised when I found that the first chemist of his time was a professed angler; and that he thinks, if he were obliged to renounce either fishing or philosophy, that he should find the struggle of his choice pretty severe.

'15 *June*.—As her husband had invited me to do, I called this morning on Lady Davy. I found her in her parlour, working on a dress, the contents of



her basket strewed about the table, and looking more like home than anything since I left it. She is small, with black eyes and hair and a very pleasant face, an uncommonly sweet smile; and when she speaks, has much spirit and expression in her countenance. Her conversation is agreeable, particularly in the choice and variety of her phraseology, and has more the air of eloquence than I have ever heard before from a lady. But, then, it has something of the appearance of formality and display, which injures conversation. Her manner is gracious and elegant; and though I should not think of comparing her to Corinne, yet I think she has uncommon powers.'

The honeymoon, the greater part of which was spent in Scotland, was scarcely over, before, in the month of June, he dedicated to his wife his '*Elements of Chemical Philosophy*,' as a pledge of his continued ardour for science, as well as of his love for her; and Davy returned to his scientific pursuits. In the following November he nearly lost his eyesight, whilst performing the dangerous experiment of effecting the combination of azote, as nitrogen was then called, and chlorine. He soon, however, completely recovered the use of his eyes, and took a trip into his native county; fishing and geologizing on the way. It was about this time also that Davy made the first experiments in electric lighting, by producing the voltaic arc by the use of carbon; the discovery was improved by Foucault, who substituted retort-carbon



for wood-charcoal. (Comte du Moncel's 'L'Eclairage Electrique,' Paris, 1880.)

With reference to this, now highly important, subject, a writer in the *Times* for 22nd October, 1881, points out that 'Sir Humphry Davy showed that when a powerful current passes across the point of contact of two carbon rods, their points become heated; and on separating them to a short distance, an arc of light shoots between them, and the carbons are raised to a white heat.' The writer adds, that 'all lamps (until lately) had this point chiefly in view; namely, to introduce an arrangement which should keep the carbon-points at the fixed distance found to be the most advantageous.' Surely here was the germ of that discovery which is now becoming so rapidly developed.

In the autumn he went with Lady Davy for a long tour on the Continent, accompanied by the illustrious Faraday, who was a bookseller's apprentice when Davy first knew him, as his assistant and secretary; and equipped (as on previous similar occasions) with a portable chemical apparatus. He passed (with a special passport from Napoleon) through Paris—fêted by all the Parisian savants, including Laplace, Gay-Lussac, Thénard, etc., but treating them, it is said, somewhat haughtily—thence through France and Switzerland into Italy, by way of Nice to Genoa, where he rested a few days in order to make some ineffectual experiments on the torpedo; and so on to Florence, visiting *en route* all the most

remarkable extinct volcanoes in the south of France. This year he was elected a Corresponding Member of the 1st class of the French Institute, who had previously awarded to him their prize of 3,000 livres for his treatise on 'Chemical Affinities.' In the spring of 1814 he reached Rome, where he spent a month; and thence visited Naples; all the while filling his note-books with interesting entries, personal, scientific, and poetic. On his return homeward he made the acquaintance of Volta, then seventy years old, at Milan, and he records his pleasure at conferring with the ingenious and amiable old man.

Midsummer found him at his beloved Geneva; and here he spent three delicious months in a villa whose garden sloped down to the cool blue waters of the lake. He wintered at Rome, busily occupied with his scientific pursuits, with shooting wild-fowl in the Campagna, and in the enjoyment of the intellectual society of the Eternal City;—not omitting to transmit the results of his studies for publication in the 'Philosophical Transactions.' It was about this time that the Geological Society of Penzance was started; and it need scarcely be said that it had from the first the best wishes of Davy, who contributed specimens to its cabinets, and subscribed a handsome sum towards its expenses.

This was not the only institution of a scientific nature of which Davy was an early patron, if not indeed an originator. Sir Roderick Murchison, in his 'Biography' by Geikie, mentions that Davy, Croker, and Reginald Heber were the real founders and

earliest trustees of the Athenæum Club. And Sir John Rennie, in his 'Autobiography,' says as follows :

'Sir Humphry Davy, in the year 1825, originated the Zoological Society, and asked me to join, which I did most willingly; and perhaps it has been the most popular and successful of any modern society of that kind. It commenced operations by purchasing the well-known Cross collection of Exeter 'Change, in which, in my early days, I took an especial delight; for, considering all things, it was a very wonderful collection, and it is difficult to understand how, in such a confined and unhealthy spot, it could have been maintained in such good condition. The only other exhibition of the kind in London was at the Tower; the collection of animals there consisted of presents from the sovereigns of different countries. These were afterwards lent to the Zoological Society, who established their museum in the Regent's Park; and taking it altogether, it is probably the finest and best maintained in the world.'

In the spring of 1815 he returned to England, *via* Mayence and Brussels, and bought for his residence a house in Lower Grosvenor Street, No. 28.

There is perhaps no subject connected with the career of Davy with which his name is more inseparably and more honourably associated than that now to be mentioned,—and it was a subject which even the genius of a Humboldt had failed to master—namely, the brilliant and philanthropical discovery of

the Safety Lamp (the original lamp in its first and simplest form is preserved in the Royal Institution), which has often been described in detail. His brother goes fully into the train of reasoning and of experiments which led to its construction. It is, as he says, a cage of wire-gauze which actually makes prisoner the flame of the deadly fire-damp, and in its prison consumes it. This grand invention—and it is not the less grand because it is so simple—by which in all probability more lives have been saved than by any other invention of similar character,—Davy nobly refused to patent, lest the sphere of its usefulness should be restricted: indeed, throughout his life he was indifferent to mere money; he was constantly giving away things for which he had no immediate use, and never kept a book after he had once read it. He received for the invention of the Safety Lamp unbounded praise and heartiest thanks from the great body of coal-owners and coal-workers of the Tyne and Wear especially; and was presented by them, on 11th October, 1817, with a magnificent service of plate worth £2,500,\* at a public dinner at the Queen's Head Hotel, Newcastle, when the Earl of Durham (then Mr. Lambton) said in the course of his speech: 'If your fame had needed anything to make it immortal, this discovery alone would have carried it down to future ages, and connected it with benefits and blessings.'

\* By his will Davy provided that, in certain contingencies, this service should be melted down in order to provide a fund for the reward of original, meritorious discoveries in Science, either 'in Europe or Anglo-America.'

Of this lamp (which the miners call 'a Davy,' the inventor, with his usual philanthropic spirit, often said, 'I value it more than ANYTHING I EVER DID.' The Emperor of Russia sent him a magnificent silver-gilt vase, the cover of which was surmounted by a figure of the God of Fire weeping over his extinguished torch, and the present was accompanied by an autograph letter. Early in the following year, his services to Science and to Humanity were recognised, somewhat tardily, by his having a baronetcy conferred upon him by the English Sovereign.\*

In the summer of 1818 he contemplated a second visit, with Lady Davy, to the Continent. The programme included Flanders, Austria, Rome, and Naples,† to the two last of which places he went

\* Byron's lines in the first canto of 'Don Juan' will doubtless recur to many of my readers :

'This is the patent age of new inventions  
For killing bodies and for saving souls,  
All propagated with the best intentions ;  
Sir Humphry Davy's lantern by which coals  
Are safely mined for in the mode he mentions.'

Jackson's account of Timbuctoo ; the narrative of Robert Adams, a sailor ; Dr. Leyden's 'Discoveries in Africa,' and other works, are then hinted at ; and the poet goes on, sardonically, to say that *all these*

'Are ways to benefit mankind, as true  
Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.'

† Whilst at Naples he made the acquaintance of one of the guides up Vesuvius, whom Davy commissioned to inform him from time to time of the state of the volcano ; the man used occasionally to communicate with him, and the letters reached Sir Humphry, notwithstanding their phonetic address :

'Siromfredevi,  
'Londra.'

commissioned by the Prince Regent to investigate at Pompeii the bases of the colours employed by the ancients in their frescoes; and to discover, if possible, some chemical process of unrolling the papyric MSS. affected by the fire at Herculaneum: in this, however, he was unsuccessful; and his want of success—a thing so unusual with him—afforded him infinite chagrin. Most of the summer and part of the autumn of 1819 were spent in luxurious repose at the baths of Lucca; but the winter found him again at Rome, all the while making notes and storing up thoughts for his delightful book, ‘The Consolations of Travel.’

In the summer of 1820 he returned, by way of the south of France, to his house in Grosvenor Street, and deeply interested himself in an inquiry into the ‘Connexion between Magnetism and Electricity,’ the result of which he communicated to the Royal Society on the 12th November.

Again he visited Scotland; and Lockhart gives a graphic account of the party at Abbotsford, in the autumn of this year, as they started on a sporting expedition, in which, after sketching the portraits of some members of it, Scott’s biographer goes on to say:

‘But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp. He had come for his favourite sport of angling, and had been practising it successfully with Rose, his travelling companion, for two or three days preceding this; but he had not pre-



pared for coursing fields, or had left Charlie Purdie's troop for Sir Walter's on a sudden thought; and his fisherman's costume—a brown hat with flexible brim, surrounded with line upon line, and innumerable fly-hooks; jack-boots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon—made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white cord breeches, and well-polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him.'

After a merry lunch at Newark Castle they all moved on towards Blackandro, and, Lockhart continues:

'Davy, next to whom I chanced to be riding, laid his whip about the fern like an experienced hand, but cracked many a joke, too, upon his own jack-boots; and, surveying the long eager battalion of bush-rangers, exclaimed: "Good Heavens, is it thus that I visit the scenery of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'!" He then kept muttering to himself as his glowing eye (the finest and brightest that I ever saw) ran over the landscape, some of those beautiful lines from the conclusion of the 'Lay':

" But still  
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,  
And July's eve with balmy breath  
Waved the blue bells on Newark heath,  
When throstles sang on Hareheadshaw,  
And corn was green in Catterhaugh,  
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,  
The aged harper's soul awoke," etc., etc.

' Mackenzie ("The Man of Feeling"), spectacled



though he was, saw the first sitting hare, gave the word to slip the dogs, and spurred after them like a boy. All the seniors, indeed, did well as long as the course was upwards; but when puss took down the declivity, they halted, and breathed themselves upon the knoll, cheering gaily, however, the young people who dashed past and below them. Coursing on such a mountain is not like the same sport over a set of fine English pastures. There were gulfs to be avoided, and bogs enough to be threaded; many a stiff nag stuck fast, many a bold rider measured his length among the peat-hags; and another stranger to the ground besides Davy plunged neck-deep into a treacherous well-head, which, till they were floundering in it, had borne all the appearance of a piece of delicate green turf. When Sir Humphry emerged from his involuntary bath, his habiliments garnished with mud, slime, and mangled water-cresses, Sir Walter received him with a triumphant "*Encore!*" But the philosopher had his revenge; for, joining soon after in a brisk gallop, Scott put Sibyl Grey to a leap beyond her prowess, and lay humbled in the ditch, while Davy, who was better mounted, cleared it and him at a bound. Happily there was little damage done, but no one was sorry that the "sociable" had been detained at the foot of the hill.

'I have seen Sir Humphry in many places, and in company of many descriptions; but never to such advantage as at Abbotsford. His host and he delighted in each other, and the modesty of their mutual admiration was a memorable spectacle.

Davy was, by nature, a poet; and Scott, though anything but a philosopher in the modern sense of that term, might, I think it very likely, have pursued the study of physical science with zeal and success, had he chanced to fall in with such an instructor as Sir Humphry would have been to him, in his early life. Each strove to make the other talk, and they did so in turn more charmingly than I ever heard either on any other occasion whatsoever. Scott, in his romantic narratives, touched upon a deeper chord of feeling than usual, when he had such a listener as Davy; and Davy, when induced to open his views upon any subject of scientific interest in Scott's presence, did so with a degree of clear energetic eloquence, and with a flow of imagery and illustration, of which neither his habitual tone of table-talk (least of all in London) nor any of his prose writings (except, indeed, the posthumous "*Consolations of Travel*") could suggest an adequate notion. I say his prose writings, for who that has read his sublime quatrains on the "*Doctrine of Spinoza*" can doubt that he might have united, if he had pleased, in some great didactic form, the vigorous ratiocination of Dryden and the moral majesty of Wordsworth? I remember William Laidlaw whispering to me one night, when their "*rapt talk*" had kept the circle round the fire until long after the usual bed-time of Abbotsford: "*Gude preserve us! this is a very superior occasion! Eh, sirs!*" he added, cocking his eye like a bird. "*I wonder if Shakespeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up!*"

I am also indebted to Lockhart for the following story :

‘ When Sir Walter Scott was debating in his mind the Prince Regent’s offer of a baronetcy, he wrote to his friend Morritt : “ After all, if one must speak for themselves, I have my quarters and emblazonments free of all stain but Border theft and high treason, which I hope are gentlemanlike crimes ; and I hope ‘ Sir Walter Scott ’ will not sound worse than ‘ Sir Humphry Davy,’ though my merits are as much under his, in point of utility, as can well be imagined. But a name is something, and mine is the better of the two.” ’ When Mrs. Davy, Dr. Davy’s wife, told Sir Walter Scott, at Malta, that her husband was writing his brother’s life, Sir Walter said, ‘ I am glad of it ; I hope his mother lived to see his greatness.’ And it is pleasant to be able to record such was the case.

Not only Sir Walter Scott, but even the cold and reserved Poet of the Lakes, was deeply impressed with Davy’s genius. Lockhart tells us that when Sir Walter and Wordsworth ascended Helvellyn, ‘ they were accompanied by an illustrious philosopher, who was also a true poet, and might have been one of the greatest of poets had he chosen ; and I have heard Mr. Wordsworth say that it would be difficult to express the feelings with which he, who so often had climbed Helvellyn alone, found himself standing on its summit with two such men as *Scott* and *Davy*.’

The crowning honour of Davy’s life now awaited

him. His friend Sir Joseph Banks—himself the successor of such men as Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Hans Sloane, and Sir Isaac Newton—who had held the post of President of the Royal Society for forty-two years, died on 19th June, 1820, and Sir Humphry was, almost unanimously, elected on the 30th of the following November. He continued to fill the post for seven successive years, and his annual addresses are very characteristic specimens of his eloquence and suavity. He retained the old practice of delivering his speeches in full court dress,\* and with the Society's mace (Oliver Cromwell's celebrated 'bauble') laid before him. He also continued his predecessor's practice of having weekly evening gatherings of the most distinguished men of science of the day, so long as he remained in Lower Grosvenor Street; but they were discontinued on his moving, in 1825, to 26, Park Street, Grosvenor Square.

Davy now began to find that

*'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'*

He was worried by the numerous small duties which pertained to his prominent position, and was sadly disappointed at not being able to prevail upon the Government of the day to take up his somewhat magnificent views as to the development of the Royal

\* As a rule he is said to have been careless about his costume; it was with the greatest difficulty that he was persuaded to don a quasi-court dress in order to be presented to the Empress Josephine, and his negligent appearance and manners often surprised his Continental acquaintances. About one thing, however, he was rather particular; and that was to wear a wide-brimmed hat whenever he could.

Society, and the subordination of certain other great public establishments to it. He used to complain that the Government were only too glad to get anything they could out of the Society, but were loth to give back anything in return. I gather too, from what Dr. Davy says, that symptoms of failing health began, even thus early, to show themselves. He somewhat relaxed the severity of his labours—made trips to Ireland, Wales, and Scotland (dining at Edinburgh with Sir Walter Scott), chiefly with a view to enjoying the fine scenery, and the fishing and shooting; but, as regards Wales, also with the object of devising means for remedying the results produced by the noxious copper effluvia from the Smelting Works at Swansea.

In the autumn of 1821 he paid a visit to Penzance; always fond—as indeed most Cornishmen seem to be—of embracing an opportunity of revisiting his native place. On this occasion he was entertained at a public dinner; and he left his old home, doubtless expecting to see it again and again: but this was destined to be his last visit.

From 1823 to 1826 may be described as the last period of his scientific labours; and it was in a great measure devoted to investigations, undertaken at the request of the Government, into the best mode of preventing the destruction of the copper-sheathing of vessels by the action of the sea. This Davy to some extent accomplished by coating the copper with tin; but, unfortunately, the tin did not prevent

(as the copper did) the fouling of the metal by accretions of seaweeds and shells ; and the practical result was nil.

He was much disappointed at this, having taken great pains in the matter, and having even made a voyage to the North Sea for the purpose of conducting his experiments. Of this excursion, which included visits to Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, he has left copious records—though, as a general rule, he had now discontinued his diary—and these include his reflexions not only on the scenery, etc., through which he passed, but, according to his custom, his impressions of the distinguished men of science and others with whom he came in contact. Those circumstances which impressed Davy most deeply he often recorded, as was his practice throughout his life, in verse. A specimen may be given here in the following fragment written at Ullswater, which he visited in August, 1825:

‘Ye lovely hills that rise in majesty  
Amidst the ruddy light of setting suns,  
Your tops are bright with radiance, while below  
The wave is dark and gloomy, and the vale  
Hid in obscurest mist. Such is the life  
Of Man : this vale of earth and waters dark  
And gloomy—but the mountains range above !  
The sky—the heavens are bright !——’

But he could not succeed in shaking off the illness of which he had had more than one warning ; and even his elastic spirits began to flag under its depressing influence. The spring of 1826 found him



worse; he complained much of rheumatism, and of slight numbness in his limbs; and the death of his mother in the autumn still further affected his health. With great pain and effort he delivered what proved to be his last address to the Royal Society—a body whose mission was so like his own, ‘ad inquisitionem et inventionem naturæ veræ et interioris rerum omnium’—on St. Andrew’s Day, 1826; and shortly after he suffered a slight attack of paralysis, which, however, did not prevent his revising his discourses, nor even deter him from projecting new scientific treatises. During his recovery he liked nothing better than having novels and romances read to him,—partly I should think to divert his mind from the small worries which were inevitable to one occupying the post which he filled, but which at this juncture pressed upon him with increasing force, and indeed probably conduced to his determining upon another visit to the Continent in January, 1827, accompanied on this occasion only by his brother, Dr. John Davy, an army surgeon.

The winter journey was rough and dreary. Paris was avoided, on account of the too great excitement which it was feared its society might induce; and the roads along which the travellers drove, bad at the best, were now in their very worst condition from the snow. The scenes through which they passed were uninteresting, the occasional roadside churches being the only noteworthy objects; and these they rarely failed to enter, the sick philosopher generally dropping on his knees for a silent prayer.



So they passed on, notwithstanding the severe cold and the snow, over the Mont Cenis, into Italy, reaching Ravenna on the 27th February—Davy, strange to say, rather the better than the worse for his cold and cheerless expedition. Here he rested for some time, occupying himself chiefly in shooting, fishing, and reading Byron, whose acquaintance (with that of the accomplished Countess Guiccioli) he had previously made at this place. His note-book was kept up, and was filled with numerous acute observations on subjects connected with natural history and chemistry, interspersed with expressions of pious humility and of gratitude to ‘the Great Cause of all being.’ His health improved; and in March, 1827, Dr. Davy returned to Corfu, whilst Sir Humphry shortly afterwards started on a solitary expedition through the Eastern Alps and down the Rhine. But his health now declined; he frequently had to apply leeches and blisters, and he lived so abstemiously as to considerably reduce his strength and spirits. ‘Valde miserabilis!’ he often exclaimed in his note-book; and once he wrote, ‘Dubito fortissime restaurationem meam.’ It was no doubt whilst in this mood that he wrote to Mr. Davies Gilbert from Salzburg, on 30th June, 1827, announcing his retirement from the office of President of the Royal Society.\* Whilst on one of his numerous fishing expeditions, a

\* The Davy medal of the Royal Society was, in 1882, presented, in duplicate, to D. Mendelejeff and Lothar Meyer for their discovery of the periodic relations of the atomic weights.

pursuit\* which, as we have seen, he passionately followed all his life long, he wrote about this time, the following pensive lines, *more suo*, on contemplating a rapid river :

‘E’en as I look upon thy mighty flood,  
Absorb’d in thought, it seems that I become  
A part of thee, and in thy thundering waves  
My thoughts are lost, and pass to future time,  
Seeking the infinite, and rolling on  
Towards the eternal and unbounded sea  
Of the All-Powerful, Omnipresent Mind.’

This was a favourite thought of his. He amplified it in a letter which he addressed from Rome in the following year to his friend Poole :

‘I have this conviction full on my mind,’ he wrote, ‘that intellectual beings spring from the same breath of Infinite Intelligence, and return to it again, but by different courses. Like rivers born amid the clouds of heaven, and lost in the deep and eternal ocean—some in youth, rapid and short-lived torrents ; some in manhood, powerful and copious rivers ; and some in age, by a slow and winding course, half lost in their career, and making their exit by many sandy and shallow mouths.’

The current of his own life now carried him back in one of its eddies to London, which he reached on 6th October.

The winter was passed in town, but the state of

\* He would often go two or three hundred miles for a day’s fishing, and has more than once patiently fished all day long without a rise ; he was, however, generally a successful as well as an enthusiastic fisherman, but seems to have been thought somewhat clumsy in his manipulation.

his health prevented any great exertion, and did not permit his seeing much society; yet the world can scarcely be said to have been the loser; for in his retirement he composed (being now nearly fifty years of age), that delightful book, dear to every angler, 'Salmonia.'\* Returning spring revived his desire to revisit what he considered the finest scenery in the world, namely, the Alpine valleys of Illyria and Styria; and at the end of March he left England, accompanied by a young medical gentleman (his godson), Mr. Tobin, the son of a much-valued old friend. His pursuits were much as usual, and, living somewhat more generously, he more than once entertained some faint hopes of his ultimate recovery; 'attaching,' as he himself put it, 'a loose fringe of hope to his tattered garments.' His mind was fully active during this summer, as may be judged from his having now planned his well-known work, 'Consolations of Travel,' which he used to say 'contained the essence of his philosophical opinions;' and from his having sketched out a slight plan for his own memoirs. Stress of weather detained him a short time at Würzen, and here he occupied the time of his detention by writing his little Irish romance, 'The Last of the O'Donoghues.' He also now sent to press the second edition of his 'Salmonia,' which he thought 'twice as good, as well as twice as big' as the first. At Trieste he resumed his experiments on

\* The first edition was genially reviewed by Sir Walter Scott in the *Quarterly Review*, xxxviii. 503. Sir Walter used to say of Davy, in allusion to his well-known preference for his *old* associates and acquaintances, that 'he never forgot a friend.'

the electric eel, and at length satisfied himself that under no conditions did the shock affect the magnet. This formed the subject of a paper—the last of a series which continued almost uninterruptedly for a period of twenty-eight years—published by the Royal Society. It was about this time that he made the noble and touching entry in his diary :

‘ Si moro, spero che ho fatto il mio dovere ; e che mia vita non è stato vano ed inutile.’\*

The curtain rises on the last act, at Rome, where he passed the winter. Here—where he describes himself, in a letter dated 6th February, 1829, to his friend Poole, as ‘ a ruin among ruins ’—he received, a fortnight after that date, his last and fatal shock of paralysis. It was quite unexpected by him, and he was barely able to write one or two hurried letters to his brother, begging him to come quickly. He now quite made up his mind that he was about to die ; but his mind continued calm and clear, and he urged Dr. Davy, when he at length arrived, not to give way to any vain regrets, but to regard the matter philosophically. Even in this extremity, the consideration of the strange powers of the torpedo exercised a fascinating influence over him ; and he directed experiments and dissections of the fish from the bed upon which he not only believed himself to be dying, but upon which he thought, more than once, that he had actually died. Only with great difficulty was he persuaded by his wife and surrounding friends

\* It should, perhaps, be remarked here that Davy was an excellent linguist.

that he had not as yet passed the dark portals of the grave.

It will hardly be believed that from such a state as this he rallied. Yet such was the case! Lady Davy had brought with her from England an early copy of the second edition of his 'Salmonia;' and he read it with avidity. Indeed reading—or rather being read to—was now almost his only pursuit. Moore's 'Epicurean,' Shakespeare, 'The Arabian Nights,' and 'Humphrey Clinker,' by turns engaged his attention; and at length he not only thought recovery possible, but by April was actually able to take drives about Rome and its neighbourhood, entering fully, with his companions, into all the enjoyment of the charms of a brilliant Italian spring.

At length, leaving Rome, 'by slow and easy stages,' they came to Geneva, which place they reached on the 28th May, by the Mont Cenis route. Here the little party took up their residence at La Couronne hotel, which overlooks the lake; and Davy expressed an earnest desire once more to throw a fly on it. He was very deeply affected on hearing of the death of his old friend Dr. Thomas Young; but dined heartily with the others at five o'clock. After dinner he was heard joking with the waiter as to the cooking of the fish, and desiring that he might be furnished with a specimen of every variety which the lake contained; and, after being read to as usual, he went to bed at nine. In rising, however, from his chair at the dinner table, for this purpose, he gave his elbow a rather violent blow, the sensations result-

ing from which frightened him very much, and probably accelerated his decease. At half-past two in the morning the servant aroused Dr. Davy with the information that his illustrious brother was much worse. The doctor flew to the chamber, but only in time to see Sir Humphry expire, just as the morning of the 29th of May, 1829, began to dawn.

His will was proved under £30,000, and Lady Davy was appointed sole executrix. Paris says that he left £100 to the Penzance Grammar School, the interest to be devoted to a prize for the best scholar, provided the school kept holiday on the anniversary of his birthday; but I do not find this in the will. I believe that the interest on the money is still paid, but that the holiday is omitted.

A public funeral was decreed him by the authorities and literati of Geneva, including his friends Decandolle and Sismondi, who highly appreciated him; and his mortal remains were deposited in the cemetery at Plain-Palais, close to those of Professor Pictet.\* It was Davy's wish, as expressed in his will, to be buried wherever he might die: '*Natura curat suas reliquias*,' he wrote; and on his monument will be found the reason of this lofty reliance—namely, because he was

‘*Summus arcanorum Naturæ indigator.*’†

Thus died, without issue, and within a few months

\* The centenary of his birth was celebrated at Penzance in February, 1879.

† There is also a tablet to his memory in the north transept of Westminster Abbey.



of his great friends Wollaston and Young, Sir Humphry Davy, poet and philosopher, before he had completed his fifty-first year—a man (to use the words of Dr. Paris) ‘whose splendid discoveries illumined the age in which he lived, adorned the country which gave him birth, and obtained from foreign and hostile nations the homage of admiration and the meed of gratitude.’

His genius it would be presumptuous in me to endeavour to analyze or describe. I have attempted a biographical sketch rather than an essay on Davy’s proper place in the ranks of science;\* but he was undoubtedly one of the master-spirits of his age; and I gladly select, from among many other similar accounts, the peroration of the *éloge* pronounced upon him by Baron Cuvier before the Institute of France :

‘Ainsi a fini à cinquante ans, sur une terre étrangère, un génie dont le nom brillera avec éclat parmi cette foule s’éclatante de noms dont s’enorgueillit la Grande Bretagne. Mais, que dis je, pour un tel homme aucune terre n’est étrangère; Genève surtout ne pouvait pas l’être, où, depuis vingt ans, il comptait des amis intimes, des admirateurs sans cesse occupés de répandre ses decouvertes sur le Continent; aussi, le deuil n’eût pas été plus grand

\* Dr. Paris, F.R.S., has appended to his ‘Life of Davy’ an historical sketch of the revolutions in chemical science produced by his discoveries, and also a list of his chief works, which may conveniently be consulted by those who desire more detailed information as to Davy’s scientific triumphs.



ni les obsèques plus honorables pour un de leur concitoyens les plus respectés.'

The talented and indefatigable editors of the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis' have observed that, since the formation of the Royal Society, fifty-eight persons, either born in Cornwall or long resident within its borders, have become, through their eminence in mineralogical and other pursuits, Fellows of that body. A full list of their names is printed in the index to Messrs. Boase and Courtney's work; and in it they rightly say that Cornishmen may be pardoned for believing that no such record of distinction in scientific knowledge could be drawn up from any English county of corresponding size and population. I will only add my opinion that, amongst the foremost in that bright roll of honour, stands forth the name of HUMPHRY DAVY.



*ADMIRAL VISCOUNT EXMOUTH.*





## ADMIRAL VISCOUNT EXMOUTH.

'Hearts of oak ! our captain cried—  
When each gun  
From its adamantine lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.'

CAMPBELL.



HE life of this gallant sailor and good man was told so admirably in 1835, by my late valued friend, Edward Osler, F.L.S.—for many years editor of the *Royal Cornwall Gazette*, and himself one of our Cornish Athenæ—that his memoir must necessarily form the backbone of any account of Lord Exmouth's career. To Mr. Osler's well-known work I would therefore refer those who desire a more detailed account than space allows me to give to the subject of this chapter. I should, however, add that I have been fortunate enough to gather some facts to which even Mr. Osler does not refer in his elaborate memoir.

Lord Exmouth's career was both eventful and distinguished; but, notwithstanding its brilliancy, his chief glory was his unswerving devotion to his

country, irrespective of all party feeling (and he was a strong Tory)—his generosity in recognising to the fullest extent the merits of his subordinates—his combined strictness and kindness to his men—and his constant recognition of the Divine Hand in all his victories. No vessel under the orders of Pellew was ever taken by the enemy.

Like many another Cornish worthy, Edward Pellew was a man of comparatively small beginnings. Originally, it is said, of Norman extraction, the Pellews were an old-established West Cornwall family, whose tombs may still be found at Breage. Humphry Pellew, his grandfather, an American merchant, the builder of part of the little town of Flushing in Falmouth harbour, took for his wife, in 1692, Judith Sparnon of Sparnon and Pengelly in Breage, by whom he had six children; but the children of Samuel, the youngest son (who was only eight years old when his father died in 1721), were at length the only male survivors of the family. This Samuel Pellew, Lord Exmouth's father, a man of determined character, commanded a post-office packet on the Dover station. He married in 1752 Constance, daughter of Edward Langford, Esq., of a Herefordshire family, settled at or near Penzance—a woman, Mr. Osler says, 'of extraordinary spirit,' and fitted, as indeed her husband also was, to be a parent of heroes.

In 1765 Samuel Pellew died, leaving a widow and six children; of whom Edward, the second, was born at Dover, 19th April, 1757. In 1765 he re-

moved with his mother to Penzance; and here, when quite a child, gave an early instance of his love of the 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' by walking all the way from Penzance to Helston, in order to follow a troop of soldiers; and of his indomitable courage, when somewhat older, by removing from a burning house a quantity of gunpowder which had been stored there. He frequently played truant from school in order to get into a boat at the quay; and was a great favourite with the loafers there, who taught him to box. Bottrell says that Mrs. Pellew and her family lived in a thatched cottage 'near the Alverton entrance to Fox's gardens;' the house still stands, on the left-hand side of the road as the traveller leaves Penzance for the Land's End.

The Truro Grammar School, where the Rev. R. Polwhele was one of his schoolfellows, as appears from his 'Reminiscences,'\* was the next scene of his combative energy; and here he thrashed so many of his schoolfellows, that, in order to escape a still severer thrashing with which the head-master (then Mr. Conon) threatened him, he ran away, and—against his grandfather's consent, but luckily for English glory, and for his own fame—went to sea. Whilst at Truro, hastening through the courtyard of the Red Lion Hotel to assist in putting out a fire, Pellew found the high back gate shut; but he sprang over it, and I remember the spot being pointed out to me in evidence of his strength and agility. His freaks

\* Polwhele says that he stood in great awe of Ned Pellew, who, *he believes*, once thrashed him.'

on the water in after-life were of the most daring kind, and he often set the example on board ship, when no sailor could be found bold and active enough to perform some dangerous act of seamanship.

In the year 1770, being then about thirteen or fourteen years of age, Edward Pellew entered the Navy in the *Junco*, and went his first voyage to the Falkland Islands. Thence, under the same captain (Stott), he sailed in the *Alarm* to the Mediterranean, where, at Marseilles—a place which he was destined afterwards to save from destruction by its own inhabitants—he left the ship, in consequence of a gross and uncalled-for insult inflicted by the Captain on one of Pellew's brother midshipmen, named Cole.

He next joined the *Blonde*, under Captain Pownoll—who had been trained in the school of another Cornish naval hero, Admiral Boscawen—and with whom he soon became a prime favourite. It was on board the *Blonde* that he so alarmed and amused General Burgoyne, by standing on his head on the yard-arm when the General came on board to make his ill-starred expedition to America; and from the fore-yard of the same ship Pellew sprang to rescue a man who had fallen overboard. His magnificent physique and perfect courage enabled him to perform similar services on more than one occasion.

A smart engagement with a superior American force on Lake Champlain was his next exploit, in which, though unsuccessful, he found another opportunity of showing his coolness and bravery; and his services on this occasion gained him his lieutenant's



commission. Shortly afterwards he very nearly captured, single-handed, the American Commander-in-Chief Arnold. The stock and buckle, which General Arnold left behind him in his flight, were long (and perhaps still are) preserved by the Pellew family.

Joining Burgoyne's unlucky army, and sharing in all the dangers and hardships which it underwent, Pellew, though only twenty years old, was summoned to the council of war at Saratoga, at which (against his own advice) it was resolved, in October, 1777, to capitulate to an American force of double the strength of the English. On his way home to England, in a transport, he fought an American privateer, and beat her off with his usual pluck and skill.

On receiving his commission to a guard-ship, he threatened to throw it up rather than remain at so inactive a post; and it was not until he declared his intention to command a privateer that he obtained his appointment to the *Licorne*, in which he sailed for Newfoundland in the spring of 1779. He returned, however, to England in the following winter, and joined the *Apollo*, under his old friend—his 'only one on earth,' as he said—Captain Pownoll, taking part in an engagement with the French frigate *Stanislaus*, on which occasion the Captain left to Pellew the honour of completing her capture.

The old sloop *Hazard*, of which he was promoted to be commander, was his next ship, and the East Coast of Scotland his station in the summer of 1780. Then followed the *Pelican*, a French prize, whilst commanding which he drove ashore some French

privateers near the Isle of Bass, an exploit for which he was made a post-captain on board the *Suffolk*:—thus obtaining every step in his profession as a reward for some successful action. When it is added that, whilst in temporary command of the *Artois*, he captured on 1st July, 1782, the French frigate *Prince of Robego*, we may conclude this part of his career by observing that this was his last service before the Peace, which left him without any employment in His Majesty's service for four years.

The year 1783 saw him a denizen of Truro,\* and married to Susan, daughter of J. Frowde, Esq., of Knowle, in Wiltshire. Doubtless, in his wooing, he told her—

'Of all the wonders of the mighty deep,  
Tales that would make a maiden love to weep,  
Of perils manifold and strange, and storms,  
Battle, and wreck, and thousand feller forms,  
Which Death, careering on the terrible sea,  
Puts on to prove the true knight's constancy.'

It was probably about this time, also, that he became, according to Polwhele, a member of the Truro Corporation. He soon, however, removed to Flushing, near Falmouth, a curious little village, which had for Pellew, as we have seen, family associations, and where his elder brother, Samuel Humphry, formerly a surgeon of Marines, was collector of the Customs.

In 1786 we find him on board the *Winchelsea*, and once more on the Newfoundland station, into every harbour of which he squeezed his ship with the

\* Polwhele says that Pellew lived in the house where his own mother and grandmother had resided.

utmost intrepidity, often exhibiting remarkable feats of personal strength and activity.

The *Winchelsea* was paid off in 1789, and till 1791 Captain Pellew served in the *Salisbury*, of 50 guns, again on the Newfoundland station; and this time with his younger brother, Israel, as first lieutenant. He afterwards became Admiral Sir Israel Pellew, K.C.B.—an officer whose distinguished career was scarcely less illustrious than that of his more celebrated brother. He was born at Flushing in 1761, and died at Plymouth in 1832. His ship, the *Amphion*, of 32 guns, blew up in the Hamoaze, Plymouth, on 22nd September, 1796, and only her commander and a few others escaped with their lives.

Once again the distasteful ‘piping times of peace’ came round; and Pellew, for want of something to do, turned farmer. His experiments in this capacity were made on the little family estate of Trevery, near Falmouth; but they were a failure; and the declaration of war against France, in February, 1793, promised him a most agreeable relief after his enforced idleness. He was appointed to the *Nymphé* (formerly a French frigate) of 36 guns; and, to Cornishmen at least, his connexion with this ship—manned as she was for the most part by Cornish miners, eighty of whom joined her at Spithead—is one of the most interesting parts of his career. On the evening of 19th June, 1793, the *Nymphé* came up with the French frigate *Cleopatra*,\* of 40 guns, and after a

\* The *Cleopatra*’s crew numbered 320, the *Nymphé*’s only 240.

furious cannonade of three-quarters of an hour, the Cornish crew, most of whom had certainly smelt powder before (underground), though none had ever before heard a cannon fired, had the proud delight of seeing the enemy's pennant hauled down, and of capturing the first frigate in the war,—thus illustrating Drayton's lines in his 'Barons' Warres':

'For courage no whit second to the best,  
The Cornishmen, most active, bold, and light.'

For this action Pellew was knighted ten days afterwards. The Portsmouth correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, writing in July, 1793, of this engagement, says that 'the commencement of the action between the *Nymph* and *Cleopatra* was the most notable and awful that the naval history of the world ever recorded. The French captain ordered his ship to be manned, and, coming forward on the gangway, pulled off his hat, and called out, "Vive la nation!" when the ship's company gave three cheers. Captain Pellew, in like manner, ordered his men from quarters to the shrouds, and gave three cheers to "Long live King George the Third!" and his putting on his hat again was the signal for action, one of the most desperate ever fought.' The captain of the *Cleopatra*, Citoyen Mullon, was buried in Portsmouth churchyard.

In January, 1794, he joined the *Arethusa*, which formed one of the cruising frigates of the Western Squadron, a branch of the service which our hero may be said to have originated. In the engagement between the small French and English squadrons on 23rd April, 1794, off the Isle of Bass, he captured the

*Pomone*, a larger vessel than his own, and carried her into Portsmouth harbour, on which occasion Pellew received the warmest thanks of the First Lord of the Admiralty, and of Earl Howe. Another French squadron was, in the following August, driven ashore near Brest, by Pellew and his brave companions in arms; and the Channel was thus practically cleared of the enemy's cruisers for a while. But the following October saw the Frenchmen once more on the move; and it was not until after a smart engagement off Ushant between the *Artois* and the large French frigate *Révolutionnaire*, on which occasion Pellew commanded the squadron, that the French navy was completely cowed.

On the 2nd January, 1795, private intelligence having reached Sir Edward that the enemy's fleet, consisting of thirty-five sail of the line, thirteen frigates, and sixteen smaller vessels, had put to sea from Brest, he set forth from Falmouth with his little squadron of five ships to reconnoitre; but no engagement resulted from this expedition.

He now joined the *Indefatigable*, which he successfully insisted upon having cut down and rigged after his own method. She sailed from Falmouth on 2nd March; and shortly after, the squadron of which she formed part captured fifteen out of a convoy of twenty-five vessels near the Penmarcks rocks.

The scene now shifts to Plymouth Sound, where he performed, on 26th January, 1796, one of the most heroic acts that it has ever fallen to the lot of

man to accomplish. He was in evening dress, and on his way to a dinner-party, when he heard that a large ship, an East Indiaman, the *Dutton*, was on the rocks under the citadel, and that no one was able to go to her assistance; but, with his usual hardihood, he swam out to her through the surf, and thus became the means of saving the lives of between 500 and 600 of his fellow-creatures. This service he performed at the imminent risk of his own life, and when, as we have seen, no other witness of the wild scene had the courage to make the attempt. For his gallant conduct on this memorable occasion he was created a baronet, as Sir Edward Pellew, of Trevery. The Corporation of Plymouth voted him the freedom of their town, and the merchants of Liverpool presented him with a service of plate. The civic wreath and the stranded ship which appear as honourable augmentations on his coat-of-arms were derived from this event.

On the 20th April following, our sailor was again at sea, and the action was fought between the *Indefatigable* and the *Virginie*, which ended—as usual with Pellew—in victory. ‘He takes *everything*!’ said the brave French Captain Bergeret, weeping bitterly as he surrendered his sword to his opponent.

November, 1798, witnessed the well-known futile descent of the French upon Ireland. In the ineffectual steps taken by the British fleet to prevent it, Pellew had no share beyond watching Brest, and reporting progress. But in January, 1799, he fell in with the *Droits de l’Homme*, and, in the midst of a



furious gale, and after an engagement of eleven hours (during the latter part of which the *Indefatigable* was assisted by the *Amazon*, Captain Reynolds),\* the French ship was driven on shore in the Bay of Audierne. The *Amazon* was also wrecked, and the *Indefatigable* herself had a narrow escape.

The capture of a few privateers is all we now have to chronicle until we hear of Sir Edward making the daring proposal of attacking with a few frigates the whole of the French fleet then in harbour at Brest; but, whether from timidity on the part of the Admiralty, or, as was suggested, from the jealousy of Pellew's superior officer, Lord Bridport, the offer was declined.

The *Impetueux*, one of his captures from the French, was his next ship; and in her, at Bantry Bay, he promptly quelled a mutiny, which, but for his courage and sagacity, would probably have extended to other ships, whose disaffected crews, demoralized by the reports of the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore, were, it is said, only waiting a successful result of the rising on board Sir Edward's ship. The *Impetueux* soon after joined Earl St. Vincent in the Mediterranean, and formed part of the force which pursued the combined fleets from the Mediterranean to Brest.

In the siege of Ferrol, August, 1800, the *Impetueux* played an important part; but, Pellew's advice (which seemed to Sir J. B. Warren too dangerous to

\* Admiral Reynolds was afterwards drowned in the Baltic, in the *St. George*, on Christmas Day, 1811. One of the writer's uncles, William Hawken, a Truro boy, and an excellent swimmer, who was a midshipman on board, was also, with many others, drowned.—W. H. T.



follow) not being taken, the place was not captured; though it was afterwards discovered that Pellew's advice should have been followed, and that the garrison were quite prepared to lay down their arms.

A short period of retirement which he spent in the bosom of his family at Trefusis, on the shores of Falmouth harbour, followed.

The year 1801 saw him nearly at the head of the list of post-captains, and appointed a Colonel of Marines. In the following year he was elected Member for Barnstaple; but inactive posts did not suit him, and at the very first moment possible he returned to his beloved profession, being appointed to the *Tonnant*, of 80 guns, one of the Channel fleet. Detached from the squadron, together with the *Mars* and the *Spartiate* and five other sail of the line, which were placed under his orders, he blockaded the French at Corunna and at Ferrol. But he was recalled by the Ministry in order to support the Government against an attack made upon their Naval Administration by Pitt, and on Pellew's excellent speech on this occasion the vindication of the Ministry is said to have in a great measure depended.

On 23rd April, 1804, he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral of the White, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, hoisting his flag in the *Culloden*. Whilst on this station he was ever on the alert for French and Dutch privateers, of most of which the Admiral himself or his captains never failed to give a good account, to the great advantage of British commerce. The destruction of the enemy's

fleet at Batavia, on 2nd November, 1805, was an expedition on a larger scale. In this Sir Edward's son, Captain Fleetwood Pellew,\* in the *Terpsichore*, took a prominent part; and a successful attack upon Sourabaya, in Java, soon followed. This sums up his Oriental experiences; and in February, 1809, he sailed from India with a fleet of Indiamen under his convoy, and safely arrived once more in England, after a narrow escape during a severe gale. The spring of the following year, 1810, saw him, on board the *Christian VII.*, and Commander-in-Chief in the North Sea, effectively blockading the Dutch fleet in the Scheldt.

In 1811, in the *Caledonia*, he succeeded Sir Charles Cotton as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean fleet, jealously watching the coast from the Ionian Islands to Gibraltar, and striving, with the utmost energy and success, to promote the efficiency and welfare of all who served under him. He was present at the capitulation of Genoa in February, 1814; and shortly afterwards saw the termination of the war, and the confinement of Napoleon as a prisoner in the island of Elba.

Of this happy event advantage was taken by the Government to confer on our hero the dignity of a baron—an unexpected honour to him—and he chose 'Exmouth of Canonteign' as his title, that being an estate which he had purchased as a family property. He also obtained the pension usually granted for services so distinguished as his had been (it amounted

\* Pellew had four sons and two daughters.

to £2,000 a year), and the next year he received the additional honour of being made a G.C.B.

He went to the Mediterranean again in 1815, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, hoisting his flag in the *Boyne*, with his brother, Sir Israel Pellew, as Captain of the Fleet. Naples he rescued from anarchy on the flight of Murat before the Austrian army, and for this service King Ferdinand gave him the Order of St. Ferdinand and Merit. Next he saved Marseilles from the rebel Marshal Brune; and finally spent the winter of this year in Leghorn roads.

The commencement of 1816 found him preparing for what is perhaps his most celebrated exploit, viz., the siege of Algiers; the objects of which, it will be remembered, were to obtain the release of all the Ionian slaves, who, by recent political arrangements, had become *British* subjects; and to repress the piratical excursions of the Barbary States.

The preliminary reconnoitre was admirably performed by Captain Warde, and the squadron, shortly afterwards, set sail for Algiers, where the demand for the release of the Christian slaves was forthwith promised. Tunis and Tripoli followed suit; and Lord Exmouth returned to Algiers in order to press upon the Dey the abolition of Christian slavery. Only evasive answers could, however, be procured; and, having secured from the Dey a promise at least to treat, the British Admiral returned for a short space to England for further instructions.

It need scarcely be said that Mr. Osler's de-

scription of the siege of Algiers, the guilty 'pirate city,' is given with all that perspicacity and fulness of detail which characterized all his literary work; and to his account the technical reader may confidently be referred. The formidable sea defences alone consisted of 500 guns; and these Exmouth proposed to attack with only five sail of the line! Nelson is said to have named (under incorrect information, it is true) twenty-five as the proper force; but, at any rate, the attack of such fortifications as these by a few ships was quite a novelty in the annals of war.

Joined by five frigates, four bomb-vessels, and five gun-brigs, the fleet sailed from Portsmouth on the 25th July, 1816, practising regularly with their guns on the voyage, and arriving before Algiers on the 26th August.

Very early on the following morning, after waiting long and anxiously for the sea-breeze, which came at last, the *Queen Charlotte*, with Lord Exmouth (now sixty-five years of age) on board, led the attack amidst three ringing cheers from his men;—and in a few minutes her broadsides destroyed the defences of the Mole. It was reported that 500 Moors were killed by the first discharge of the English guns. The Algerines then attempted, in their gunboats, to board the British ships; but, as soon as they were discovered through the smoke, the heavy guns of the *Leander* and other ships sent 33 out of the 37 which composed the flotilla to the bottom. The enemy's ships at anchor were then fired; and by ten at night, after a cannonade of nearly nine

hours, the town and fortifications of Algiers were in ruins. 128 men only were killed and 690 wounded in the British ships, and 13 killed and 52 wounded in the Dutch squadron—losses by no means excessive under the circumstances; the enemy's loss, which must have been fearful, is not known. Lord Exmouth was struck (but only very slightly wounded) in three places; yet his coat was slit and torn by musket-balls as if it had been slashed by a madman's scissors.\*

British sailors had never fought more bravely and determinedly, or in grimmer silence. When wadding failed, they cut up their clothes as a substitute for it; and even the women on board handed the shot and shell to their husbands. The *Impregnable* and the *Leander* suffered most from the enemy's fire; the former was hulled by 263 shot, 209 of which were between wind and water, and she herself discharged 6,730 round shot.

The next morning, the 28th of July, the Dey, Omar Pasha, a brutal and ferocious ex-Aga of Janissaries, whilst Algiers was in flames, and her sea-batteries pounded into ruins, sent in his complete submission; peace was signed under a salute of 21 guns for England, and the same for Holland; and 3,003 slaves, of whom 1,083 were Christians, and some of whom were English, were liberated, and returned to their respective countries.

Honours now fell thick and fast upon Lord Ex-

\* He had a jaguar on board at the bombardment of Algiers. He gave the animal, on his return to England, to the Marchioness of Londonderry, who presented it to the Tower menagerie.

mouth. He was created a Viscount by George III.; the Kings of Holland, Spain, and Sardinia conferred knighthood upon him; the City of London voted him its freedom; Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L.; and he received the thanks of Parliament; the letter from the Speaker, dated 3rd February, 1817, conveying them, being as follows:

‘In transmitting to your Lordship this honourable testimony of the gratitude of your country, I cannot withhold the expression of my own personal satisfaction that this age of military exploits has not closed without so splendid an increase of our naval glory; and that the great work, of which all Christian States had so long and justly desired to see the accomplishment, has been performed with a display of skill and valour which have enrolled your Lordship’s name upon the annals of the nation in the most distinguished rank of her naval commanders.’

Pellev had now attained the summit of his ambition; and, in 1817, having been appointed to the naval command at Plymouth,\* was instrumental in saving from destruction the historic fortress of Pendennis Castle, which, from motives of economy, the Government of the day had proposed to destroy.

He passed the close of his life quietly near Teign-

\* Whilst holding this appointment he received Queen Caroline on her arrival in Plymouth Sound, and was one of the witnesses at her celebrated trial. The mob were so exasperated at his evidence that, on the night of June 8th, 1820, they broke his windows, whereupon he issued from the house with sword and pistol, and dispersed them.—*The Greville Memoirs.*



mouth, the only additional honour which was bestowed upon him being that of his appointment, in 1832, as Vice-Admiral of England, a post which, however, he only filled for a few months; for, on the 23rd of January, 1833, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, the old sea lion calmly passed away, in pious confidence, to his rest. A brother officer who was often with him during his last hours, said, 'I have seen him great in battle, but never so great as on his death-bed.'

He was buried at Christow, the parish in which are the family mansion and estate of Canonteign; and in the church there an elaborate marble monument records his faith and piety, his honours and his virtues.

There are three or four good portraits of Pellew, of which the three-quarter length by Northcote in the National Portrait Gallery is perhaps the best. It gives the unmistakably Cornish physiognomy of the original, and does full justice to the determined look of the lower part of his face. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition at Somerset House in 1819, when Pellew was sixty-two years of age. Another fine portrait is by Sir Wm. Beechy (engraved by C. Turner), a full-length, representing the hero on the deck of the *Queen Charlotte* at the siege of Algiers, giving orders for furling her mainsail, when she was in imminent danger of being set on fire by an Algerine vessel, which was in flames close by.



*SAMUEL FOOTE,*  
WIT AND DRAMATIST.





## SAMUEL FOOTE,\*

WIT AND DRAMATIST.

'He was a fine fellow in his way, and the world is really impoverished by his sinking glories. I would have his life written with diligence.'†—DR. JOHNSON.



It is not a little remarkable that the fame of Samuel Foote, great as it was during his lifetime, and for some time after his death, has so rapidly dimmed; for he was not only a capital mimic, a boon companion, a most generous master to his subordinates, a ready wit, and an accomplished actor, but he was also a fair scholar, a bitter though an avowed satirist, and a prolific, as well as skilled, dramatic writer and critic. He wrote about thirty pieces for the stage (which were translated into the German in 1796), and the list of his works in their various editions occupies about thirty pages in the MS. British Museum

\* It may be well to note that there was another Samuel Foote, perhaps a family connexion of our hero's, who held the Plymouth Theatre from 1780 to 1784.

† According to Taylor, the author of 'Monsieur Tonson,' the grave Murphy intended to write Foote's life; it was afterwards written by Cooke.

catalogue. His slightest sayings were carefully preserved; and the very slightness of some of them is, perhaps, one of the strongest evidences of the fame which he enjoyed.

Foster says of him, in the *Quarterly Review* for 1854, that his writings are 'not unworthy of 'a very high place in literature;' and that his name 'was once both a terrible and a delightful reality.' And yet, notwithstanding the amusing picture which they present of the manners and conversation of London a hundred years ago, they have not sufficed to preserve his fame. Who of the rising generation has ever read anything of Foote's besides his ever-ready and often quoted *bon-mots*; or knows anything more of his plays than has been learnt from an occasional representation of 'The Liar' on the stage? It is hardly necessary to inquire into the cause of this, for the joker's reputation is proverbially fleeting. Moreover, Foote's pieces are somewhat too slightly constructed, depending not so much upon the plot or the *dénouement* as upon such a delineation of the various characters as seems hardly to come within the scope of our modern actors; but, nevertheless, it certainly does cause one to reflect how soon a man, not without strong claims to be remembered, may be forgotten. Yet, while he lived, his name was in every man's mouth, and in a vast number of contemporaneous books. 'No man,' says Baker, 'was more courted when in the zenith of his fame: for instance, when the Duke of York returned from the Continent, he went first to his mother's, then

to His Majesty's, and directly from them to Mr. Foote's.' And yet it should be well understood that he was, withal, no toady. To the Scotch nobleman, boasting of his old wine, which he doled out in very small *glasses*—'It is very *little*, of its age,' said Foote, handling his glass. He congratulated the Duke of Cumberland on his digestion, when the Duke said he had come for the purpose of swallowing all Foote's good things—'for,' said the coarse wit, 'you never bring any of them up again.' And when the Duke of Norfolk consulted him as to going to a masquerade in a *new character*—'Go *sober*,' was Foote's instant reply.

It will be the object of the following memoir not only to sketch the life of the Truro wit, and to enumerate most of his plays in chronological order, but also to give one or two short specimens of his powers as a writer: the difficulty on the latter point being to make a selection from the very numerous examples left to us. But it should always be remembered that the parts played by Foote are, as written, but a very faint reflexion of what he actually uttered, often *impromptu*.

Samuel Foote was the older of two sons of Samuel and Eleanor Foote, of Truro. His younger brother Edward, a clergyman, was all but an imbecile, and in his later years depended almost entirely upon his elder brother for support. Samuel was born, not as is generally stated, at the Red Lion Inn, in Boscawen Street, which was at one time the

residence of Henry Foote—a distant relation; but 'at Johnson Vivian's\* house, near the Coinage Hall' (now removed). So far as I can ascertain, this house must have stood nearly opposite to the Red Lion, on the site of the old King's Head inn, where, Lysons says, a nunnery of Poor Clares once stood, and close to the spot where Lemon Street and Boscawen Street now join. Polwhele suggests that the inscription 'I. F., 1671,' still to be seen over the door of the Red Lion, refers to John Foote, the dramatist's grandfather.† His father was M.P. for Tiverton, Mayor and Alderman of Truro, a Commissioner of the Prize Office, and Receiver of Fines for the Duchy of Cornwall; and had his summer residence at Pencalenick, about a mile east of the new city. And here it may be said that Foote was to the last very proud of his genealogy. His father died at 'Pednkallinick,' as his epitaph records, on 12th March, 1754, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and was buried at St. Clement's, near Truro: his grave-stone is on the east wall of the little north transept. But the Footes had another residence in the same parish, namely, at Lambesso, where, according to Lysons, they were seated in the days of Charles II. His mother was a daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart. (a descendant of the Earl of Portland), M.P. for Herefordshire; she was a lady of considerable vivacity, from whom Foote is

\* Mr. Vivian was Mayor of Truro in 1741 and again in 1754.

† There was a John Foote, an eminent attorney, who lived at Lambesso, was town-clerk of Truro in 1676, and Mayor in 1678 and 1696.

supposed to have derived what Carlyle calls the 'aroma' of his character, rather than from his father. She was eighty-four years of age when she died, and 'Hesiod' Cooke (who wrote Foote's life) says, she was as sprightly at seventy-nine as most women are at forty. She was as thriftless as her celebrated son himself, and he had ultimately to grant her an annual allowance. The following letters once passed between them :

'DEAR SAM,

' I am in prison for debt : come and assist

' Your loving mother,

' E. FOOTE.'

' DEAR MOTHER,

' So am I ; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by

' Her affectionate son,

' SAM FOOTE.'

However, he added, by way of postscript :

' I have sent my attorney to assist you ; in the meantime let us hope for better days.'

Samuel Foote, the subject of our sketch, was christened on 17th January, 1720, at St. Mary's Church (on the site of the Cathedral now in progress), and was educated first at the Truro Grammar School, under Mr. Conon, where he was particularly fond of his Terence, and afterwards under Dr. Miles, at Worcester. Notwithstanding his strong propensity



for jokes and tricks, he was a favourite with his master, and made fair progress with his studies; and he never failed, when visiting Truro, to call at the old school, and, in mock-heroic style, to beg a holiday for the boys.

In 1737, he was entered at Worcester College, Oxford, which had been in 1714 founded anew by a connexion of the Foote family,\* and worked tolerably hard, acquiring considerable proficiency in the lighter classical authors; but his chief delight lay in caricaturing the Provost, Dr. Gower, and in playing tricks upon him and the verger of the College Chapel. One of these tricks consisted in tying a wisp of hay to the bell-rope which hung outside the chapel, in a lane down which certain cows went to grass. The cows naturally snatched at the tempting morsel, and rung the bell in a most weird manner, to the alarm of the authorities, who determined on sitting up to watch the rope one night in order to discover the author of the trick played upon them. Another of Foote's Oxford freaks is recorded by Murphy, who says that whilst at Oxford the future player and dramatist acted in the part of Punch.

Shortly after he came of age, which was in 1741, he was entered at the Inner Temple, where he distinguished himself chiefly by the magnificence of his chambers, and by the smartness of his oral criticisms

\* A case, with pedigree and opinion, signed Henry Brooke, Oxon, Jan. 21, 1737, states that Mr. Foote was a 'cognatus and consanguineus' of the founder of Worcester College, Sir Thomas Cooke of Bentley, Worcestershire, and was therefore entitled to a fellowship.—MSS. Worcester College.

on the actors of the day, when discussing their merits and their faults with other sparks and critics at the Grecian, in Devereux Court, or at the Bedford Coffee-house in Covent Garden. The dry study of the law had little or no attraction for our volatile hero; and Dr. Barrowby (the friend and adviser of Macklin in his controversy with Foote's chief rival, Garrick\*) has thus sketched the Truro youngster for us at this period of his life. One evening, says he, I saw a young man extravagantly dressed out in a frock-suit of green and silver lace, bag-wig, sword, bouquet, and point ruffles, enter the room,† and immediately join the circle at the upper end. Nobody recognised him; but such was the ease of his bearing, and the point and humour of remark with which he at once took part in the conversation, that his presence seemed to disconcert no one, and a sort of pleased buzz of '*Who is he?*' was still going round the room unanswered, when a handsome carriage stopped at the door, and the servants announced that his name was Foote, that he was a young gentleman of family and fortune, a student of the Inner Temple, and that the carriage had called for him on its way to the

\* Garrick and Foote did not get on well together—they were 'two of a trade,' with the usual result; and, whenever they met, our hero, who, as Davies says, 'ran a-tilt at everybody, and was at the same time caressed and feared, admired and hated by all,' never failed to launch the shafts of his satire against Garrick, who was obliged to sit dumb in his presence. It has been said that while the wit of the one shone like a star, that of the other blazed like a meteor: yet the two often dined with each other.

† Foote was such a dandy, when a young man, that he was often mistaken for a foreigner.

assembly of a lady of fashion. Vanity was indeed to the last one of Foote's besetting sins, and he could not shake it off, even on the stage; for he was very greedy of applause, and often sacrificed his fellow-actors performances to his own ends. 'Fine feathers, however, do not make fine birds;' and Foote must have relied a great deal on the skill of his tailor; for he was in person rather short and stout—exactly like his mother—and his features were plain and coarse. Yet, his arch smile and merry eye, preserved to us in his likeness, when fifty years old, by Colson (engraved by Caroline Watson), redeemed his otherwise commonplace visage, and made him, on the whole, not an unattractive-looking person. Zoffani also painted two admirable portraits of him, in character; but the best is that by Sir Joshua, now at the Garrick Club, painted about the year 1760, when Foote was forty years of age.

Two of Foote's 'three fortunes' came chiefly through his mother, who succeeded to the Goodere family property, said to have been worth about £5,000 a year, in a most strange and tragic manner; but he also inherited some property left by his father. Mrs. Foote's elder brother Sir John, a man of weak intellect, was entrapped on board his brother Samuel's ship, the *Ruby*, in Bristol Roads, and was then and there strangled by him—a crime for which the younger Goodere was deservedly hanged.\*

\* Cooke, with what, I suppose, he intended as a witticism, introduced Foote to his club at Covent Garden as 'Mr. Foote, the nephew of the gentleman who was lately hung in chains for murdering his brother.'

Foote, at that time in terrible pecuniary straits—in fact, literally a stockingless Foote, as he himself would perhaps have said—wrote, for £20, a pamphlet, describing the murder, and endeavouring, but vainly, to exculpate his uncle and namesake. It was published anonymously in April, 1741.

With so much wealth and popularity as he had even thus early acquired, it is wonderful that Foote continued his legal studies for so long a period as three years; but, in fact, he can hardly be said to have done this, for he had already begun to earn money by his pen (chiefly by writing a few pamphlets), having contrived in a couple of years, like the prodigal of old, to ‘waste all his substance in riotous living,’ and to fall into sad straits.

Accordingly, his connexion with the stage, to which he seems to have been introduced by some excellent amateur actors, his valued friends the Delaines, now commenced, in 1743, by his taking a share with his friend Macklin in the wooden theatre in the Haymarket, known as ‘The Little’ or ‘Summer Theatre,’ and ‘The Hay’—the laudable and distinguishing feature of the performances being a *natural* mode of elocution and gesture, as contradistinguished from the stilted and drawling sing-song style then in vogue (from which Foote used to think Garrick himself was not entirely free), and at least an attempt to dress the characters in something like correct costume. And here it may be convenient to observe that the title of the ‘English Aristophanes,’ by which Foote came to be generally known, is not

altogether applicable to him. Foote could lay small claim to Aristophanes' genius as a poet; whilst, on the other hand, he never libelled his country or his gods, as did the illustrious Greek.

With that strange infatuation which induces so many born comic actors to fancy themselves tragedians, he made his *début* as a paid actor at the above theatre on 6th February, 1744, as Othello; the performance was, as might have been expected, an utter failure, as were likewise his attempts at Shylock\* and Pierre on other occasions. The same may be said of his essay at genteel comedy as Lord Foppington, in 'The Relapse.' But in the following winter he found his true line, and appeared at Drury Lane in the characters of Sir Paul Pliant, Fondlewife, and Báyes; in all of which (especially in the latter) he succeeded admirably, and his success determined his career as that of a comic player and writer.

His first piece, 'The Diversions of a Morning,' in which he himself played the part of Puzzle (intended for Macklin†), was brought out at the Haymarket in the spring of 1747; but the satire was so keenly felt by many of the persons represented, mostly prominent actors of the day, that, at their instance, the magistrates withdrew Foote's license, and he adopted an expedient which it is said had also been employed by Garrick at the Goodman's Fields

\* He played Shylock, in 1758 (with Kitty Clive as Portia!), for his benefit at Drury Lane. On another occasion he was advertised to play Polonius, but seems to have thought better of it.

† Foote is said to have realized £500 in five nights by his caricatures of Macklin in his burlesque lectures.

Theatre, of evading the interdict of the justices by inviting his friends to 'drink tea' with him 'at *play-house prices*,' and entertaining his audience with 'The Diversions of a Morning' *whilst tea was getting ready*, —a 'tea' which never appeared.

This venture had what was then considered the long run of forty representations; in fact, 'to drink a dish of tea with Mr. Foote' became the rage of the season. It was succeeded by a somewhat similar performance entitled 'An Auction of Pictures,'\* in which Foote 'knocked down' sundry worthless persons of the day at ruinous prices, contriving that the stage company of purchasers should make satirical observations on the subjects of the pictures. Peter Aretine, 'the Scourge of Princes,' says Davies, was not more dreaded than Foote had now become; and in this piece the satire was again so biting that Foote made many enemies, for there was somewhat of a vindictive character in his vein. Yet, notwithstanding, perhaps partly in consequence of, the coarse and furious lampoons with which he was assailed, and of which notable specimens will be found in Churchill's 'Rosciad,' and in Chetwood's 'General History of the Stage,' the town continued to run after and applaud him. And here it may be added that Polwhele records how Foote's address and politeness had a similar soothing effect upon two gentlemen who called to cudgel him for caricaturing

\* Afterwards enlarged and produced, unsuccessfully, as 'Taste,' a comedy, at Drury Lane, in 1752. Foote *presented* this comedy to Garrick, as the profits were to be given to a poor actor, named Worsdale.



them, to that which Incledon's singing had on a somewhat similar occasion.

The same season saw the production of 'The Knights,' in which Foote introduces the character of Timothy, who speaks in the Cornish dialect; the performance of this part by a Mr. Castallo was warmly applauded. Foster says of this piece that 'it is the first sprightly running of a wit which to the last retained its sparkle and clearness; that its flow of dialogue is exquisitely neat, natural, and easy; and that its expression is always terse and characteristic.'

About this time, 1748, he got another windfall of money from the Goodere estates; and, not warned by the misery and poverty to which his previous recklessness and extravagance had reduced him, again went on in his old way, now setting up his carriage with the motto 'Iterum, iterum, iterumque,' on its panels, in allusion to his having been left a third fortune. The story goes that the only attempt that Foote ever made to regulate his money matters was to keep one paying and one receiving pocket. Four years of fast living in France dissipated nearly all his money, and the year 1752 witnessed his return to London, confuting by his arrival all sorts of rumours which had been circulated as to his death by many who had felt the sting of his whip, and who doubtless were believing, because they hoped, the rumours true. To these Foote alludes in the prologue (said to have been written by Garrick) to 'The Englishman at Paris'—his next production.



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 ' Sir Peter Primrose, smirking o'er his tea,  
 Sinks from himself and politics, to *me*.  
 " Paper, boy !" " Here, sir, I am !" " What news to-day ?"  
 " Foote, sir, is advertised—" " What ! run away ?"  
 " No, sir, he acts this week at Drury Lane."  
 " How's that," cries feeble Grub ; " Foote come again ?  
 I thought that fool had done his devil's dance :  
 Was he not hanged some months ago, in France ?"'

Foote once again took the Haymarket Theatre in 1754; and, for a few nights, ridiculed Macklin's celebrated School of Oratory, in the 'Inquisition.\*' But he soon returned to Drury Lane, as an actor chiefly in his own pieces, and at the same time was occupied in preparing for publication his amusing farce of 'The Knights.' 'The Author,' which was successful, but which was suppressed by the Lord Chamberlain in consequence of the severity of its satire on Mr. Ap Reece (Cadwallader), appeared in

\* And this reminds us of the frequent squabbles, almost immediately forgotten by both parties, which used to take place between Foote and Macklin. Thus, on one occasion, in order to test Macklin's boast as to his retentive memory, Foote ran off the well-known nonsense story : 'So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie,' etc. Macklin broke down in his attempt to remember them, but the lines themselves have since formed, on more than one occasion, the test of a scholar's power in turning them into Latin or Greek verse; witness the following attempt, which I have found in *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, vol. ix. p. 11 :

'Protenus illa foras sese projecit in hortum  
 Pluribus e caulis foliis resecaret ut unum,  
 Dulcia conficeret coctis quo crustula pomis ;  
 Quum subito attonitam vadens impune per urbem,  
 Monstrum horrendum ursæ visum est per claustra tabernæ.  
 Inseruisse caput patulisq : adstare fenestris—  
 " Usque adeo ne omnis saponis copia deficit ?"'

and so on.

1757; and, probably owing to complications arising out of the matter, early in 1758 Foote went to Dublin with Tate Wilkinson the mimic (who imitated Foote himself so well, as more than once to deceive a shrewd audience). With the same companion Foote visited Edinburgh during the following season, where they reaped a good harvest. It was whilst on this occasion in Ireland that he exclaimed of the Irish peasantry: 'I never knew before what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes.' In the winter, however, the two returned to Dublin, and here on 28th January, 1760, that clever comedy, 'The Minor,' made its first appearance, but with indifferent success, so that Foote lost a considerable sum of money. During his first visit to Dublin, in January, 1758, having hung a room at his lodgings in black, and provided himself with a dark lanthorn, Foote disseminated hand-bills to the effect that 'there was a man to be met with at such a place who wrote down people's fortunes without asking them any questions.' He is said to have carried on the deception with great success for many days, sometimes clearing as much as £30 a day, it is said, from his dupes. He soon after returned to London, and, having enlarged and improved 'The Minor,' brought it again before the public, and this time with the most satisfactory results, the theatre closing, after the piece had run thirty-eight nights, 'with a full treasury.' Foster thinks its three acts are worth almost any five that he knew. The object of the play was to ridicule religious *cant*, and especially

Whitefield, then in the height of his popularity.\* The story runs that Foote submitted the MS. to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Secker, with a request that his Grace would strike out anything that, from a religious point of view, might appear objectionable. But the Archbishop—knowing the sort of character he had to deal with—returned the MS. untouched, observing that if he erased or corrected anything, Foote would probably have advertised the piece as ‘corrected and prepared for the press by the Archbishop of Canterbury.’ ‘The Minor’ elicited many sharp pamphlets and letters against Foote, but he readily disposed of them all in a reply which he published, replete with learning, wit, and satire; and which contains an admirable vindication of the Comic Muse. It has been said that if all his other works had perished, this one letter would have sufficed to establish his wit, scholarship, and sense as of the rarest order; every line tells. His defence of the course which he adopted in ridiculing Whitefield contains the following spirited passage: ‘Why should I not ridicule what is done in a church if it deserves ridicule? Is not the crime greater if you pick a pocket at church? and is the additional reason why a man should *not* have done it, to be the only argument why he should not be punished for doing it? You call profaneness an offence; you will not have ignorant men idly invoke the name or

\* It must be remembered that Whitefield said of him, ‘However much you all admire Mr. Foote, the devil will one day make a *foot*-ball of him.’

attributes of the Supreme; and may not I ridicule a fanatic whom I think mischievous because he is for ever polluting that name with blasphemous associations—mixing it with the highest, the meanest and most trivial things; degrading Providence to every low and vulgar occasion of life; crying out that he is buffeted by Satan, if only bit by fleas, and, when able to catch them, triumphing with texts of Scripture over the blessing specially vouchsafed?’

Foote seems at this time to have lodged in Suffolk Street, and to have got into several petty quarrels with his fellow-actors, whose manners and defects he imitated only too closely, and whose antecedents he used to make fun of: for instance, alluding to Garrick's having failed in his first start in life as a wine-merchant, Foote used to say: ‘I remember Davy when he used to live in Durham Yard, and all his stock-in-trade was three quarts of vinegar in what he called his wine-cellar.’ But such were his tact and jolly manner, that the estrangements were rarely of long endurance; and most, if not all of the offended parties were, sooner or later, glad to shake hands with the reckless mimic. He was always, however, implacably hostile to newspaper critics—then, by the way, a new institution—and very coarse in his remarks upon them, although the critics generally wrote of him with respect and praise; but it should be added that at one time managers were almost invariably their own critics, and the innovation was to them most unwelcome. Nor did he think much of the reliability of the judgment of the public. In Foote's

'Treatise on the Passions,' he says: 'There are 12,000 playgoers in London; but not the four-and-twentieth part of them can judge correctly of the merits of plays or players.'

In January, 1762, 'The Liar,' the plot of which was taken from the Spanish, was produced at Covent Garden, and those who, like the writer of these pages, have had the good fortune to see the late Charles Mathews in the piece, will readily believe that it was highly successful. 'The Orators' shortly followed; it is said that it was in this piece that he intended to introduce Dr. Samuel Johnson, and that he was only deterred from doing so by the sturdy Doctor's threat that, if Foote did, he would get on the stage and soundly thrash the mimic with an oaken cudgel. But Johnson had a real regard for Foote and his abilities. Resolved *not* to be pleased with him, the Doctor was compelled to give in, and to laugh with the rest of the company that Foote was entertaining. 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'the dog was so very comical that he was irresistible.' Charles James Fox thought even more highly still of Foote's conversational powers. In fact he generally got the better of his opponents in all verbal encounters:—but the tables were once turned against him. He leased the Edinburgh Theatre for 500 guineas a year—a lawsuit arose, and Foote was defeated. The Scotch lawyer called upon him for his bill of costs; and on Foote's paying him the money and observing to the lawyer that he would no doubt, like most of his countrymen, return in the cheapest way.

possible, was drily answered: 'Yes, I shall travel *on foot*.'

'The Mayor of Garrat;'\* 'The Patron' (in which he ridiculed the 'Enthusiasm of Antiquaries,' drawing his friend and host, Lord Melcombe, in the character of Sir Thomas Lofty, which Foote played himself); and 'The Commissary' (in which the Duke of Newcastle figured as Matthew Mug), followed 'The Orators' at the Haymarket in rapid succession, bringing Foote considerable profit, and his worldly success now seemed assured. But early in 1766, a sad accident whilst hunting (when he broke his leg) marred his prospects, and embittered the close of his career. Amputation above the knee was pronounced necessary, and, though this was, of course, before the days of chloroform, he bore the terrible operation with remarkable fortitude, and could not, even then, resist the temptation to joke, begging the surgeons to deal gently with him, as it was his 'first appearance in the character of a patientee'—an allusion which will presently be made apparent. From this time he always wore, and played in, a cork leg. It was pitiable, O'Keefe remarks, to see Foote leaning sorrowfully against the wall of his stage dressing-room while his servant dressed this sham leg to suit the character in which his master was to appear; but in an instant resuming all his high comic humour and mirth, he hobbled

\* This play was so successful that Foote launched out into all sorts of extravagances, including the purchase of a magnificent service of plate, at a cost of £1,200.



forward, entered the scene, and gave the audience what they expected, their fill of laughter and delight.

The Duke of York, with whom Foote seems to have been a favourite, now procured for him a Royal Patent for a summer theatre, thus enabling him to keep it open between the 14th May and the 14th September; and in May, 1767, the old theatre having been pulled down, and a new one erected in its stead, Foote appeared, as *Himself*, in 'An Occasional Prelude,' concluding with the following not ungraceful allusion to his Royal Highness's timely succour in the hour of misfortune :

'Consult,' he says, referring to the audience on the opening night :

'Consult with care each countenance around,  
Not one malignant aspect can be found  
To check the Royal hand that raised me from the ground.'

The 'Devil on Two Sticks,' an excellent little piece, which appeared in 1768, and which ran for a whole season, is said to have brought Foote some three or four thousand pounds ! This play is a satire on medical quackery. Amongst others caricatured was Sir William Browne, 'whose wig, coat, and contracted eye firmly holding an eye-glass, and his remarkably upright figure were all there; but the caricaturist had forgotten Sir William's special characteristic—his muff, which the good-tempered doctor sent to Foote, to make the figure complete !'

But, 'lightly come, lightly go;' Foote could not



keep money as easily as he could earn it; and, on his way once more to Ireland, he fell in with some black-legs at Bath, to whom he lost all his money; so that he was 'ruined once more,' and actually had to borrow £100 in order to complete his journey. The 'Devil on Two Sticks,' however, took as well in Dublin as it had done in London; Foote was again rehabilitated, and was received with great favour at the Castle.

His play 'The Lame Lover,' produced in London in 1770, did not prove a success; it was followed, in 1771, by the 'Maid of Bath;' and by the 'Nabob' in 1772. But the 'Primitive Puppet-show,' or rather 'Piety in Pattens,' in which the 'Puppet-show' was introduced, brought crowded houses to the Haymarket in 1773; it was performed by wooden puppets nearly as large as life. In the prologue, spoken by Foote *in propria personâ*, and in a scarlet livery, as was the practice with the theatrical managers of the time, he says: 'All *our* actors are the produce of England . . . to their various families you are, none of you, strangers. We have modern patriots made from the box—it is a wood that carries an imposing *gloss* and is easily *turned*; for constant lovers we have the encircling ivy; crab-stocks for old maids; and weeping-willows for Methodist preachers; for modish wives we have the brittle poplar; their husbands we shall give you in hornbeam;' and so on. In this piece he ridiculed 'Sentimental Comedy;' it was not one of his most successful productions; but the 'Exordium' was very clever, and is given

entire in the *Town and Country Magazine*, vol. v., p. 319.

'The Cozeners' appeared in 1774, with a prologue written by Garrick, to whom Foote was again reconciled, after a quarrel caused by Garrick's refusing to lend his successful but impecunious friend the sum of £500. 'The Cozeners' fairly enough caricatured Mrs. Grieve as Mrs. Fleecem—a woman who extorted money from her victims by promising to procure for them Government appointments. Now, Foote himself was generally thought to have obtained an annuity from Sir Francis Delaval, by bringing about a marriage between him and Lady Nassau Powlett, with whom Foote had been very intimate. It was, however, too bad of Foote to caricature, under the name of Mrs. Simony, the widow of the Rev. Dr. Dodd, then only recently hanged. But Foote's aims were really not lofty; he sought, as Dr. Doran says, less to reform vice and folly than to produce amusement (sometimes unscrupulously enough), by holding them up to ridicule. And here it must be observed that, although he was thin-skinned, and not over-courageous, yet Davies wrote of him: 'There is hardly a public man in England who has not entered Mr. Foote's theatre with an aching heart, under the apprehension of seeing himself laughed at.'

The following year saw Foote involved in one of the most disastrous and disagreeable events of his life—namely, his prosecution at the instance of the profligate Duchess of Kingston, whom Foote had

prepared to lampoon in a little piece called 'A Trip to Calais,' in respect of her then approaching trial for bigamy, when she was found guilty by the House of Peers. The Duchess's influence, however, prevailed to prevent the appearance of the piece, and the Lord Chamberlain's license was withheld; and correspondence of a most virulent nature between Foote and the Duchess ensued. It was on this occasion that Foote penned the following defence of his writings: 'During my continuance in the service of the public I never profited by flattering their passions, or falling in with their humours. In exposing follies I never lost my credit with the public, because they knew I proceeded *upon principle*.' The Duchess tried to *buy* off her persecutor, but in vain; attacks on each side, of the grossest and most virulent nature, now appeared in the papers; and an expensive prosecution of Foote on a foul but imaginary charge, by one Jackson,\* was instituted; but Lord Mansfield summed up in Foote's favour, and the result was his immediate and honourable acquittal (the jury not even turning round in the box to consider their verdict). The worry and anxiety attendant upon so abominable a persecution shattered Foote's health and spirits, and unfitted him for awhile for appearing again on the stage. He accordingly sold his patent, including the theatrical wardrobe and leave to perform any of Foote's unpublished plays, to George Coleman, for £1,600

\* It is noteworthy that the same miscreant attempted, likewise in vain, to set up a similar charge against Garrick.

a year; and he only went on the stage thrice afterwards.

During the quarrel with the Duchess of Kingston Foote had bitterly satirized some of her worthless creatures in a piece called 'The Capucin'—the last that he ever wrote except 'The Slanderer,' which, however, he left unfinished at his death.

In May, 1777, he made another attempt to appear on the stage; but illness and anxiety had made fearful havoc with his looks and his gaiety; and a paralytic stroke whilst acting in his own piece, 'The Devil on Two Sticks,' put an end for ever to his stage performances. He retired to Bath, and there his health and sprightliness somewhat recovered; but it was only a flickering of the expiring candle in its socket. The doctors advised him to try Paris, and thither, from his house in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, he proceeded, by way of Dover, in the following October, with a presentiment that he should never return to Town alive. It was here, whilst waiting at the Ship Inn for a favourable passage, the conversation occurred with the cook-maid, and probably Foote's very last jokes, without which no account of him seems to be considered complete. The woman was boasting that *she* had never left *her* native place, when Foote retorted by saying that he had heard upstairs that she had been 'several times all over Greece,' and that he himself had seen her at 'Spit-head.' On the following day, the 21st October, 1777, he had another paralytic seizure, and was no more. On the 3rd November he was buried by torch-light

in the west cloister of Westminster Abbey.\* No stone marks his resting-place; but there is an epitaph to his memory at St. Mary's, Dover, of which the following is a copy:

Sacred to the memory of  
SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.,  
Who had a Tear for a Friend,  
And a Hand and Heart ever ready  
To Relieve the Distressed.  
He departed this life Oct. 21st, 1777 (on his journey to France),  
at the Ship Inn, Dover,  
aged 55 years.  
This inscription was placed here by his affectionate Friend,  
Mr. Wm. Jewell.†

He left, besides portraits and small legacies to sundry of his friends, the bulk of the property remaining to him to his two natural children, Francis and George; and I may here observe that, notwithstanding Cooke's positive statement that Foote married a Worcestershire lady, and that shortly after the wedding he took her to his father's house at Truro; and Polwhele's dictum that he married Miss Polly Hicks, of Prince's Street, Truro—(she is said to have been sixteen and Foote eighteen when they married, but she died early of consumption)—I have been unable to discover with certainty whether or not he was ever really married. Certainly, no Mrs. Foote ever appeared upon the scene when he lived at

\* I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Wright, the Clerk of the Works at Westminster Abbey, for the information that Foote's grave must be somewhere near the middle, perhaps a little north of the middle, of this cloister, though its exact site cannot now be ascertained.

† The treasurer of Foote's theatre.

'The Hermitage,' North End, between Fulham and Hammersmith (to which place he had moved from Parson's Green, where Theodore Hooke afterwards lived). Here he used to be very fond of entertaining his friends, amongst whom were many members of the nobility, and occasionally even royal personages, with his usual wasteful extravagance. There is a story of his having been 'reconciled' to his wife whilst he was living at Blackheath; and another story of his old fellow-collegian Dr. Nash, the historian of Worcestershire, having called to see him when confined for debt in the Fleet Prison, and finding a supposed Mrs. Foote hiding somewhere in the room; but there are, I believe, no proofs positive of the reckless, dissipated subject of this memoir having ever submitted to the marriage tie.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1777 says of him that 'As no man ever contributed more to the entertainment of the public, so no man oftener made the minds of his companions expand with mirth and good-humour; and in the company of men of high rank and superior fortune, who courted his acquaintance, he always preserved a noble independency. That he had his foibles and caprices no one will pretend to deny; but they were amply counterbalanced by his merit and abilities, which will transmit his name to posterity with distinguished reputation.'

We commenced this article by considering how fleeting this reputation was; yet still it is strange that in this case it has died from amongst us so soon.



Garrick said of Foote that he was a man of wonderful abilities, and the most entertaining man he had ever known; and this was a tribute from a rival manager and actor, be it remembered. Fox, eminent conversationalist as he was, said that whatever was the subject of conversation, 'Foote instantly took the lead, and delighted us all.' Davies, Tate Wilkinson, and Horace Walpole joined in the chorus of his praise; and even Dr. Samuel Johnson, who perhaps feared Foote as much as he disliked him, admitted that he was a scholar, that his humour was irresistible, and that he could drive any of his rivals out of the room by the sheer force of his wit. The remarks of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Macaulay fall flat after such tributes as the above; and they are probably to be explained by the fact that they never came within the range of the personal influence of the man—without having done which they can hardly be considered competent judges of so amusing an actor, and such an invariably ready, courageous wit and satirist as was Samuel Foote.





*THE GODOLPHINS OF GODOLPHIN,*  
STATESMEN, JURISTS, AND DIVINES.





## THE GODOLPHINS OF GODOLPHIN, STATESMEN, JURISTS, AND DIVINES.

'A Godolphin was never known to want wit ; a Trelawny, courage ; or a Grenville, loyalty.'—*Old Cornish Saying.*

**G**ERTES,' says Hals, 'from the time that this family was seised of Godolphin, such a race of famous, flourishing, learned, valiant, prudent men have served their prince and country, in the several capacities of members of parliament, justices of the peace, deputy-lieutenants, sheriffs,\* colonels, captains, majors, and other officers, both military and civil, as scarce any other family this country hath afforded ; which I do not mention (for that my great-grandmother on the one side, the wife of Sir John Arundell, of Tolverne, knight, was daughter of Sir Francis Godolphin, knight, sheriff of Cornwall, 21st Elizabeth), but as their just character and merit ; and I challenge the envious justly to detract from the same.'

\* From 1504 to 1638 the Sheriff of Cornwall was frequently a Godolphin. One of them was also Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and two other members of the family were Vice-Wardens.

Without stopping to inquire whether or not Hals's great-grandmother was not Ann the *sister* of Sir Francis Godolphin (instead of his daughter), that gossiping historian's claim on behalf of his ancestry may at once be conceded; indeed, it is very singular that he did not specify one of the family who lived much nearer his own time, and whose illustrious name makes those of the other Godolphins 'pale their (comparatively) ineffectual fires.' We shall, however, come to treat in his proper place of Sidney Godolphin, the friend of Marlborough, the trusted Prime Minister (for so he might be called) of James II., of William III. and of Anne, and for many years the moving though almost silent spirit of English politics.

It will be convenient to commence our remarks by a description of the family seat where they had settled for so long a period that Colonel Vivian, in his genealogical table, has been obliged to commence the pedigree with John, Lord of Godolphin, 'sans date;' but probably he flourished about the time of Henry III. or Edward I.

Godolphin, which gives its name to a high hill about half-a-mile to the south-west of the house, is situated in the parish now called Breage; and in the parish church, so named after the Irish St. Breaca, as well as in numerous other churches and churchyards of western Cornwall,\* lie the bones of many

\* Notably in the adjoining parish of St. Hilary, where, in the S.E. corner, forming the floor of a pew, is, or rather was, a Godolphin monument inscribed with a turgid Latin epitaph consisting mainly of a play upon the word 'delphinus.'

a Godolphin, while their helmets—one of them surmounted by the ‘canting’ crest of a *dolphin*—hang rusting ‘in monumental mockery’ over some of the tombs. The remains of the mansion (now occupied as a spacious and comfortable farmhouse), the many roads of approach to it, the antique gardens, and the broad, terraced hedges, still testify to its ancient importance. For a place of much consideration it evidently was, even down to the time of Sidney Godolphin, and later. Those were days when the only newspaper which came to so remote a corner of England—and which was procured weekly, together with his despatches (whilst he was in Cornwall), by the Lord Treasurer’s own special messenger to Exeter—lay on the table in the hall at Godolphin, now called the King’s Room, for the benefit of the neighbouring clergy and gentry. Dr. Borlase gives a more or less conjectural view of the house in its glory, surrounded by its park and groves; and what is supposed to have been a view of it was found on a panel in Pengerswick Castle; but its glories have long departed. Yet, although Godolphin has not vanished from off the face of the earth, like Killigrew, the early abode of the Killigrews in St. Erme, and the two Stows, the residence of the Grenvilles of Kilkhampton, sufficient remains to indicate to the passer-by that here may once have lived a family as distinguished as that to whom Hals so proudly refers. The surface of the surrounding landscape is now scarred by mines and clay-works; and the little stream, crossed just below the house by Godolphin

Bridge, is discoloured by mine-refuse, disfiguring instead of beautifying the scene.

‘No greater Tynne Workes yn al Cornwall then be on Sir Wylliam Godolcan’s ground,’ wrote Leland, and his statement long held true. It was remarked by the late W. J. Henwood in 1843, that in eighteen years Wheal Vor, an adjacent mine, had raised tin to the value of a million and a quarter sterling, of which £100,000 was profit to the adventurers. To be a steward of the Godolphins was held to be a sure method of attaining wealth and influence; indeed, there is a humorous story told of one of the Godolphin ladies’ excusing her late appearance at the dinner-table one day by saying that she had been down to the smelting-house ‘to see the cat eat the dolphin;’ the allusion being to the respective marks on the Godolphin tin and that smelted at the same time by Coke, the steward, who bore *cats* on his coat-of-arms. The Godolphin of the period thereupon introduced some much-needed reforms in the management of his tin business.

About a mile to the south of the house, and rising nearly 600 feet high—a considerable elevation in western Cornwall—rises Tregoning (or more properly, Treconan) Hill—the dwelling of Conan—from whose summit, looking to the south-west, the eye commands a vast stretch of waters, over which the sailor might pass to the West Indies without seeing land, unless he chose to touch at the Azores. Nearer at hand, and seeming almost under our feet, lie the noble curves of the Mount’s Bay, with,

for a central feature, the rocky islet—‘both land and island twice a day,’ as Carew says—on which stand the Castle and Chair of St. Michael—‘Kader Mighel’—still looking

‘Tow’rd Namancos and Bayonas’ hold.’

Turning our gaze towards the north-west, we see sapphire waves roll on the golden sands which fringe the shores of St. Ives Bay; and, towards the west, the Land’s End district so melts into the grey haze of the Atlantic, that it would be as hard to say where the land ended and the sea began, as it would be now to gather the whole truth as to the lost land of Lyonesse, traditionally reported to have been submerged between Bolerium and the Isles of Scilly.

Such were the surroundings of Godolphin. The building itself, originally a castle or fortified residence of some sort, was in ruins in the days of Edward IV. William of Worcester, in 1478, says of it:

‘Castellum Godollon dirutum in villa Lodollon’; and Leland, in the days of Henry VIII., describes it in the following words:

‘Carne Godolcan on the Top of an Hille, wher is a Diche, and there was a Pile and principal Habitation of the Godolcans. The Diche yet apperith, and many Stones of late Time hath beene fetchid thens. It is a 3 Miles from S. Michael’s Mont by Est North Est.’



Rebuilt as Godolphin Hall in the days of Elizabeth, it appeared as a quadrangular mansion, with a fine portico of white granite along the north front, constructed by Francis, the second Earl; but this was the last flickering of its lamp. The rooms over the portico were, it is said, never fitted up, and the mansion of the Godolphins is now occupied by Mr. Rosewarne, a zealous guardian of its crumbling walls.

Concerning the etymology of the name there has been much dispute. Some have claimed for it a Phœnician origin, and said that the word signifies 'a land of tin'—certainly a not inappropriate derivation. Hals is not very dogmatic (as he often is) as to the meaning. He thinks it may mean 'God's Downs,' an 'altogether wooded down or place of springs,' and utterly repudiates Carew's suggestion that it means 'a white eagle.' Others have suggested 'Goon Dolgan'—Dolgan's Down. This, at least, is clear, that the name, as applied to persons, has had more than one narrow escape of becoming extinct. Once, towards the close of the fourteenth century, or early in the fifteenth century, when Ellinor Godolphin married John Rencie; but her husband assumed the patronymic of his wife. Up to that time, and, indeed, for many generations afterwards, we constantly find the Godolphins intermarrying with good old Cornish families, many of whom are now extinct. I find in their family tree such names as Trevanger, Trewledick, Antrewan, Prideaux, Tremrow, Carminowe, Erisey, Bevill, Killigrew,

Trenouth, Cararthyn, Carankan, Tredeneck, Pen-darves, Carew, Grenville, Arundell, St. Aubyn, Bos-cawen, Hoblyn, Molesworth, etc. In short, there are very few Cornish families of any distinction in whose veins the blood of the Godolphins of Godolphin did not mingle.

The first Godolphin of note (although, according to Lipscombe, they came in with the Conqueror) would seem to have been one who also bore the ill-omened name of Knava; and who, in 1504, was, as Hals tells us, 'struck Sheriff' of Cornwall. King Henry VII., Hals goes on to say, 'declared his great liking of that gentleman in all circumstances for the said office, but discovered as much dislike of his name after the English,—not understanding the import thereof in Cornish,—and so further said, that as he was *pater patriæ*, he would trans-nominate him to Godolphin, whereof he was lord; and accordingly caused or ordered that in his letters-patent under the broad seal of England, for being Sheriff of Cornwall, he should be styled or named John Godolphin of Godolphin, Esq<sup>re</sup>, and by that name he accounted at the year's end with that King for his office in the exchequer, and had his acquittance from thence, as appears from the record in the Pipe office there.' Another Cornish gentleman who bore the name of Erisey was, it will be remembered (see the story of the Killigrews), also considered, by James I., to be unfortunate in his patronymic; but in his case the family name remained unchanged until it became extinct.

Sheriff John's son, Sir William, Vice-Warden of the Stannaries, was also sheriff of the county in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth. He was a warrior of note, and a favourite of bluff King Hal, 'who,' Polwhele says, 'for his services conferred on him the honor of knighthood, and constituted Sir William warden and chief steward of the Stannaries. He lived to a great age, and was several times chosen one of the Knights of the Shire for Cornwall in the Parliaments of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. He likewise acquired much fame by his conduct and intrepidity in several military commands, particularly at the siege of Bologne.' Carew ranks Sir William among the Worthies of Cornwall, saying: 'He demeaned himself very valiantly beyond the seas; as appeared by the scars he brought home; no less to the beautifying of his fame, than the disfiguring of his face.' Thomas Godolphin, his brother, was also present at the above-named siege, 'and on Thursday, the 14th August, 1544, he, Mr. Harper, and Mr. Culpepper were hurt with one shot from the town.'

Whether it was this Sir William, or his son (who bore the same name and title), who distinguished himself by his 'valiant carriage' against the Irish rebels towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, is not quite clear; but I am inclined to think it must have been the latter, as the first Sir William was gathered to his fathers in the year 1570, and was buried at Breage.

It was the former Sir William's brother Thomas

who took for his first wife a Grenville, and from them descended, for three generations, those Godolphins who probably led happy lives—for (so far as I am aware) they have ‘no history’—and whose Christian name at least would imply their peaceful careers,—for there were three Gentle Godolphins in succession. But from Thomas’s second union, with Katherine Bonython, sprang the more famous members of the family. One of these was Sir Francis,\* Vice-Warden of the Stannaries, who was knighted in 1580: he was with his father and uncle at Boulogne, and was the contemporary and friend of Richard Carew, whom he helped in writing the ‘Survey of Cornwall.’

Carew thus refers to his colleague :

‘This Hill (Godolphin) hath, for divers descents, supplied those gentlemen’s bountiful minds with large means accruing from their tin-works, and is now possessed by *Sir Francis Godolphin*, knight, whose zeal in religion, uprightness in justice, providence in government, and plentiful house-keeping, have won him a great and reverent reputation in his country; and these virtues, together with his services to Her Majesty, are so sufficiently known to those of highest place, as my testimony can add little light thereunto: but by his labours and inven-

\* Lipscombe, in his ‘History of Buckinghamshire,’ says of him that ‘he was very ingenious, and entertained a Dutch mineral man, by whose instructions he practised a more saving way of making tin. He also undertook the coinage of silver out of the mines of Wales and Cornwall.’

tions\* in tin matters, not only the whole country hath felt a general benefit, so as the several owners have thereby gotten very great profit out of such refuse works, as they before had given over for unprofitable; but Her Majesty hath also received increase of her customs by the same, at least to the value of £10,000. Moreover, in those works which are of his own particular inheritance, he continually keepeth at work 300 persons, or thereabouts; and the yearly benefit, that out of those his works accrueth to Her Majesty, amounteth, communibus annis, to £1000 at least, and sometimes to much more.'

And there is one other little episode of Cornish history with which the name of Sir Francis Godolphin will always be associated: the repulse of the Spaniards from Penzance in 1595.

There was an old Cornish prophecy which ran thus:

'Ewra teyre a war meane Merlyn  
Ara Lesky Pawle Pensanz ha Newlyn.'

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\* No doubt Carew here refers to Sir Francis's invention of mine stamps for crushing the ore. An earlier Godolphin seems to have also given attention to this branch of mining, for Leland says: 'From Mr. Godolcan's to Trewedenek about a 4 miles. Wher Thomas Godalcan (yonger) sun to Sir Willyam buildith a praty House, and hath made an exceeding fair blo House Mille in the Rokky Valley thereby.' In fact the neighbourhood of Godolphin seems to have been the birthplace of many important mining inventions. Near here the first steam-engine for draining the mine was put to work, early in the present century, at Wheal Vor; and the following is recorded in the Register of Breage Church: 'James Epsley sen<sup>r</sup> of Chilchampton Parish Bath and Wells Summersetshire he was the man that brought that rare invention of shooting the rocks (viz., blasting them with gunpowder) which came heare in June 1684 and he died at the Bal (the mine) and was buried at breage the 16th day of September in the yeare of our Lord Christ 1689.'

signifying that there should land upon the rock of Merlyn (at Mousehole), those that would burn Paul Church, Penzance, and Newlyn. And so it fell out that, during a fog, at dawn on the 23rd July, four Spanish galleys landed 200 men, armed with pike and shot, who burnt all the houses at Mousehole as they passed, and at length set fire to Paul Church itself. The peaceable inhabitants, being then only about 100 in number, and 'meanly weaponed,' as Carew says, 'fled on the approach of the buccaneers,' but were rallied by Sir Francis Godolphin on Penzance Western Green, and proceeded to attack the enemy, who, however, managed to regain their boats, in which they now anchored off another little fishing-village—Newlyn. Here they landed 400 pike and shot, and marched upon Penzance, Sir Francis endeavouring to intercept them. But the flanking fire from the galleys was too galling for the poor Cornish folk, and (though none were seriously hurt) they gave way, dispersing in various directions, and some of them flying into the town of Penzance. At the market-place, which is in about the centre of the town, Sir Francis ordered them to make their stand—'himself staying hindmost, to observe the enemy's order, and which way they would make their approach : '—but only about a dozen men could be got together, and Sir Francis had to take to flight, the Spaniards setting fire to Penzance also, and then again returning to their galleys. Meanwhile, the story of the attack got wind, and increased numbers of Cornishmen assembled on the open spaces near



Marazion, when they drove the Spanish galleys from the shore. Succours from Plymouth arrived on the 25th July; and the English ships, having also heard of what had happened, were on the look-out; but a favourable breeze from the N.W. set in, and the enemy were unluckily enabled to make good their retreat.

Like his father, Sir Francis married twice: his second wife was Margaret Killigrew, and thus he became identified more closely than ever with Royalist interests. The Godolphins had obtained from Elizabeth a lease of the Scilly Isles, and more than one member of the family had acted as a sort of little viceroy there; 'Dolphin Town, as it is now called, on the island of Trescaw, still bears witness to their former sway. Here, at Elizabeth Castle, on St. Mary's Island, Charles II. found shelter when he sorely needed it; and from the Scilly Isles the Godolphins and the Grenvilles conducted many a bold exploit during the Civil War; until at length the fleet of the Commonwealth compelled the desperate Knights to surrender,—as we shall see further in the history of the Grenvilles.

The next few years saw a great number of deaths in the Godolphin family. Sir Francis, the Penzance hero, died, and was buried at Breage in 1608—his son, Sir William, following him four years afterwards. In 1619 John, who succeeded his father as Captain of Scilly, died too; and in 1640 the last of the brothers, the second Sir Francis, Recorder of



Helston, a borough with which the Godolphins kept up a parliamentary connexion, of the old style, for many years.

The story of the Godolphins now conveniently divides itself into two parts, viz.: first, the history of the descendants of the above-named John; and secondly, that of the more celebrated line which descended from his brother Sir William.

John, 'Captain of Scilly,' had married a lady bearing the singular name of Judith Amerideth, and had by her three sons, and I think as many daughters. Of their offspring, Sir William and John alone claim our attention; and the former, solely on account of his being the father of another Sir William who was Ambassador at Madrid. The Ambassador was one of John Locke's most intimate friends when they were schoolboys together at Westminster, but was 'no great scholar;' he went to Oxford, and only got his M.A. degree by nomination of the Crown, for, truth to tell, he was too busy about politics to attend to his studies. In politics, however, he seems to have achieved some distinction, for he was Lord Arlington's secretary and right-hand man, and was always a staunch adherent of the Stuarts. He went to Madrid with the Earl of Sandwich, as his 'assistant;' and Locke joined the Embassy as secretary, through Godolphin's interest, in March, 1666.

He died without issue, and it was suspected that his religious views had been tampered with in his

latter days,\* and that he had left his property to 'superstitious uses;' whereupon the Act 10 William III. was passed for 'confirming and establishing the administration of the goods and chattels of Sir William Godolphin, Knight, deceased.' It recites, that he lived at Madrid 'surrounded by Fryers, Priests, and Jesuits, as he lay Bedrid,' and that on the 30th March, 1696, he made a will appointing four of such persons his 'Testamentoros,' and leaving them legacies. The Act declares this document to be null and void; and refuses to recognise the clause in which Sir William declares his soul to be 'his Universal Heir.' But the four testamentoros were to get their legacies, and the property was then duly allotted amongst those to whom Sir William had intended it should be left, before he departed from England, viz., to his brother Francis, of Coulston, and his nephew Charles. To the poor of Camelford he left £20, and £10 each to the poor of Liskeard, and of St. Mabyn. The Godolphin school at Salisbury was founded out of the proceeds of Sir William's estate. The whole of the details of this transaction may be read in the 'Extractum ex extractu pacis,' preserved in the British Museum ( $\frac{514, \text{A. } 25}{2}$ ).

During two or three succeeding generations, this branch of the family continued to give Governors

\* According to a passage in the 'Epistolary Curiosities of Rebecca Warner,' the House of Commons voted an address to the King praying for the recall of Sir William Godolphin on a charge of high treason, 'for he is one of the plotters,' and Godolphin was accordingly recalled in 1678 or 1679.

and Deputy-Governors to the Isles of Scilly,\* until at length the male line died out, and the Godolphin blood became perpetuated by intermarriages with, amongst others, the eleventh Earl of Huntingdon, and (within the last few years) by the marriage of the Vicar of Sydenham, in Kent, the Rev. H. W. Yeatman, with Lady Barbara Caroline Legge, daughter of the fourth Earl of Dartmouth. At Acton Church, near Ealing, were the tombs of Sir John Godolphin (1679), and of his daughter and heir Elizabeth, maid-of-honour to Queen Katharine of Braganza.

One is tempted to linger somewhat longer over John 'of Doctors' Commons, Doctor of Laws,' the third son of John and Judith Amerideth. He was born at Godolphin, in Scilly, on 29th November, 1617, and entered at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, in

\* For information as to one of these Godolphins I am indebted for the following notes to a source to which I am under the deepest obligations—the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis':

'Letter from John Verney to sir R. Verney.

"Capt: Godolphin, govenor of Scilly, was this week killed at the Cockpit ordinary in Drury Lane by Mr. Duncombe who also received 3 wounds. Godolphin was a wild young gentleman and tho' he usually came to church yet 'tis said as he lay dying none but papist priests were in his room 9 Nov 1682. (*MS. penes Sir Harry Verney, bart. Clayden house, Bucks.*)"

"The gentleman who killed Mr. Godolphin, governor of Scilly, is lately dead of his wounds which he received in that duel 11 Decr. 1682. (*News Letter MS. penes Sir F. Graham, bart., Netherby hall, Cumberland.*)"

Mr. Godolphin, Governor of Scilly, whose death is above spoken of, was possibly William, eldest son of Fras. Godolphin, of Coulston, Wilts.

1632, taking his Bachelor's degree in 1636, and that of Doctor in 1642-43. I believe that if he did not at any time reside at St. Kew, in Cornwall, at least he must have had some thoughts of doing so, for he held, for some time, Tretawne,\* an old Jacobean seat of the Molesworths in this parish; and he married Honor, a lady of that old Cornish family. A granite stone, about twelve inches square, let into the wall of the back kitchen, and inscribed

PHIL<sup>A</sup> MOLESWORTH

1620

commemorates the connexion of the Molesworths with their quondam residence of Tretawne.

Polwhele says that Dr. John 'was at first puritanically inclined, but afterwards took the engagement,' and in conjunction with Dr. William Clarke and C. G. Cock, Esq., was, in 1653, constituted a Judge of the Admiralty. He seems to have always had a leaning in the direction of polemics, notwithstanding his being a member of the legal faculty, and his having been made one of the King's 'Advocates' at the Restoration; certainly his works on Divinity are more numerous than those on Law. His 'Orphan's Legacy, or Testamentary Abridgment,' which is in three parts—the first treating of Last Wills and Testaments, the second, of Executors and Administrators, and the third of

\* According to Sir J. Maclean, in his 'Deanery of Trigg Minor.'

Legacies and Devises—was, no doubt, a useful handbook of the period; and his ‘Repertorium Canonicum’ (1687)—‘an abridgment of the Ecclesiastical Laws of this Realm consistent with the Temporal: wherein the most material points relating to such persons and things as come within the cognizance thereof are succinctly treated’—is a laborious attempt to exhibit in their legal bearings the relations of Church and State, especially asserting the King’s Supremacy.

But probably he will be better remembered by his ‘Holy Limbeck, or a Semi-Century of Spiritual Extractions,’ and by his ‘Holy Arbour’ than by either of the foregoing works, or by his ‘*Συνηγορος θαλασσιος*, or a view of the Admiral’s Jurisdiction.’ The title of the ‘Holy Arbour’ runs as follows, in the fantastical, metaphorical style of the time:

‘The Holy Arbour—contayning y<sup>e</sup> whole Body of Divinity, or A Cluster of Spirituall Grapes, gathered from the Vines of certaine Moderne and Orthodox Laborers in the Lord’s Viniard; Pressd For the Spirituall delight and benefit of all such as thirst after Righteousness.’

And the Dedication, in similar vein, commences thus:

‘To the Truly Honorable, the Poor in Spirit.

‘Right Humble,

‘The mighty Nazarite’s Riddle, Out of the Eater came Meat, and out of the Strong came Sweet-

ness (Judg. xiv. 14) was the second course served in at his Marriage Feast; which by way of Allusion may not unaptly be applied to you. Came not the Spirit of God upon you at the Conquest of that devouring Lyon, in the fierce Assaults of his ingenious Temptations? At your return from which Spiritual Combat, began you not to feed on the Peace of Good Consciences, when the Word of the Lord became as Honey in your mouthes? Is not this a Riddle to the Uncircumcised of the World?

‘In congratulation of which no common Victory, is this Address no less properly then humbly prostrated to you onely, as the most faithful Guardians of this Holy Arbor; whose unfenced Ambulage, when spiced at your approach by the fragrancy of your Innocency, craves the Subterfuge of your Prayers.’

Our author died in 1678, in or near Fleet Street, and was buried in the north aisle of St. James’s Church, Clerkenwell, leaving one son, Francis, who died in 1695, and who was buried with his wife, Grace, at St. Columb Major: down to within the last hundred years their descendants have hovered round the neighbourhood, and found like resting-place for their remains.

We must now revert to that branch of the family which comprises, as I have said, its more distinguished members, and which sprang from the union of Sir William Godolphin (who died and was



buried at Breage in 1613) with Thomasine Sidney, of Wrighton in Norfolk, a lady who bequeathed her maiden surname to many of her descendants down to the present day.

One of their sons, Sidney, uncle of a yet more illustrious namesake, was killed in a skirmish during the Civil War, on Dartmoor, in February, 1643.\* The Parliamentary forces had been defeated at Boconnoc, and Hopton thereupon 'flew with a party volant' towards Plymouth. His army, however, received a temporary check at Chagford; but Sir John Berkeley at length drove out the Parliamentary forces who quartered in that little village; and here the brave young Sidney Godolphin was slain.

He was, says Clarendon, 'a young gentleman of incomparable parts, who, being of a constitution and education more delicate, and unacquainted with contentions, upon his observation of the wickedness of those men in the House of Commons, of which he was a member, out of the pure indignation of his soul against them, and conscience to his country, had, with the first, engaged himself with that party in the west; and though he thought not fit to take a command in a profession he had not willingly chosen, yet, as his advice was of great authority with all the commanders, being always one in the

\* Sidney was born at Godolphin. He was M.P. for Helston, 1640, and supported Lord Strafford against the majority of the House. He wrote, amongst other poems, a song on Thos. Killigrew and Wm. Murray, so Wood says. He was buried at Okehampton.



council of war, and whose notable abilities they had still use of in their civil transactions, so he exposed himself to all action, travel, and hazard; and by too forward engaging himself in this last, received a mortal shot by a musket, a little above the knee, of which he died in the instant, leaving the misfortune of his death upon a place which could never otherwise have had a mention to the world.' And Clarendon gives yet another and more elaborate portrait of him ('Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon,' vol. i. p. 51):

'Sidney Godolphin was a younger brother of Godolphin, but by the provision left by his father, and by the death of a younger brother, liberally supplied for a very good education, and for a cheerful subsistence, in any course of life he proposed to himself. There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so large an understanding and so unrestrained a fancy in so very small a body; so that the Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient into his friendship for Mr. Godolphin, that he was pleased to be man; and it may be, the very remarkableness of his little person made the sharpness of his wit, and the composed quickness of his judgment and understanding the more notable. He had spent some years in France, and in the Low Countries; and accompanied the Earl of Leicester in his ambassage into Denmark, before he resolved to be quiet, and attend some promotion in the Court, where his excellent disposition and manners, and

extraordinary qualifications, made him very acceptable. Though everybody loved his company very well, yet he loved very much to be alone, being in his constitution inclined somewhat to melancholy, and to retire amongst his books; and was so far from being active, that he was contented to be reproached by his friends with laziness; and was of so nice and tender a composition, that a little rain or wind would disorder him, and divert him from any short journey he had most willingly proposed to himself; insomuch as, when he rid abroad with those in whose company he most delighted, if the wind chanced to be in his face, he would (after a little pleasant murmuring) suddenly turn his horse and go home. Yet the civil war no sooner began (the first approaches toward which he discovered as soon as any man, by the proceedings in Parliament, where he was a member, and opposed with great indignation) than he put himself into the first troops which were raised in the west for the King; and bore the uneasiness and fatigue of winter marches, with an exemplar courage and alacrity; until by too brave a pursuit of the enemy, into an obscure village in Devonshire, he was shot with a musket; with which (without saying any word more than, Oh, God! I am hurt) he fell dead from his horse; to the excessive grief of his friends, who were all that knew him; and the irreparable damage of the public.' In fact the first Sidney Godolphin would seem to have been a universal favourite.

In the 'Select Funeral Memorials,' pp. 10, 11, by

Sir K. J. Egerton Brydges, Bart., occurs the following passage concerning him :

‘He was a person of excellent parts, of an incomparable wit and exact judgment, did love Hobbes of Malmesbury, in some respects and exhibited to him, and was entirely beloved by him, who not undeservedly gave him this character\* after he had unexpectedly received a legacy from him of £200 : “There is not any virtue that disposeth a man either to the service of God or to the service of his country, to civil society or to private friendship, that did not manifestly appear in his conversation, not as acquired by necessity, or affected upon occasion, but inherent and shining in a generous constitution of his nature.” In another place also’ (p. 390, in his ‘Review and Conclusion of the Leviathan’) ‘Hobbes speaks thus of him : “I have known clearness of judgment, and largeness of fancy, strength of reason, and graceful education ; a courage for the war, and a fear for the laws, and all eminently in one man ; and that was my most noble and honoured friend, Mr. Sidney Godolphin, who, hating no man, nor hated of any, was unfortunately slain in the beginning of the late civil war, in a public quarrel, by an undiscerned and undiscerning hand, etc.”’ And to the foregoing we may add that his elegy was written by Dr. Donne.

The following lines may serve as an example of his ingenuity whilst, in 1623, a student at Oxford

\* In his preface to the ‘Leviathan,’ which Hobbes dedicated to Sidney’s brother, Francis.

—and it may be added that he also translated from Virgil ‘The Passion of Dido for Æneas,’ which Waller published:

‘Carolvs Redvx’

‘Chronogramme { haVD Ita te a MIſſo LVget HIſpania,  
Vt I repoſſeſſo pla geſtlt AngLia.

Inſolita Angligenas admittere gaudia mentes.

Hesperiam mæſtos cogis inire modos.

‘SIDNEY GODOLPHIN,

*Equitis aurati filius è Coll. Exon.*’

The gallant young Sidney had a brother named William, who was colonel of a regiment for Charles I., and who died in 1636, aged twenty-four; and another brother, Francis, who was knighted at the Coronation of Charles II., in recognition, no doubt, of the ‘many acceptable remittances’ which Le Neve tells us he had made to the King when in exile, as well as of the loyal spirit which his family had always shown. His loyalty even displayed itself whilst he was yet a student at Exeter College, Oxford; as is evinced by the following copy of verses which I find in the same volume as the above:

‘Nullum adeò ingenium ſterile eſt, vel barbara Muſa,

Cui non materiem gaudia tanta darent.

Hesperiam, *Princeps*, alienumq; æthera, tardo,

Aſt fortunato, CAROLVS exit equo.

Et poſtquam mores multorum vidit, & vrbes,

Spe maior, famâ clarior, en redijt.

Quiq; comes ſecum fidiffimus exijt, & dux,

Maximus, ac moritò. Dux redit ille Comes.

Hæc inter tantam cecinit mea Muſa catervam,

Quâ doctæ magis, haud lætior vna, canunt.

‘FRA. GODOLPHIN,

*Equit. Aur. fil. nat. max. è Coll. Exon.*’

Sir Francis (to whom Hobbes dedicated his

'Leviathan') was Member for the little Cornish Borough of St. Ives in 1640. He married Dorothy Berkeley, and had seven children, most of whom (and *their* children likewise) were buried in Westminster Abbey. Three only of Sir Francis's offspring are, however, known to fame—Sir William, created by Charles II. 552nd baronet of England, who died unmarried in 1710, leaving £5,000 a year to his more illustrious younger brother, the celebrated SIDNEY; and Henry, who became Dean of St. Paul's and Provost of Eton, dying at Windsor in 1733. We shall get glimpses of the three brothers in the pages of Evelyn and of Pepys. The Dean and Sidney each married a Margaret. Dr. Henry's spouse was his cousin, the only daughter of the first Sidney Godolphin who fell at Chagford; while the great Minister of State was blessed with the hand of that sweet Margaret Blagge whose saintly fame has been perpetuated in the pious Evelyn's '*Life of Margaret Godolphin.*'

Before, however, proceeding to sketch the career of the more prominent SIDNEY, let us look at the memorials preserved of the good Dean. He was the fourth son of Sir Francis, and was educated first at Eton, and then at Wadham, and All Souls' Colleges, Oxford. Of the latter College he became a Fellow, and he took his degree of D.D. in 1685. Ten years after, having been for some time Vice-Provost, he was made Provost of Eton, of which he was, according to Maxwell Lyte, 'a kind ruler;' and on the 23rd of April, 1696, we find Evelyn visit-

ing him there, and dining with him. A few years before, Evelyn had been to St. Albans with the two brothers, William and Henry, to see the library of the Archdeacon, Dr. Cartwright: 'a very good collection,'—especially in divinity—as might have been expected. The party visited the Abbey—which Evelyn calls 'the greate church,' and which, he adds, was 'now newly repair'd by a public contribution.' Nor had the pleasant diarist omitted to attend on the sacred ministrations of his friend, for we find it duly recorded that, on March 15th, 1684, 'At Whitehall preached Mr. Henry Godolphin, a prebend of St. Paules, and brother to my deare friend Sydne, on Isaiah lv. 7.' On the 18th July, 1707, Dr. Godolphin was installed Dean of St. Paul's; and he lived long to enjoy his dignities, for he reached the good old age of ninety—or, according to other accounts, eighty-four. He was a most pious and charitable man, and gave £4,000 to Queen Anne's Bounty—a charity in which the Godolphins seem to have, from the first, taken much interest. He was moreover, and so were some others of his family,\* munificent benefactors and restorers of Eton College;—the Provost's Monument, which is on the south side of the chapel, has a long and highly eulogistic Latin inscription recounting his munificence and his virtues.

\* Cf. Lyte's 'Eton College,' p. 356. 'A legacy of £5,550 from Lord Godolphin did little to amend the fare of the unfortunate collegers, for only a part of the interest was annually expended in providing pudding on Sundays, the remainder of the money being allowed to accumulate for the benefit of a future generation.'



Ecton, in his account of Queen Anne's Bounty ('Thesaurus Eccles.', 4to., Lond., 1742), mentions that Dean Godolphin gave, in conjunction with others, 'the sum of £3,910 for the augmentation of small livings upon the plan of that bounty.' . . . 'He gave a £1,000 towards the alterations of the chapel as it is at present, the which alteration (made about the year 1700) is widely different from the original plan given by the Founder, An<sup>o</sup> Regni 26<sup>o</sup>. With this money the organ, it is said, was purchased, as being charg'd at about that sum. He adorn'd the outer court with a statue of the Royal Founder, cast in copper; placed on a marble Pedestal, and fenc'd in with Iron Palisades. Further, he bequeathed by his last Testament the sum of £200 for the buying books to the use of the College Library. He built the Alms Houses for 10 poor women.'—(Huggett's MSS., Sloane, No. 4843, f. 102, 103.) He also built, or rather rebuilt, in 1695, the extensive brick mansion of Baylis, or Baillis, near Stoke Pogis.

It was reported at the time, according to Luttrell, that on the death of Dr. New, in 1706, Dean Godolphin was to have succeeded him as Bishop of Exeter, but this promotion he never received.

The Provost of Eton left two sons and one daughter. Francis, one of his descendants, and third baron, succeeded to the title of Baron Godolphin, of Helston, in 1766, on the death of the second earl, when the earldom became extinct; and



as Francis Baron Godolphin died without issue in 1785, the barony also failed.

But statelier figures are about to appear upon the scene: the solemn, silent Minister, in whose breast were locked the State secrets and intricate policies of a succession of English monarchs, and his devout and spotless wife, who, 'a saint at Court,' verily walked in the flames of 'the fiery furnace, and felt no hurt, neither did the smell of fire pass upon her.' Of Margaret, John Evelyn's exquisite 'Life' is familiar to many; but for her husband's career we have to search the annals of the Courts of Charles II., of his brother, James, of William and Mary, and of Anne: favoured and trusted by them all; until at length his sturdy resistance to the growing tendency of the last of the Stuarts to accept the counsel of irresponsible advisers instead of that of the Ministers of her Crown, caused the final rupture between the Queen and her Lord High Treasurer.

Born about the year 1630, of great natural abilities, educated at Oxford, and sprung from a family who were loyal to the backbone, Sidney Godolphin, when only about fifteen years old, was made, on the Restoration, first Page, then Groom of the Bedchamber. 'Never in the way, and never out of the way,' as the witty King said of him. In the following year, and during every Parliament of Charles's reign, he sat in the House of Commons as Member for Helston, an old coinage-town, and then the nearest place of importance to the family seat in Cornwall. In Parlia-

ment, though rarely opening his mouth, he was soon looked upon as a great authority, not only on all questions of trade and finance, but in matters of high policy as well. In 1668, he accompanied his brother William on a mission to Spain. Twice, in 1678, was he an envoy to Holland on the 'question of the 'separate' peace proposed by France; and his services on that occasion, when he received the valuable assistance of Sir William Temple, were rewarded in the following year by an appointment to the post of Fourth Commissioner of the Treasury, in the room of the Earl of Derby. It was about this time that Pepys first became acquainted with him; and Pepys thus records his impressions :

'February 5th, 1667-8.—Moore tells me what a character my Lord Sandwich hath sent over of Mr. Godolphin, as the worthiest man, and such a friend to him as he may be trusted in any thing relating to him in the world; as one whom, he says, he hath infallible assurances that he will remain his friend: which is very high, but indeed they say the gentleman is a fine man.

'10th Feby, 1667-8.—Made a visit to Mr. Godolphin at his chamber; and I do find him a very pretty and able person, a man of very fine parts, and of infinite zeal to my Lord Sandwich; and one that says, he is (he believes) as wise and able a person as any prince in the world.'

Indeed, Pepys seems to have been on intimate

terms with the Godolphins; witness the following charming account of a dinner-party which he gave them :

‘January 23rd, 1668-9.—To the office till noon, when word brought me that my Lord Sandwich was come; so I presently rose, and there I found my Lords Sandwich, Peterborough, and Sir Charles Harbord; and presently after them comes my Lord Hitchingbroke, *Mr. Sidney* and *Sir William Godolphin*. And after greeting them and some time spent in talk, dinner was brought up, one dish after another, but a dish at a time; but all so good, but, above all things, the variety of wines and excellent of their kind I had for them, and all in so good order, that they were mightily pleased, and myself full of content at it: and indeed it was, of a dinner of about six or eight dishes, as noble as any man need to have, I think; at least, all was done in the noblest manner that ever I had any, and I have rarely seen in my life better anywhere else, even at the Court. After dinner my Lords to cards, and the rest of us sitting about them and talking, and looking on my books and pictures, and my wife’s drawings, which were commended mightily: and mighty merry all day long with exceeding great content, and so till seven at night, and so took their leaves, it being dark and foul weather. Thus was this entertainment over, the best of its kind and the fullest of honour and content to me that ever I had in my life; and I shall not easily have so good again.’

Shortly after his appointment to the Treasury, Godolphin was made a Privy Councillor; and, with the Earl of Sunderland and Mr. Hyde, formed that triumvirate which was so greatly in the confidence of the King:—indeed he may be said to have already become one of the moving spirits of the age. Charles was particularly anxious that Sidney Godolphin should convey to the House of Commons his determination never to consent to the exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession; but there was an old, wise head upon Sidney's young shoulders, and, adroitly evading the task, Sir William Temple became his cat's-paw on that occasion. For a few months, in April, 1684, he succeeded Sir Lionel Jenkins, now grown very old and infirm, as a Secretary of State; and in the August of that year, on the retirement of the Earl of Radnor (whom the Earl of Rochester succeeded as President of the Council) our Sidney became First Commissioner of the Treasury. On the 8th of the following month, he was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Godolphin of Rialton, in Cornwall.

Rialton is an old manor-house on the banks of the little stream which finds its way into the sea at St. Columb Porth. It formerly belonged to the Priory of Bodmin, was for a long time in the possession of the family of Munday, and was granted to Sir Francis Godolphin in 1663. A great part of it was destroyed by fire towards the close of the last century, and the remains of it are now occupied as a farm-house. It was built by the haughty Thomas Vivian, last Prior of Bodmin; whose initials

and arms may still be traced on various parts of the picturesque remains: C. S. Gilbert, in his 'History of Cornwall' (vol. ii. p. 673), gives a view of the S.E. entrance.

On the accession of James II., the well-known means by which that King essayed to bring over to his own creed those by whom he was surrounded were employed upon Lord Rochester, amongst others. He was made First Commissioner, in the place of Lord Godolphin, to whom was confided, in lieu, the post of Chamberlain to the Queen. But James's tactics failed; and it was not long before the skilled financier was again at the Treasury—this time as Second Commissioner, with, for his colleagues, two Roman Catholic noblemen, Lord Bellasis and Lord Dover—a conjunction which the High Church party could not, for a long time, forgive their Protestant colleague. What would they have said had they known that, on the approach of the Prince of Orange, Godolphin was the man whom James selected to carry on his affairs during the King's temporary absence in the west; and that to this trusted Minister, together with the Marquis of Halifax and the Earl of Nottingham, were confided the proposals for an 'accommodation' which James sent to William, at Hungerford, on December 8th, 1688? That these proposals failed in their object is matter of history; but it is, perhaps, not so generally known that the exiled King, pressed for money whilst at Rochester, was obliged to have recourse to his Minister for a gift of a hundred guineas! He is said

to have accompanied James to the coast, and to have kept up a correspondence with that monarch until his death. Sidney Godolphin was no man of 'mere abstract ideas.' He moved entirely in the sphere of practical politics; and, notwithstanding his intimacy with the Stuarts, and his having been one of those who, in the Convention Parliament, had been in favour of a Regency—perhaps, indeed, partly because of all this—he soon found favour with the new King of England.

Can it be believed that throughout a career so rapid and so brilliant, the powerful Minister was sighing for repose, and retirement to the old home in Cornwall? Evelyn\* assures us that such was the case with his 'deare friend,' at any rate, during the brief years of his happy married life. But Margaret—his well-beloved Margaret—had died in giving birth to Francis, their only son.

And now that we have seen her illustrious husband reach the pinnacle of his ambition, we may turn for a while to the story of his wife. She was descended from a good family out of Norfolk,† and her father was a Colonel Blagge, Groom of the Bedchamber

\* Evelyn's 'Life of Mrs. Godolphin' is well worth the perusal of those who have not made its acquaintance. Enthusiastic it undoubtedly is, but it is full of interest; especially, to my mind, the share which his heroine so reluctantly took in the Court play of 'Calisto,' wherein she represented, with the most perfect grace and propriety, 'Diana, Goddess of Chastity.' Evelyn says the ladies 'were all cover'd with jewells.'

† A pedigree of this family, and short accounts of some of its more distinguished members, are given in Bishop Wilberforce's edition of Evelyn's 'Life,' 1847.



to Charles I. and II. She was born on 2nd August, 1652, and reluctantly came to the court of the then Duchess of York—Anne Hyde—when only about fifteen years of age, leaving it for that of the Queen on the death of the Duchess in 1671. She was always of a pious and retiring—not to say melancholy—disposition, and would have infinitely preferred the quiet innocence of a country house to the tumult and dissipation of such a Court as that to which she was now introduced. As an instance of the almost morbid tendency of her mind, Evelyn's description of her attitude in the portrait which she gave him may be cited :

‘She would be drawne in a lugubrious posture, sitting upon a Tomb stone adorned with a Sepulcher Urne.’

An engraving of this picture is prefixed to the edition of Evelyn to which I have just referred. It quite embodies the spirit of Tennyson's lines to another Margaret :

‘O sweet pale Margaret,  
O rare pale Margaret,  
What lit your eyes with tearful power,  
Like moonlight on a falling shower?  
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower  
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,  
Your melancholy sweet and frail  
As perfume of the cuckoo flower?  
From the westward-winding flood,  
From the evening-lighted wood,  
From all things outward you have won  
A tearful grace, as tho' you stood  
Between the rainbow and the sun.



The very smile before you speak  
 That dimples your transparent cheek,  
     Encircles all the heart, and feedeth  
 The senses with a still delight  
     Of dainty sorrow without sound,  
     Like the tender amber round  
 Which the moon about her spreadeth,  
     Moving through a fleecy night.'

It may be easily imagined that with such a temperament she bent her mind with extreme difficulty to what she considered her duty—namely, to be in the Court, and yet not of the Court—faithfully discharging all the duties allotted to her, and preserving a cheerful face, though her heart was aching at the recklessness and sensuality with which she was surrounded. And yet, says Evelyn, 'Arethusa pass'd thro' all those turbulent waters without soe much as the least staine or tincture in her christall; with her Piety grew up her Witt, which was soe sparkling, accompanied with a Judgment and Eloquence soe exterordnary, a Beauty and Ayre soe charmeing and lovely, in a word, an Address soe universally takeing, that after few years, the Court never saw or had seen such a Constellation of perfections amongst all their splendid Circles.'

But her release from her uncongenial duties was at length, with difficulty, obtained; and she retired to her friends, Lord and Lady Berkeley (relatives of her future husband), at Berkeley House.\* Evelyn,

\* In the Crace Collection (Small Catalogue No. 898) is a water-colour drawing, 'View of Old Devonshire House, formerly Berkeley House, about 1730.' This was the house which passed from the Berkeleys to the first Duke of Devonshire, and was destroyed by fire 16th Oct., 1733. It stood where Devonshire House stands now.

writing in his usual rapturous way whenever he had anything to say of his exquisite Margaret, gives the following pretty picture of her flight from the Court :

‘You will easily figure to your selfe how buissy the young Saint was the next morning in makeing upp her little carriage to quitt her prison ; and when you have fancied the conflagration of a certain Citty the Scripture speaks of, imagine this Lady trussing upp her little fardle like the two daughters whom the angell hast’ned and conducted ; butt the similitude goes no futher, for this holy Virgin went to Zoar, they to the cave of Folly and Intemperence ; there was no danger of *her* lookeing back and becomeing a statue for sorrow of what she left behind. All her household stuffe, besides a Bible and a bundle of Prayerbookes, was packed upp in a very little compass, for she lived soe farr from superfluitie, that she carryed all that was vallueable in her person ; and tho’ she had a courtly wardrobe, she affected it not, because every thing became her that she putt on, and she became every thing was putt upon her.’

She afterwards moved to lodgings which Evelyn himself built for her, ‘over against his Majestie’s wood-yard in Scotland Yard,’ at Whitehall ; settling here, as he says, ‘with that pretty and discreete oeconomye soe naturall to her ; and never was there such an household of faith, never Lady more worthy of the blessings she was entering into, who was soe

thankfull to God for them.' Her housekeeping and the mode in which she kept her faultless accompts are all lovingly dwelt upon; and, indeed, she seems to have been a bright example of the Wordsworthian line, of

'Pure religion, teaching household laws.'

At length, after many tormenting misgivings as to whether she was justified before God in so doing, she married Sidney Godolphin, 'that singular and silent lover,' whose gravity and temper at Court all knew so well, on 16th May, 1675, at the Temple Church. The marriage was a private one, for reasons which are by no means clear, and for which even Evelyn can hardly quite forgive her; though he says, 'If ever two were created for each other, and marriages, as they say, made in heaven, this happy paire were of the number.' Two or three years after their marriage she was brought to bed at Whitehall, of her first-born son, Francis—to the great joy of herself and her husband. But shortly afterwards a fever with alarming symptoms set in, causing the following touching letter to be written by her husband to Evelyn:

'My poore wife is fallen very ill of a ffevor, with lightness in her head. You know who sayes the prayer of the faithfull shall save the sick: I humbly begg your charitable prayers for this poore creature, and your distracted servant—London:—Saturday, 9 o'clock.'

The immovable man was moved to bitter agony

now; and worse was to come: for 'sweet, pale Margaret' soon passed away to a world more worthy of her than that in which her lot had been cast. Evelyn says :

' This fatall houre was (your Ladyshipp\* knows) about one o'clock, att noone on the Munday, September the nineth 1678, in the 25 year and prime of her age. O unparalell'd loss! O grieve indicible! By me never to be forgotten—never to be overcome! Nor pass I the sad anniversary and lugubrious period, without the most sencible emotion, sorrow that draws tears from my very heart whilst I am reciteing it.'

I doubt whether there is anything more tender and dolorous in our literature than the following letter which she addressed to her husband—her 'deare man,' 'the husband that above all living I vallue,' as she used affectionately to call him. The letter was not found till after her death :

' My deare, not knowing how God Almighty may deale with me, I think it my best course to settle my affaires, soe as that, in case I be to leave this world, noe earthly thing may take up my thoughts. In the first place, my deare, believe me, that of all earthly things you were and are the most deare to me; and I am convinced that nobody ever had a better or

\* Lady Silvius, to whom Evelyn dedicates his book, written long after Margaret's death. The original MS. was sold at Puttick and Simpson's, in 1861.

halfe so good a husband. I begg your pardon for all my Imperfections, which I am sencible were many; but such as I could help I did endeavour to subdue, that they might not trouble you; for those defects which I could not rectifye in myselfe, as want of judgement in the management of my family and household affaires, which I owne myselfe to be very defective in, I hope your good nature will excuse, and not remember to my disadvantage when I am gone. I ask your pardon for the vanitye of my humour, and for being often (more) melancholy and splenetick\* than I had cause to be. I was allwayes asham'd of myselfe when I was soe, and sorry for it, and I hope it will come into the number of those faults which I could not help. Now (my deare) God be with thee, pray God bless you, and keepe you his faithfull servant for ever. In Him be all thy joy and delight, satisfaction and comfort, and doe not grieve too much for me, since I hope I shall be happy, being very much resign'd to God's will, and leaving this World with, I hope, in Christ Jesus, a good Conscience. Now, my dear, if you please, permitt me to ask leave to bestow a legacy or two amongst my friends and servants. . . . Now, my dear, I have done, if you please to lay out about an hundred pounds more in rings for your five sisters, to remember me by. I know nothing more I have to desire of you, but that you will sometymes think of me with kindness, butt never with too much grieve. For my Funerall, I desire there may be noe

\* In the sense of having depressed spirits.

cost bestowed upon it att all; butt if I might, I would begg that my body might lye where I have had such a mind to goe myselfe, att *Godolphin*, among your friends. I believe, if I were carried by Sea, the expence would not be very great; but I don't insist upon that place, if you think it not reasonable; lay me where you please.'

\* \* \* \* \*

It is scarcely necessary to say that her last wish was religiously complied with, and in Breage Church her remains lie, under a plain marble slab, awaiting the Resurrection of the Just.\* Her husband, with some of his brothers and sisters, attended the funeral (the cost of which is said to have been about £1000), and on her coffin was soldered a copper plate, thus inscribed :

'Here lyes a pearle none such the ocean yields  
In all the Treasures of his liquid fields;  
But such as that wise Merchant wisely sought  
Who the bright Gemm with all his substance bought.  
Such to Jerusalem above translates  
Our God, to adorne the Entrance of her Gates.'

\* \* \* \* \*

While I write, I hear of an intention to dedicate the funds collected at this year's (1881) Harvest Festival at St. Breage, towards the cost of a spire to surmount the church tower, in memory of the

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\* The entry in the Register is that she was buried on the 27th Sept., 1678. On the north side of the church is a door, now blocked up, which is said to have been the entrance to the Godolphin pew.



saintly Margaret Godolphin, and her Ruth-like devotion to her husband and her husband's people.

But to return to her solemn and now solitary husband—who never married again—and whom we left installed in the favour of a King almost as taciturn as his great ancestor, or as the Minister himself. More troubled times were at hand for him. Party spirit, and, above all, jealousy at his rise and his secure position close to the throne, were at work; and we accordingly find him assailed in the House of Commons by Hambden and others; but, whatever he may have felt, rarely condescending a reply. He was made Third Commissioner of the Treasury in 1689, and First Commissioner in each of the three following years; and, the King, on the death of Mary his consort, going across the sea to head the Confederate Army in the Netherlands, Godolphin was made one of the Nine Justices for managing the affairs of the Realm; still, however, retaining his post at the Treasury. This state of things continued, with slight variations, till the close of William's reign, when the astute statesman left his post for a while, in order, as it was supposed, to facilitate his re-appointment on the accession of Anne.

In 1702, only a few days after she ascended the throne, the Queen made Godolphin Lord High Treasurer of England. He accepted the post reluctantly—yet he 'conducted the Queen,' says Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, 'with the care and



tenderness of a father, or a guardian, through a state of helpless ignorance'—'the weight of affairs now lying chiefly on his shoulders;' and those were times when wariness and courage were as essential as at almost any period in the history of our country. One of his first steps was to induce Anne, out of her somewhat scanty resources, to subscribe £100,000 towards the expenses of the new war; to abolish the sale of Places; and to settle her firstfruits and tenths for the augmentation of small benefices (the origin of the well-known Queen Anne's Bounty)—steps which, though they of course involved heavy pecuniary sacrifice, were highly popular with the nation, and tended to enthrone a Queen in the hearts of her people.

He was much interested in endeavouring to carry out the Treaty for the Union with Scotland, and his brother Charles, now M.P. for Helston, and First Commissioner of Customs, was one of the Commissioners appointed for the purpose; but their efforts for the time failed; the weight of the English National Debt, and the repugnance of the Scotch to Episcopacy, being the main difficulties in the way.

It would occupy too much space to describe in detail—even if it were now possible to do so—the intricate policy of Lord Godolphin and his firm friend, the great Marlborough—another West-country man, born at Ashe in Devonshire—at this juncture. Suffice it to say, that the famous warrior absolutely refused the command of our armies unless Sidney Godol-

phin was at the Treasury: he was the only man in England, Marlborough said, on whom he could implicitly rely for being punctually furnished with the indispensable 'sinews of war.' Nor would it be profitable to enter very deeply into the party politics of the time. The difficulties which the great general and the skilled financier had to contend with were legion. Rochester, the Queen's maternal uncle, had to be got rid of; and afterwards 'the careless Harley,' who yearned to be independent of Godolphin—a far more difficult task, and for succeeding in which, I believe, Anne never forgave him. On this occasion Godolphin wrote to his quondam colleague, 'I am sorry to have lost the good opinion I once had of you; but I must believe my own senses. I am very far from having deserved this of you. May God forgive you for it!' The bitter feelings which these transactions produced may be seen in the 'Secret History of Arlus (Harley),' and in John Lydgate's 'The Beasts in Power.'\* Again, in 1705, Charles Cæsar attacked Godolphin in the House of Commons for keeping up, together with Marlborough and others, a treasonable correspondence with the Court of St. Germain; and the speaker used language so intemperate that he was committed to the Tower for the remainder of that session. The fact was

\* In the familiar correspondence of the period between the Marlborough and Godolphin clique, the Queen was referred to as 'Mrs. Morley,' Marlborough as 'Mr. Freeman,' the Duchess as 'Mrs. Freeman,' and Godolphin as 'Mr. Montgomery.' Most of this correspondence is preserved at Blenheim; many parts of it are in cypher, and the cypher is frequently changed.

that the correspondence had taken place—at least so it has been said—with the full privity and sanction of William, who is even reported to have expressed his admiration of the results of Godolphin's 'coquetting' with the exiled James and his French Court.

Attacks upon his consistency and his principles all failed; for, as Bishop Burnet has observed, 'The credit of the nation was never raised so high in any age, nor so sacredly maintained:' and so a new mode of annoying him was invented in an attempt to depreciate his abilities. He was thus satirized in 'Faction Displayed':

'*Volpone*,\* who will solely now command  
The Publick Purse and Treasure of the Land,  
Wants Constancy and Courage to oppose  
A Band of such exasperated Foes.  
For how shou'd he that moves by Craft and Fear  
Or ever greatly Think, or ever greatly Dare?  
What did he e'er in all his Life perform,  
But sunk at the Approach of ev'ry Storm?  
But, when the tott'ring Church his Aid required,  
With *Moderation Principles* inspir'd,  
Forsook his Friends, and decently retir'd.  
Nor has he any real just Pretence  
To that vast Depth of Politicks and Sence;  
For where's the Depth, when publick Credit's high,  
To manage an o'erflowing Treasury?' }

But, notwithstanding all this, the great Minister pursued his successful career—as a huge mastiff passes on his way regardless of the yelping curs at his heels. His honours increased. In 1704

\* It was under this name that Sacheverell attacked Godolphin in his celebrated sermon.

he was made a Knight of the Garter;\* in the following year he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of his native county, in the room of John, Lord Grenville; and about the same time his son, (whose birth, as we have seen, had cost his mother her life,) being now seven-and-twenty years of age, became Lord Warden of the Stannaries.

Congratulatory addresses were from time to time sent up to the Throne on the success of the English arms on the Continent. In some of them reference is specially made to Godolphin's share in the national triumph; and when the victory of Ramillies on the 23rd May, 1706, was celebrated, Godolphin was selected to accompany the Queen to the thanksgiving service at St. Paul's on the 27th of the following month. That great battle, which caused the French to evacuate Flanders, and secured the best part of the Spanish Netherlands to Austria, compelled France to offer terms of peace, which Godolphin wisely rejected; for three or four successful sieges were necessary in order to secure Flanders. But this, too, like almost every other action of his life, was afterwards brought forward by his enemies as a charge against him. And here is perhaps a convenient place to refer to another of his acts as a War Minister. It will be remembered that at the beginning of the eighteenth century all the seaboard of America north of the St. Lawrence was in French

\* He wears the collar and jewel, (recalling the line which refers to the star 'That gleam'd on Wise Godolphin's breast,') in his portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and carries in his hand his white wand of office.

possession. But in 1710 Godolphin granted six ships and a few hundred soldiers, with a sort of general commission, to one Nicholson, who, in May of that year, compelled the garrison at Port Royal (afterwards known as Annapolis) to surrender; thus acquiring for England the whole peninsula of Nova Scotia, and giving to the then capital of the province a name which will always associate the place with the memories of Queen Anne and her illustrious chief Minister of State. It cannot be supposed from his silence under attack—and he almost invariably held his tongue—that he did not writhe under his oppressors. ‘Oh!’ he wrote to Marlborough, ‘a slave in the galleys is in paradise compared with me!’

Another object, and one worthy of the great statesman’s ambition, was at length happily accomplished about this time—the union of England and Scotland;\* a matter in which he manifested unusual zeal and activity. The Commissioners, wisely selected by Godolphin—holding their meetings at his official residence, which stood on the site of Henry VIII.’s cock-pit at Whitehall—at length happily brought it about ‘to her Majesty’s great satisfaction.’ It was on the occasion of giving her assent to this Bill that Anne uttered the noble words, which may have been penned for her by Godolphin himself, ‘I desire and expect from my subjects of both

\* An event to which it may be remembered Andrew Fairservice referred ‘every symptom of depravity or degeneracy which he remarked among his countrymen, more especially the inflammation of reckonings, the diminished size of pint-stoups, and other grievances.’

nations that henceforth they act with all possible respect and kindness to one another, that so it may appear to all the world that they are heartily disposed to become one people.'

It is pleasant to be able now to quote a friendly critic, and I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of inserting the following lines by Dr. Garth, apparently in reply to an attack made upon Godolphin, entitled 'Arlus and Odolphus,' in which the real names of those alluded to are easily seen through their thin disguise :

'Ingratitude's a Weed in every Clime,  
It thrives too fast at First, but fades in Time.  
The God of Day and your own Lot's the Same,  
The Vapours you have rais'd obscure your fame,  
But, tho' you suffer, and awhile retreat,  
Your Globe of Light looks larger as you set.'

We must pass briefly over his share in the Occasional Conformity Bill, in which he was said by some to have felt in one way and voted in another; and also his unfortunate attempt to provide for some poor Palatines both in London and at Godolphin Town in Scilly: at the latter place he proposed to maintain them as soldiers for the garrison. But, notwithstanding that the project was abandoned, it raised a hornets' nest about his ears. Some of his accusers (see the *Medley*, 11th June, 1711) asserted that Ministers had appropriated to their own use some of the thirty-five millions voted by Parliament; and more than one hot-brained partizan even clamoured that Godolphin's head should pay the price of the maladministration of his office.



The *Weekly Examiner* (No. 47) stated that the Ministry had borrowed money at 5 per cent., whilst they charged the unhappy creditors upon the bills assigned to them from 20 to 40 per cent. These and other similar lying accusations were some of them pronounced by both Houses of Parliament to be 'false and scandalous;' whilst others were promptly and thoroughly disposed of in a pamphlet written by Walpole; but the slanderous scribblers, and still more the irresponsible advisers and gossips round Anne's toilet-table and at her music-parties, on whom the Queen had latterly taken a fancy for relying, did to some extent attain their end by discrediting for a while her responsible Ministers.

And here it should be said that Godolphin, though a Tory at heart—for 'a Whig was his aversion'—at once discerned the rising genius of Walpole, favoured him with his protection, and recommended him to Marlborough; and, when our great statesman was dying, he said to the Duchess of Marlborough, who stood by his bedside, 'If you ever forsake that young man, and if souls are permitted to return from the grave to the earth, I will appear to you and reproach you for your conduct.'

Both Marlborough and Godolphin loudly and vehemently protested against the line of conduct which Anne had adopted in slighting their counsels, whilst she, with characteristic sturdiness, refused to listen to their reproofs and entreaties. Wyon gives a letter from Godolphin to the Queen on the subject of the appointment of the Duke of



Shrewsbury (the 'King of Hearts') *vice* the Marquis of Kent, as Chamberlain—the like of which, he thinks, can scarcely ever before have been addressed to a sovereign by one of her subjects, observing that 'He reproached her in round terms for permitting herself to be directed by a private ministry. Her conduct, he said, would draw ruin upon herself and the kingdom, and would force every man in the Council, except the Duke of Somerset, to run from it as he would from the plague. He put it to her what effect an entire change of Ministers was likely to have upon her allies abroad, and whether the war was likely to be carried on well by people who had been averse to it from the beginning.' Nevertheless, Godolphin loyally assured the Queen that; whatever course she determined to adopt, never would he in any way offer the least obstruction to her or to her Ministers.

Need it be added that after passages such as these the star of Godolphin paled? To what avail was it that, in 1706, he had been made Earl of Godolphin and Viscount Rialton? His life was a burden to him, as we have already seen; he was sick of the popularity which Sacheverell's\* violent diatribes against the Government had secured for him; and he was weary of the intrigues of the discontented Whigs, and the taunts and sneers of the ultra-Tories. His nerves were shattered from constantly walking among many pitfalls; his mind was distracted by the

\* Especially that 'fiery, forward tool's' (as he was called by one of his opponents) sermon at St. Paul's, on 5th Nov., 1709, for which he was ordered to appear at the bar of the House of Commons.

irksome dilemmas with which he had for so long a time been compelled to deal; and he could no longer brook the black, unforgiving looks of his royal mistress. Yet he might have truly exclaimed, as Sir Robert Walpole did of himself afterwards, 'My crime is my long continuance in office: in other words, the long exclusion of those who now combine against me.' Was it a greater relief to him or to her when, in August, 1710, the Queen dismissed Godolphin from his post, and desired him, according to one account, that 'instead of bringing the Staff of Office to her, he would *break* it, as easier to them both.' Swift says that in doing so, the Earl flung the pieces into the fire, an act which greatly annoyed the Queen. And with Godolphin fell his son—then Cofferer to the Household—and his son's wife, the Lady Henrietta, one of the Ladies of the Queen's Bedchamber.

The time had come at length for Harley and St. John to reap the fruits of their triumph; and, though Marlborough\* had more than once warded off the

\* It is curious and instructive to notice how Marlborough himself had suffered from the attacks of his assailants. Green, in his 'Short History of the English People,' says: 'In the bitter moments before his fall, he bade *Godolphin* burn some querulous letters which the persecution of his opponents had wrung from him. 'My desire is that the world may continue in their error of thinking me a happy man, for I think it better to be envied than pitied.' Yet he could write philosophically enough, and in somewhat similar vein, from Tirllemount, to his irritated Duchess, who had been deeply stung by one of the many libellous pamphlets which were now making their appearance: 'The best way of putting an end to that villany is not to appear concerned. The best of men and women in all ages have been ill-used. If we can be so happy as to behave ourselves so as to have no reason to reproach ourselves, we may then despise what rage and faction do.'

blow—not only for the sake of the friendship and the family ties\* which had so long subsisted between him and the Minister, but for the sake of Queen and country—that blow fell at last. But the result was terrible also to the financial credit of England. The Treasury was put into commission; and vast was the commotion in Change Alley. Bank shares at once fell from 140 to 110, and soon to 106; whilst the Bank refused a loan of £400,000 to the new Government. ‘That Godolphin should retire,’ wrote Marlborough to his Duchess on 1st October, 1706, ‘is impossible, unless it be resolved that everything must go ill abroad, as well as at home; for, without flattery, his reputation is as great in all Courts as well as at home; that such a step would go a great way with Holland, in particular, to make their peace with France, which at this time must be fatal to the liberties of Europe.’

Then came the Report of the Commissioners of Public Accounts (17th March, 1711-12), in which they stated, but did not dare to *print* their statement, that there were certain irregularities in the dealings of the English with the Scotch Treasury; and Godolphin’s oath was confronted by another to the contrary from the Earl of Glasgow. Burnet describes this affair as an effusion of ‘Tory malice,’ and adds that ‘the Earl of Godolphin’s unblemished integrity was such that no imputation of any sort could be fastened upon him.’

\* Godolphin’s only son married Lady Henrietta Churchill, the Duke’s daughter.

To what could all this misery tend but to the breaking up of a constitution never one of the strongest,—and to the ‘last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history’? Sidney Godolphin died, after a long and excruciating illness, at the Duke of Marlborough’s house near St. Albans, on the 15th September, 1712, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; and his death so deeply affected Marlborough, that he left his native country, which had been as ungrateful to him as to his dearest friend, to live ‘beyond sea.’

Four Dukes — namely, Richmond, Schomberg, Devonshire, and Marlborough—were the pall-bearers when the remains of one of our most illustrious Cornishmen were interred at night in Westminster Abbey. Here, in the south aisle of the nave, his monument was raised by his daughter-in-law, Lady Henrietta Churchill, who, in default of male issue, afterwards became Duchess of Marlborough, on her father’s death in 1722, and who found a resting-place within the same venerable walls, twenty-one years afterwards.\* Of her husband, Francis, the second and last Earl of Godolphin, there is nothing of much importance to record;† the history of the Godolphins

\* William Congreve, the poet, who died 19th Jan., 1728-9, left a legacy to the Duchess of Marlborough of about £10,000, with a portion of which money she erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. Cf. Sam. Johnson’s ‘Lives of the Poets’ (P. Cunningham’s ed., 1854), ii. 240.

† He was buried in the chancel of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, in 1766, aged seventy-seven. Mrs. Delany tells us that he gave his two nieces, the Miss Owens, £5,000 apiece.

may be said to end with that of the illustrious Sidney. Yet from the union, in 1698, of the second Earl and Lady Henrietta, some of our noblest families derive their ancestry. Anne, then Princess, offered in the most delicate terms to endow the bride with a marriage portion of £10,000, but could not prevail upon the Lady Henrietta's parents to accept more than half that sum; they contributing £5,000 themselves.

One daughter, named after her mother, Henrietta, married Thomas, Duke of Newcastle, but they had no offspring. The correspondence between the Duchess of Marlborough and Sir John Vanbrugh on the subject of the marriage between Lady Henrietta Godolphin and the Duke of Newcastle, forms an appendix to the second volume of Mrs. Thomson's 'Memoirs of the Duchess of Marlborough.' Lady Henrietta had £22,000 to her portion, procured by the Duchess, according to her own account. But for all sorts of small family gossip, often of an amusing nature, the Egerton and Additional MSS. in the British Museum should be consulted—especially Additional MSS. 28,052.

The Lady Mary Godolphin, eventually sole heiress of the family, married Thomas Osborne, fourth Duke of Leeds, and from them sprang an illustrious succession, which it hardly falls within my province to describe; a similar remark applies to members of other branches of the family. The name of Godolphin has, however, been carefully retained by those in whose veins Godolphin blood

still flows; as in the cases of Francis, fifth son of the Duke of Leeds, and Baron Godolphin; Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne, who died in 1861; and in those of more than one Duke of Leeds, including the ninth and present Duke, George Godolphin.

A portrait bust adorns Godolphin's marble cenotaph in the south aisle of the nave at Westminster; and there is also a fine portrait of the Great Minister, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the collection of the Earl of St. Germans, of which J. Smith has scraped a mezzotint. They both convey the impression which the story of his life would lead one to expect. Thoughtfulness, reserve mingled with sadness, and power, were the chief characteristics of his countenance as of his career. And a like reticence seems to have influenced biographical writers; for, so far as I am aware, there is no good monograph life of Sidney Godolphin. His gloomy expression was notorious; it procured for him more than one nickname, and has been handed down to us in grey-eyed, savage-faced, 'miserrimus' Swift's line:

*'And wine cheers up Godolphin's cloudy face.'*\*

I do not, however, believe that there is any reason for supposing that he drank to excess. For literature and the fine arts he cared little; but he was a devoted

\* Toland's 'Invitation to Dismal.' There was no love lost between the Godolphins and the ferocious satirist. Lady Henrietta Godolphin cut him dead at a card-party at Lady Clarges'. 'She's a fool for her pains,' wrote Swift to Stella, 'and I'll pull her down for it!'



and successful admirer of the fair sex—notwithstanding the personal drawback of his face being much disfigured by small-pox; and Swift tells us that Godolphin would ‘sometimes scratch out a song in praise of his mistress, with his pencil and card.’ His devoted and romantic admiration of Mary of Modena was a frequent subject of remark; and he was always sending her little presents ‘such as ladies love.’ Gamble, he certainly did; but it has been said, by himself as well as by Burnet, that he took to cards so much as he did, in order to avoid the necessity of talking—a thing which he detested having to do. Cock-fighting and horse-racing were very favourite amusements with him, as with so many others of that time; and at Newmarket, during the racing season, he used to keep open house. His son seems to have had a similar love for the turf; and to the latter we are indebted for the introduction into England of the famous Godolphin Arab. This horse had a curious history. He was presented by some Arab chief to Louis XIV., but was not admired by the French Monarch, and was ultimately condemned to cart-work; but the keeper of an English coffee tavern recognised the merits of the animal, brought him to England, and sold him to Godolphin.

The details of the great Minister’s sporting expenditure were known only to himself; it was generally believed that he won, both on the turf and at the card-table; but this at least is certain, that, notwithstanding his long tenure of office, and his having been left £5,000 a year by his brother, Sir



William, he died very poor; indeed, the Duchess of Marlborough endorsed on his letter of dismissal from his office, that Sidney Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer of England, left scarcely enough money to pay his funeral expenses. The following is the endorsement referred to :

‘ Had not his elder brother happened to die, he had been in very low circumstances after having been in several reigns for more than twenty years, though he was a man that never made any great expenses, for he won at play, and mortally hated all kinds of show and grandeur, but he was very charitable and generous; and though he had lived so long, and had great employments, when he died he had not in the world but about £14,000 in tallies, of which sum seven was mine, three Mrs. Rundal’s, a thousand Mrs. Curtis’s (a woman that looked after my two elder children), and many other small sums that he took of helpless people who thought themselves safe in his hands; and when all his debts were paid there could hardly be enough to bury him.’ It may not be out of place to note here, that Mrs. A. T. Thomson has vindicated, in a most spirited and successful manner, the charge, brought by some of the scandalmongers of the day, of a liaison between the Duchess and Godolphin.

And yet, notwithstanding his own poverty, so far as regarded the public weal hardly ever was there a statesman of more reliable, cool judgment, or a more skilled political economist; nor did anyone

possess in a higher degree, says Mr. Wyon, the then rare virtue of incorruptible integrity.

Although Godolphin had been the trusted Minister of Sovereigns of so various temperaments—holding his own with them all—yet that he was no sycophant or hypocrite is clear from his having run counter to the wishes of both Charles II. and James II., by voting for the Exclusion Bill, and by favouring the suggestion of a Regency even when the accession of William III. seemed inevitable. Men seemed to have felt that in Godolphin's hands they were safe. We have seen the effect which his fall produced amongst the financiers of London; and in the concluding sentence of one of Evelyn's letters (addressed though it was to Godolphin himself) we find, what is no doubt a true echo of the regard in which he was generally held :

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

‘In such a tempest and overgrown a sea, everybody is concerned, and whose head is not ready to turne? I am sure, I should myselfe almost despaire of the vessel, if any, save your Lordship, were at the helme. But, whilst your hand is on the staff, and your eye upon the star, I compose myselfe and rest secure.

‘Surrey Street, 16th June, 1696.’

Well might Swift write in one of his letters to Stella, dated 18th Sept., 1712: ‘The Whigs have lost a great support in the Earl of Godolphin. It is a good jest to hear the Ministers talk of him with

humanity and pity, because he is dead, *and can do them no more hurt.*' Lady Henrietta Godolphin never forgave Swift for his way of writing about her father-in-law. She, as we have seen, cut him at a card-party at Lady Clarges', just as sturdy, honest Dr. Johnson cut him in the street.

Godolphin's character has thus been sketched by another hand ; and with it the name and the fame of Sidney Godolphin will always be indissolubly joined : ' He was of quick apprehension and wonderful dispatch ; almost unerring judgment . . . of few words, but great Truth : few promises but strict performance . . . by nature grave, reserved and taciturn, but without arrogance or scorn of others ; and when he most relaxed and let himself into the greatest freedoms, they were such as might be told abroad without any hazard of his fame or Virtue.'

Bishop Burnet has thus summed up his character and career :

' He was a Man of the clearest Head, the calmest Temper, and the most incorrupt of all the Ministers of State I have ever known. After having been thirty Years in the Treasury, and during Nine of those Lord Treasurer, as he was never once suspected of Corruption, or of suffering his Servants to grow rich under him, so in all that time his Estate was not increased by him to the Value of 4000*l*. He served the Queen with such a particular Affection and Zeal, that he studied to possess all People with great personal esteem for her : And she herself

seemed to be so sensible of this for many Years, that if Courts were not different from all other Places in the World, it might have been thought that his wise Management at home, and the Duke of Marlborough's glorious Conduct abroad, would have fixed them in their Posts, above the little Practices of an artful Favourite.'

But Courts *are* different from other places; and we have seen that in the Court of Anne, the memory of Godolphin's virtues was 'written on water.' Had he lived but two years longer he might, like Marlborough, have once more been restored to Royal favour at the Court of George I., and in yet another reign have been again the First Minister of the Crown of England.

END OF VOL. I.





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